The Saturday Evening
POST
July 21, 1956 — 15¢

BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

JUL 17 '56

Beware of Home-Repair Racketeers

By Stanley Frank

SYMINGTON: Democrats' Charm Boy

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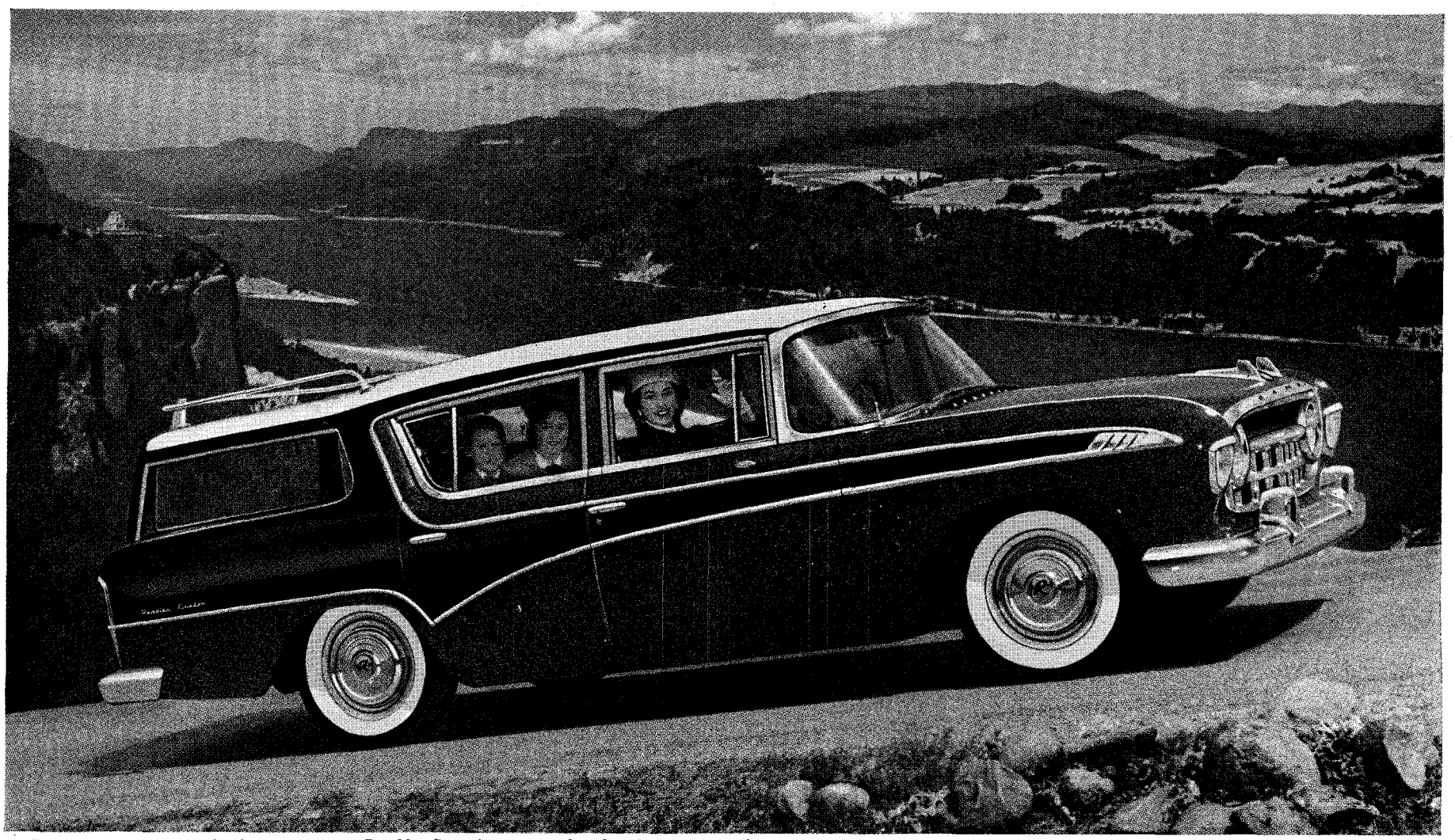
BARRELS OF FUN ON SIPS OF GAS !

See The Rollicking Rambler Cross Country



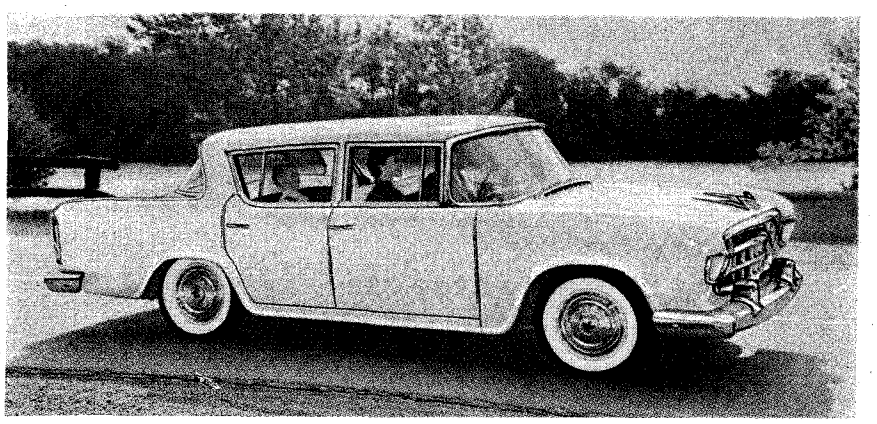
Yes, you can enjoy Air Conditioning in your Rambler Cross Country—at less than 1¢ per mile! Ask your dealer!

PRODUCT OF AMERICAN MOTORS

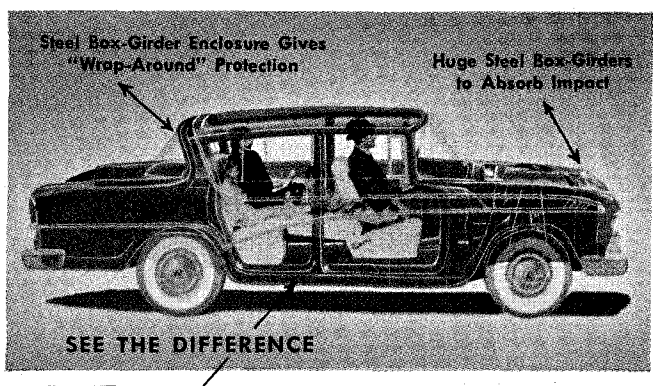
There's a new kind of life awaiting you in America's most rollicking car—the Rambler Cross Country. Discover the thrill for yourself. Slip behind the trim wheel and touch your toe to the accelerator pedal. Head toward the horizon. Notice how swiftly and smoothly it takes the hills. Then—turn into a busy city street. You'll find you slip through traffic with fingertip ease. And when you need to park you'll slip into spots you would have to pass up with less compact cars.

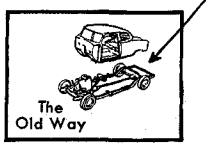
And through it all, you'll scarcely notice a flicker of the gas gauge. For Rambler gives you all these barrels of driving fun on mere sips of fuel.

Better drive a Rambler Cross Country for yourself tomorrow. Learn why this is the one car that gives more travel fun for every member of the family. And it's the car that's tops in resale—tops in gas mileage, too. You can see and drive Rambler at your Nash dealer or your Hudson dealer now!



Fastest, lowest-priced All-Season Air Conditioning refrigerates, ventilates, filters, dehumidifies air. Travel cool and fresh on hottest, muggiest days! No dust, no hair-mussing wind.





In Single Unit Construction (above), frame is a welded steel box-girder enclosure as big as the car—"wrap-around" protection! Stronger, safer! Other cars (left) merely bolt body to a separate, flat frame.

$1826 **America's lowest price** for a De Luxe 4-Door sedan, delivered at the factory, Kenosha, Wisc., including all federal taxes. State and local taxes, if any, Airliner Reclining Seats, Air Conditioning, Wheel Discs, Whitewall tires (if desired), extra.

See, Drive the All-New

Rambler

You'll Make the Smart Switch for '56

American Motors Means More For Americans

See DISNEYLAND—Great TV for all the family over ABC Network.

AT ALL **HUDSON** DEALERS • AT ALL **Nash** DEALERS

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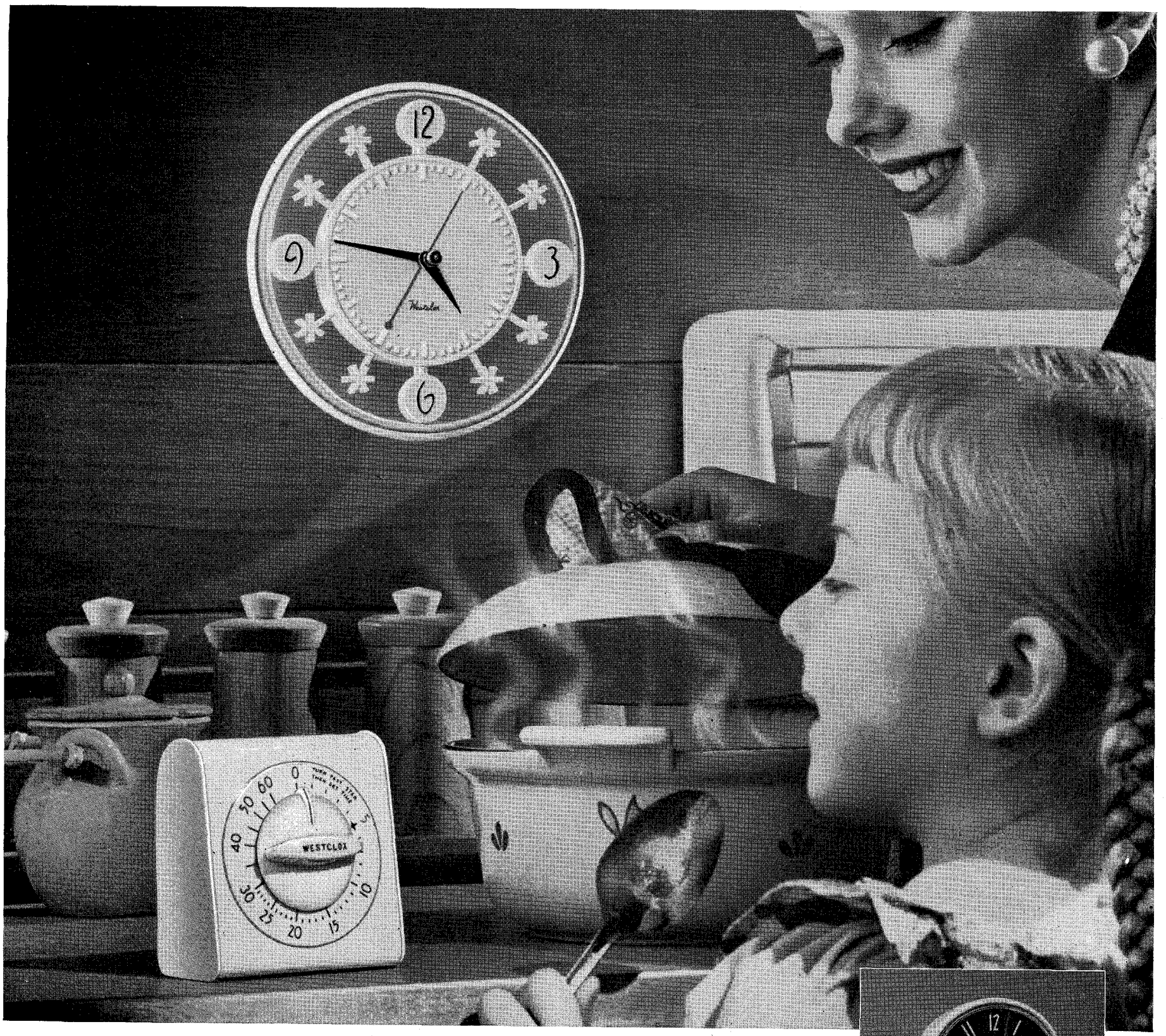
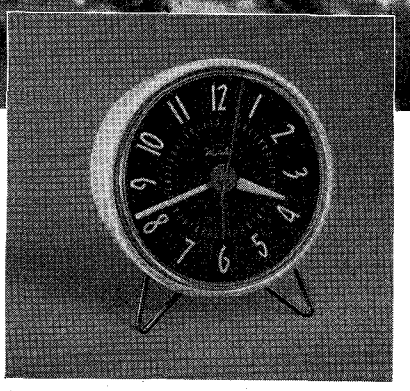
More mothers have cooked more meals by Westclox time than by any other

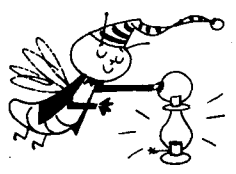


LOOKOUT PORTABLE TIMER
Why wait around a hot kitchen? Take little "Lookout" to any room—or to the porch! Tells when time's up in baking or cooking. Also when time's here for TV or phone calls. Stands up or mounts on wall. Dial is designed for easier short-interval time settings. Metal case, 3½" high. Red, white, yellow or green finish. Perfect shower or hostess gift. $3.95.

SNOWFLAKE ELECTRIC WALL CLOCK
New, original design adds a fresh decorative note to kitchen or playroom. 3-dimensional white dial stands out against the colorful plastic case. Break-resistant crystal protects entire dial. Convenient front hand-set knob. Choice of red, mint green, pink or charcoal case. A clock you'll be happy with . . . charming for gifts, too. $5.95.



PIPER ELECTRIC ALARM
Trim, tiny, modern metal case; brass finish legs. Insistent call. Single knob sets both time and alarm. Ivory or saddle brown finish $3.98. Luminous, $4.98.



Remember, you can read lumininous dial in the dark.

Electric or Spring

WESTCLOX* . . . dependable as the day is long

Made by the makers of BIG BEN

PRODUCTS OF GT CORPORATION

WESTCLOX, La Salle-Peru, Illinois • In Canada: Western Clock Company, Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario. *Prices quoted for U. S. A. only, do not include tax and are subject to change.* *Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office.

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Every day is Monday in the Land of Cotton

SPRINGS MILLS' plant at Lancaster, South Carolina, had a problem in its giant bleachery. It was solved with the help of a product of Shell Research.

IN the Southland's busy Springs Mills, as part of the bleaching operation, cotton cloth takes a daily dip in a bath one-fifth of a mile long.

The cloth moves along on rollers which – because of all the moisture present – pose a special lubricating problem. Ordinary greases are affected by the steam and chemicals, or rapidly rinsed away by water from the bath.

Springs Mills called in Shell's lubrication engineers who studied the problem and recommended a new multi-purpose grease. Tests indicated the correctness of their recommendation, and the grease went into regular service. Its "staying power" has been proved under heat, moisture, and chemical action. It serves so well in so many ways that Springs Mills saves on both maintenance costs and lubricant inventory.

Making lubricants that make maintenance simpler is another example of Shell leadership in the petroleum industry. Shell Research leads to better value, when you buy products bearing the Shell name and trademark.

SHELL

Shell Research leads to finer Products – *more for your money*

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Space-flight gear, a conch shell; in new and old ways youngsters savor the glamour of imaginative play. That lad is not long for this world; soon he'll dream himself away on a junket to the moon. Behind him on earth the lass will listen to seashore breakers that always roar inside conch shells, thanks to whoever put them in there. Doubtless she is hearing the coast of China, for she can tune in the local ocean with her unshelled ear. Conchs excel at bringing in distance; John Falter heard the Pacific that way when a boy in Kansas. But he's wrong in saying conchs also make good doorstops; they creep, and the door goes wham! A brick is better. That coast-side porch is near Falter's California home, but the water is the Atlantic, off Maine. No use trying to understand painters.

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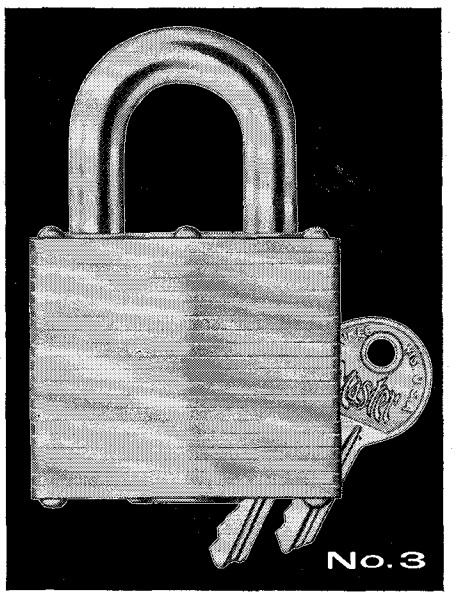
Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

World's most popular pin-tumbler padlock!

LAYER ON LAYER OF STEEL



LAYER ON LAYER OF PROTECTION

Master LAMINATED Padlocks

Throughout the United States and in 103 foreign countries, the largest-selling pin tumbler padlock is Master's famous No. 3 "Secret Service". Its heavy laminated case offers powerful protection for only $1.50...at hardware stores and locksmiths everywhere!

Master Padlocks
ALWAYS ON GUARD — DAY AND NIGHT
MASTER LOCK CO., Milwaukee 45, Wis.
World's Largest Padlock Manufacturers

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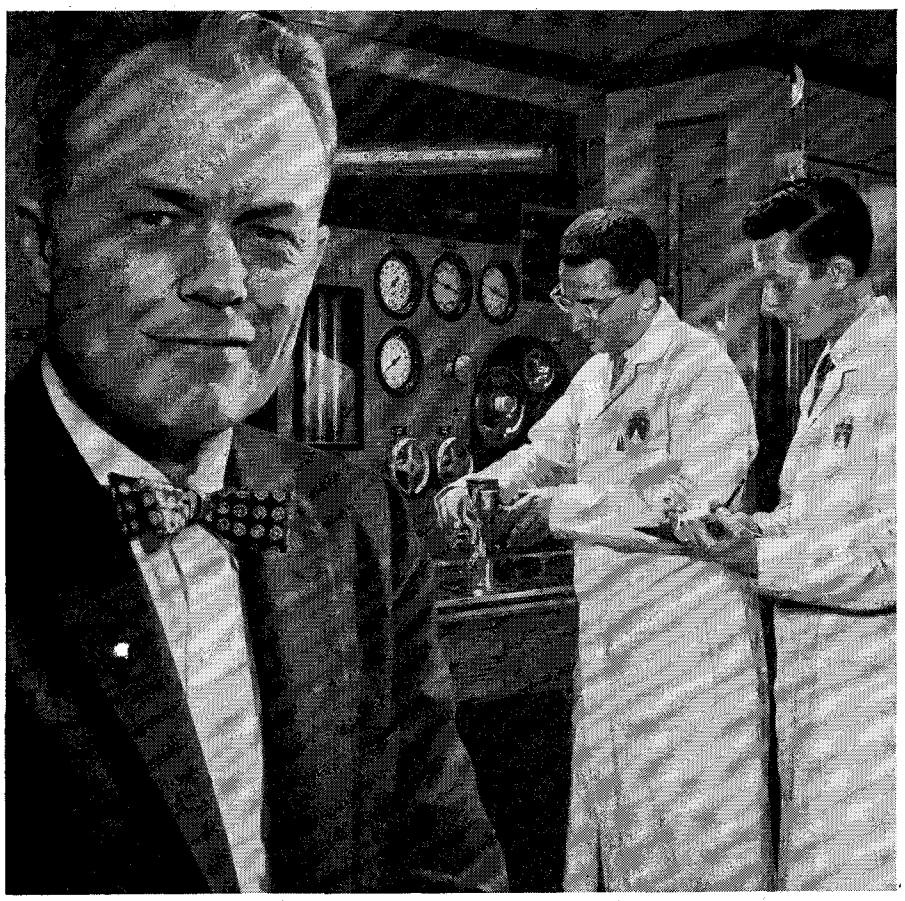
For your Ford–
always specify the carburetor with the

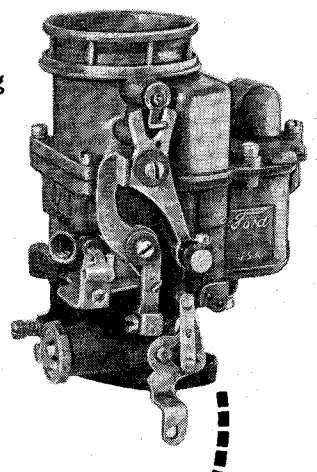
THRIFTY FLOW

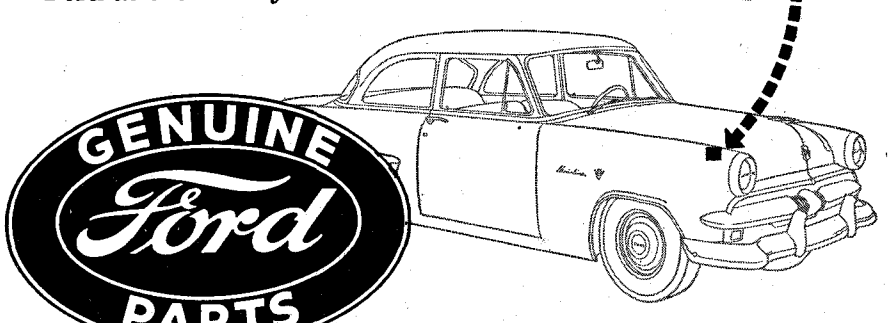


"Genuine Ford Carburetors are thoroughly inspected before assembly and 100% flow-checked (see above) after assembly," says Paul Clayton, Ford's Executive Engine Engineer. "Duplicating the flow of fuel and air to your engine from idle to high, this check makes sure the carburetor delivers to your engine *no more gas than necessary* for top performance. You can be *sure* you're getting the carburetor that's correctly calibrated for your Ford—when you specify Genuine Ford."

***All* Genuine Ford Parts are made right to save you money and trouble!**

Every Genuine Ford Part—be it a carburetor, oil filter, battery or spark plug —is made to the same rigid specifications as the original part that it's replacing. Specifications set by the *same* men who originally built your car. That's why, when *any* replacement will add to your Ford's performance, it pays to specify "Genuine Ford Parts." That way you can count on getting the same ready-to-go performance that was built into your Ford at the factory!





Keep your Ford all Ford

Letters

What Gives, Doctor?

Dear Sirs:

Hurrah for Dr. I. Phillips Frohman's article, DOCTORS SHOULD TELL THE TRUTH [as told to Sidney Shalett, June 16]. Hospital chaplains and clergymen everywhere find as a principal chore the acting as diplomat between the ominously silent doctor and the overly anxious patient, spouse or parent who wants to know more than is being told about chances for recovery, etc. Usually we must side with the doctor in respectful silence. This is tough for everyone.

THE REV. RICHARD A. MCGONIGAL
Minister, First Presbyterian Church, Hector, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

An emergency code-card may well mean the difference between a "Biopsy" and an "Autopsy."

S. E. KLIMEN
Bethesda, Md.

Dear Sirs:

Trying to get information about one's case generally is about as frustrating as the following:

"What was he operated on for?"
"For three hundred dollars."
"What did he have?"
"Two hundred and fifty."
"What did he complain of?"
"The bill was too high."
"What was he sick of?"
"Operations."

LUCY E. CURTIS
Wheatland, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

I am a retired E.E.N.T. (Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat) man and have thought along similar lines for many years. If there is anyone for whom I have unalloyed contempt it is the pompous physician. It takes time, to be sure, to explain matters fully to a patient, but if he desires it, he is entitled to at least as much as he can comprehend, and the results in confidence, satisfaction and mutual friendliness fully repay for the time spent.

ARTHUR H. NORTON, M.D.
Eugene, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

If more doctors had his viewpoint, I am sure it would do away with a great deal of misunderstandings and there would be a better relationship between doctors and patients. . . .

Hoping Doctor Frohman gets full support and co-operation from his colleagues as this is the right step towards better understanding between patients and doctors.

MRS. LEWIS J. BEILMAN
E. Hampton, Conn.

● *Doctor Frohman is chairman of the American Medical Association's Section on General Practice.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

A surgeon who is not first and last a competent physician is just a meat cutter. One wonders if the author has ever seen a great diagnostician at work. These men ask very few questions. When laboratory tests are ordered, there is a reason back of that order. No routine. If a history is required, they take that history themselves, well aware that a good history is one of the most exacting and difficult chores in medicine. Great medical men, through constant study and practice, have trained and sharpened their special senses to a razor edge. Eyes, ears, noses, taste buds and fingers, above all, have become precision instruments. They need no letters from Kamchatka or Kalamazoo to tell them what to do.

HENRY TRAPHAGEN
Tucson, Ariz.

Women for Marilyn

Dear Sirs:

After reading the letters from Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Shoemaker, Mrs. Harder, Mrs. Elfelt, Jan Banks, Mrs. Wise, Mrs. Spence and Mrs. Demaat, printed in LETTERS, June 16th issue, we feel that some women should come to the defense

of Miss Monroe, who, in our opinion, is not only beautiful and talented but deserves a lot of credit for her success under such adverse circumstances. Could it be sour grapes that prompted these good, righteous ladies to write derogatory remarks about such perfection of womanhood?

MRS. B. L. GROOMS, SR.
MRS. B. L. GROOMS, JR.
MISS R. GROOMS
Key West, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

I didn't realize how petty women could be.

DIANA MATHIAS
Quebec, Canada

Dear Sirs:

I think Marilyn said a very appealing thing: "I don't care about the money. I just want to be wonderful."

MRS. H. B. MACFARLAND
Austin, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Boy! I should be so dumb, vulgar, sloppy, fattish, bowlegged, etc.

MRS. H. ESSEN
San Diego, Cal.

Athens

Dear Sirs:

I just now finished reading Cities of the World: ATHENS, by Ernest O. Hauser [June 16] and I can truly say, "I was there"—at least for thirty enchanted minutes. I lived in its ancient classic beauty, and less beautifully perhaps, in its more modern bid for significance again in this fast-moving world of ours.

MRS. GRACE ROTH
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

Ernest O. Hauser's fine article on Athens concludes with its description as "a fortress perched on the frontier between two clashing worlds, and, in the last analysis, irrevocably of the West."

(Continued on Page 6)

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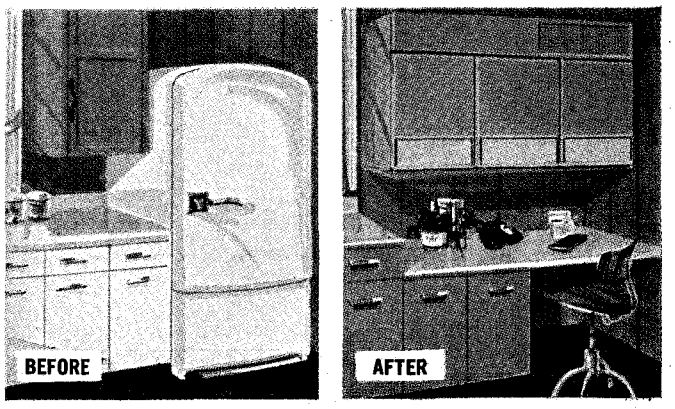
New G-E Wall Refrigerator-Freezer puts all foods at your eye level!

This big, new 11-cubic-foot General Electric Wall Refrigerator-Freezer is *the most convenient of all refrigerators,* because it puts all foods within easy reach.

You just reach right out and pick the foods you want. There's no need to bend or stoop for foods because everything is at eye level and can be seen at a glance. Even in the true, zero-degree freezer, shelves are easily accessible.

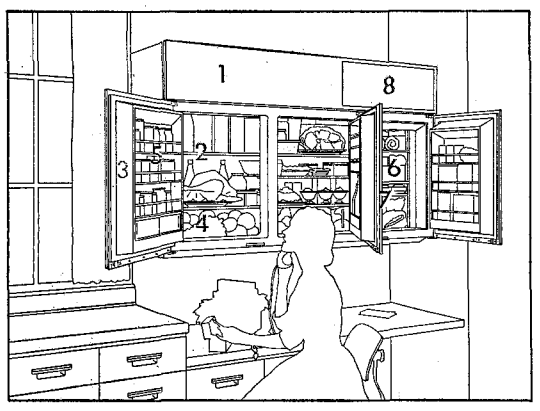
Hangs on your wall like a picture! It's so easy to install! There's little or no remodeling necessary. Cabinet is hung on a sturdy "picture hook" mounting bracket which is fastened securely to the wall. Can be hung at any height to suit yourself.

See this luxurious new General Electric Wall Refrigerator-Freezer at your General Electric dealer's. Ask about the easy terms and generous trade-in allowance most General Electric dealers are offering. Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.



Let your General Electric dealer *show you how easily you can transform your kitchen with little or no remodeling.* The simple addition of General Electric's magnificent Wall Refrigerator will add new beauty, new freshness and a new personality to your kitchen. Above at right the old cabinets and refrigerator have been taken out. On the wall—at eye level—is the new G-E Wall Refrigerator-Freezer. Underneath is a charming and practical desk unit.

New G-E Wall Refrigerator comes in these Mix-or-Match colors: Canary Yellow, Turquoise Green, Petal Pink, Cadet Blue, Woodtone Brown—or White.



So much room for all your foods

1. 11 cubic feet of space. **2.** Big automatic-defrost refrigerator section. **3.** Permanent General Electric Alnico Magnetic Doors provide sure seal . . . close silently. **4.** Separate vegetable and fruit compartments. **5.** Adjustable door shelves for small jars and cans. **6.** 2-cubic-foot true zero-degree food freezer holds up to 70 pounds or 83 packages. **7.** New-style Mini-Cube® ice trays. **8.** Dependable and whisper-quiet sealed-in General Electric refrigeration system. **9.** Complete unit is 64 inches long, 39½ inches high, 17⅞ inches deep.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

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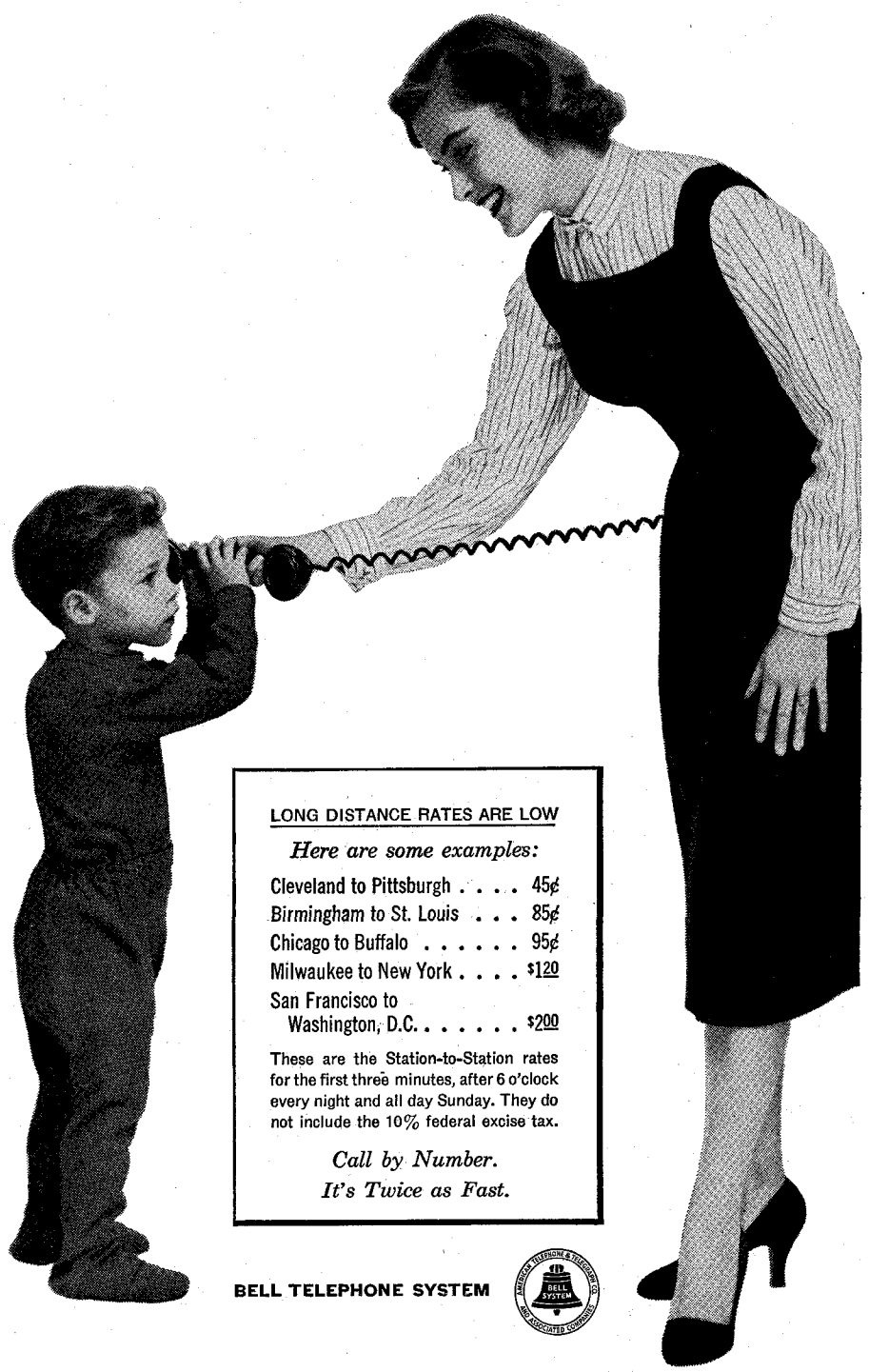
"Tell Daddy we miss him"

When one of the family is out of town, there's nothing like a regular telephone call to keep ties warm and close.

It's by far the fastest, easiest way to keep in touch . . . to share good news . . . to reach someone in a hurry. It means so much, it costs so little.

Why not call right now? It's easy—just tell the operator where you want to call: she'll be glad to help you.



LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

Cleveland to Pittsburgh	45¢
Birmingham to St. Louis	85¢
Chicago to Buffalo	95¢
Milwaukee to New York	$1.20
San Francisco to Washington, D.C.	$2.00

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the 10% federal excise tax.

Call by Number.
It's Twice as Fast.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Is there not a strange inversion here? Should not the true reading be that the West is irrevocably of Athens?

For all the free world lies, as it has ever lain, in the shadow of the Acropolis.

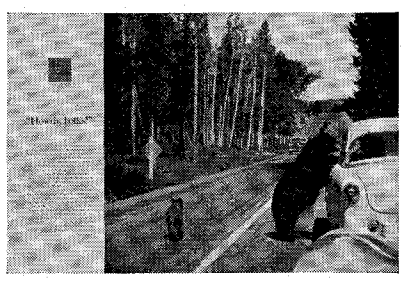
It requires little historical insight to recognize in the Nazi and Communist tyrannies the spiritual heirs of the ancient Persian slave empire. As the West beat back the onslaught of Nazism and now stands to arms against the threat of Communism, so its spiritual sires, the small Greek city states, repelled the invading hordes of Darius and Xerxes.

J. M. STRAUSS
Hollywood, Cal.

Don't Feed the Animals

Dear Sirs:

I hope that the next time Mr. Curtis stops to feed Mere Bruin (such as in The Face of America: "HOWDY, FOLKS!"



June 16), he will reconsider, and watch with his windows *and doors* locked, for he may lose more than just a turkey sandwich.

Furthermore, if he wants to look at the wild, repeat, wild bears, why doesn't he pull over to the side of the road? There are people in the park who have work to do.

BOB PETERS
Cody, Wyo.

● *D. W. Curtis didn't feed the bear; he only took the photograph. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

In our travels through the West we have found that the so-called "tame" bears will leave the side of the car almost immediately after seeing a camera. Apparently they are conditioned to the fact that the only thing a camera will produce is a "click" and usually means no food for them.

RAYMOND M. SALVADORI
Mt. Carmel, Conn.

Hughes and the A.D.A.

Dear Sirs:

Since you refused to print my complete statement answering your editorial [THE A.D.A. CAN TAKE "MCCARTHYISM" OR LEAVE IT ALONE! May 5] accusing me of McCarthyism in my relations with Paul Hughes, I have no choice but to accept your offer to print a 200-word letter.

When Hughes came to me over two years ago, he had a top-secret Air Force clearance and an apparent "in" at Senator McCarthy's office. He claimed to have seen and heard things and he had documents which, if true, would have proven illegal activities by McCarthy, then at the height of his power. Hughes agreed that his story, after it had been carefully checked, should be published by the Washington Post and simultaneously submitted to the Justice Department for action.

There was never any thought that Hughes' material would be utilized as statements of an "unknown informer." Hughes was to make his charges against McCarthy publicly and back them up by testimony in open court. Of course, when, on checking, the Washington Post found his story fraudulent, not a line of it was ever used and nobody was hurt by the fabrication Hughes had concocted. The care exercised in checking and refusing to use Hughes' information is the direct opposite of McCarthyism.

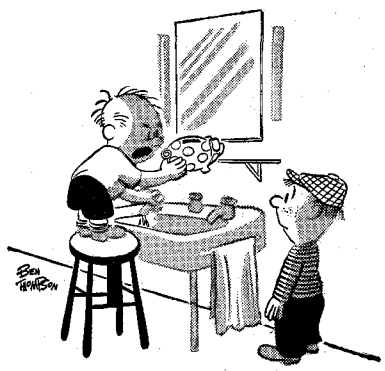
JOSEPH L. RAUH, JR.
Washington, D.C.

● *At no time did the Post refuse to give Mr. Rauh a chance to answer the editorial. We asked him to state his position at a reasonable length. This he has finally done. —ED.*

Frozen Assets

Dear Sirs:

The Ben Thompson cartoon in Post, June 16, really gave me a jolt. The teachers in high-school science class are always telling us that water expands when you freeze it. So, when the water in that little guy's bank hits the freezing point, the



"To be real sure the money's safe, I fill it with water and put it in the freezer."

piggy is going to suffer from compound fracture of the backbone, legs and skull, complicated by lacerations about the face, ears and tail. In fact, the pig will be so sick he'll never be able to hold anybody's hard cash inside him again. . . .

This experience will hurt Junior's thriftiness. Next time he's not going to save his money in a "safe" place; he's going to spend it while he still can.

ROBERT MASSA
Cohasset, Mass.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

18, 19–Al Muenchen. • 20–Martin Dain, Jerry Dantzic. • 21–Martin Dain. • 22, 23–Horace Bristol. • 24–Ken Riley. • 25–Gus Pasquarella. • 26–Ollie Atkins. • 27–Yale News Bureau, two from Wide World; Culver, anonymous, three from United Press; International, Ollie Atkins. • 28, 29–Mortimer Wilson. • 30–Harry Saltzman, International, Harry Saltzman. • 31–Bob Hilbert. • 32, 33–Bill Shrout. • 34, 35–Thornton Utz. 36–Jim Burns, U. S. Army. • 37–George Burns, two anonymous. • 41–Robert Moore. 58–Horace Bristol. • 89–Martin Dain. • 96–Jupp Loewengard, Mildred K. Lehman, Gus Pasquarella, Harry Saltzman.

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More days of fun! (She's got The Hertz Idea)

Nice, huh? Sure, she makes every day of her vacation count. When it's time for 2-weeks-with-pay, she goes by fast train or plane, and has a Hertz car meet her there.

That's the Hertz Idea! It saves you days on the way. Days you can spend on nothing but fun in a new Powerglide Chevrolet Bel Air or other fine car. It's yours with just your driver's license and proper identification. All you pay in Superior, Wisconsin, for example, is $8.00 a day, plus 9 cents a mile. That includes all gasoline, oil—even proper insurance. (Rates lower by the week.)

What's more, you can reserve a Hertz car for as long as you want it just about *anywhere*. You see, Hertz has over 1,000 offices in more than 700 cities around the world.

So if your vacation calls for a car, be sure to call Hertz. We're listed under "H" in the phone book everywhere. Hertz Rent A Car, 218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Ill.

More people by far...use

HERTZ

Rent a car

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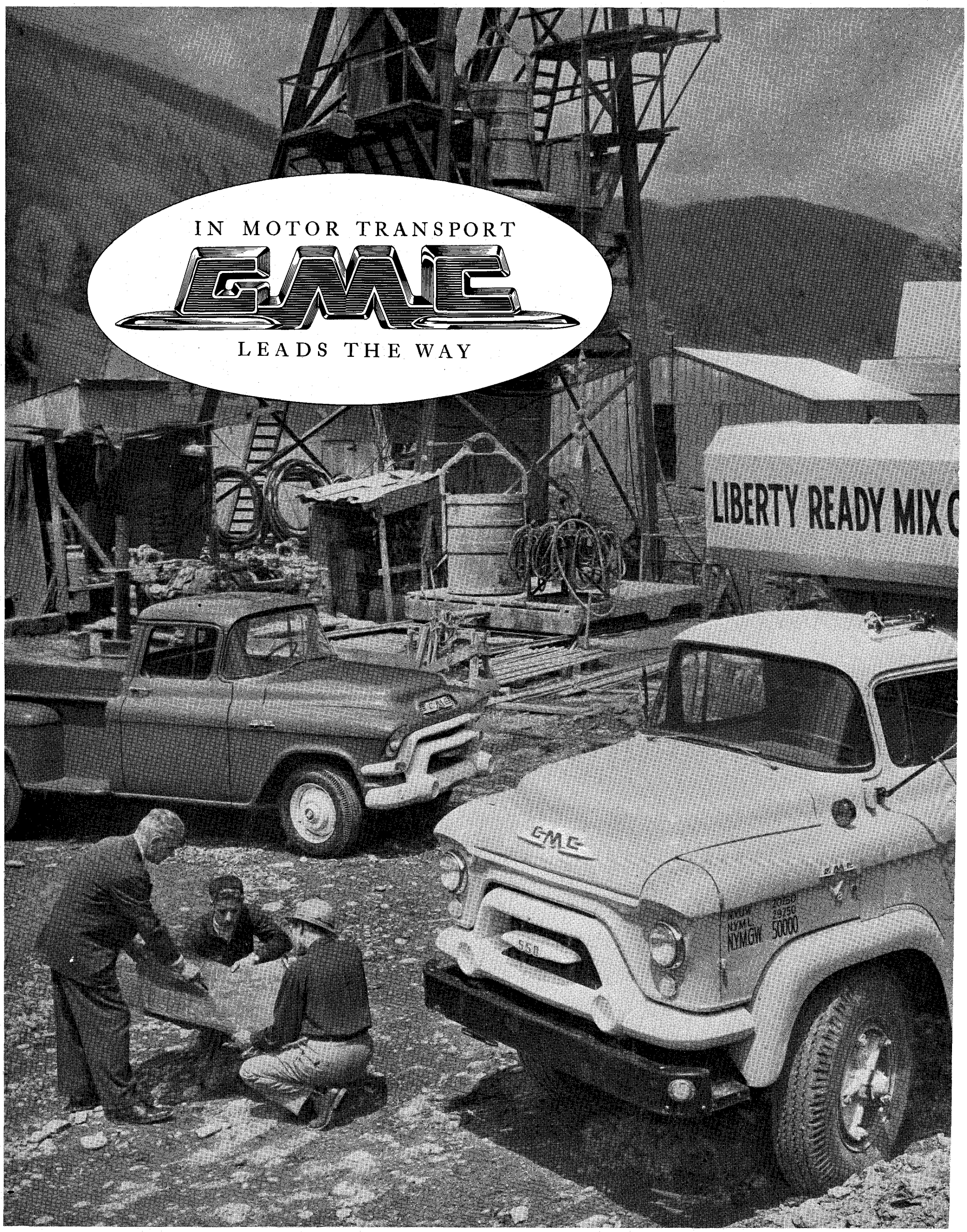
Hertz has new Powerglide Chevrolets (or other fine cars)—just like your own!

IN MOTOR TRANSPORT

GMC

LEADS THE WAY



Pictured here is a GMC transit-mix truck at work on the West Delaware County, N. Y., water tunnel construction. This tunnel is part of the vast chain needed to feed New York

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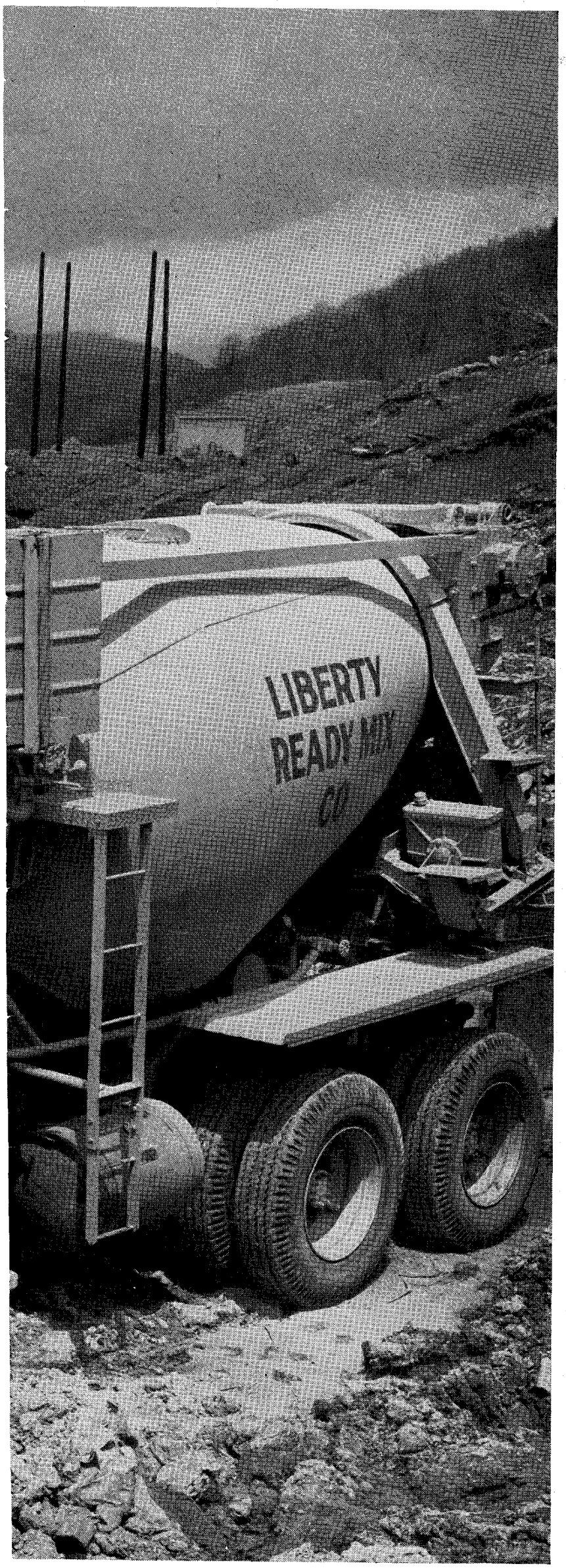

supply.

Contractor's "hot rod" that's speeding America's building

THERE's a new pacesetter making the dirt fly—*and* the gravel, *and* the concrete – around the big construction jobs this country is buzzing with.

It's GMC's new FW550. And it's a ball of fire because it was engineered to breeze through contracting jobs where ordinary equipment just makes the grade.

Look what it's got: a rated GVW capacity of 46,000 pounds—with its own weight less than a quarter of it. That's for bigger payloads.

A 210-hp V8 engine – easily the top power in its class. That's for making as much as 25% more trips than comparable trucks.

A front axle rated at 14,000 pounds—a rear axle rated at 34,000. That's to keep it rolling with greater load capacity and more durable performance.

A 96″ bumper-to-back-of-cab dimension. That's for more body room – for better weight distribution on a shorter wheelbase.

And it has Power Steering—*as standard equipment*—for easier, faster maneuvering.

What's more, it's the ONLY construction truck built that offers Hydra-Matic Drive.* Ever see the way a Hydra-Matic GMC sails up a ramp – sprints away on a green light – nimble-foots through traffic – with all shifting lags a thing of the past?

That's the Blue Chip GMC FW550 that's doing a bigger job, faster and at less cost than any contractor ever experienced before.

And now get this: *the price tag on this heavy-duty beauty is as amazing as its outstanding performance.*
Hadn't you better check into the facts right now, at your GMC dealer's?

**Standard on some models; optional at moderate extra cost on others.*

BLUE CHIP GMC TRUCKS

Your key to Blue Chip value

GMC TRUCK & COACH—*A General Motors Division*

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Editorials

Let the Old Folks Earn All They Can!

Marion Folsom, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, made a speech the other day in which he expressed his desire to help the old folks. "Activities in the interest of older persons will render the greatest service," he said, "if they do not foster dependence, but instead enlarge opportunities for individual effort and encourage self-reliance, initiative and creative endeavor."

Secretary Folsom could do a great deal in this direction if he would help persuade Congress to repeal the provision that people drawing old-age benefits between the ages of sixty-five and seventy-two lose these benefits if they earn more than $100 per month.

A provision of this type was put into the law when it was first passed, in the middle of the depression, when Congress thought there were too many unemployed workers, and it wanted to make people get out of the labor market and stay out. That the lawmakers have an uneasy conscience about it is shown by the fact that the law was originally even more strict; it has been softened from time to time, both as to the amount you can receive without penalty and the age at which you can start unlimited earnings again.

The average person receiving old-age benefits gets only about $746 a year, and doesn't have much from any other source, either: The Twentieth Century Fund has discovered that 36 per cent of the aged have no cash income at all, 38 per cent have less than $1000 a year, including O.A.B., and only 11 per cent have from $1000 to $2000. The restriction on earnings between the ages of sixty-five and seventy-two makes it even harder than it normally is for the elderly to get a job; employers don't want to be bothered with special planning necessary to let you earn about ninety-nine dollars a month. Trade unions bitterly object to people working for less than the regular scale.

The great majority of retired workers are earning either nothing or so little that for most of them the standard of living is low. The experts in this subject are unanimous in saying that it is disastrous to health and morale for old people to sit around and do nothing, especially when a large proportion of them are perfectly capable of a good day's work. Many of them have special skills that are in high demand nowadays, when unemployment is low.

To remove the present restriction would not materially increase the annual cost of old-age benefits, since at present only about 360,000 eligible persons over sixty-five are known to be earning so much that their O.A.B. is denied them. The action would remove a source of bitterness among the elderly, who know that a man with an income from dividends, rent or interest can earn all he likes without being deprived of his "unearned" income.

Don't be Surprised if "Khrushchevgrad" Never Gets Named!

Not all of Nikita Khrushchev's long-winded speech before the 20th Congress of the Communist Party, U.S.S.R., was devoted to kicking Stalin's hat around. Bolsheviks pride themselves on merciless self-criticism, so an estimated .025 per cent of the oration was an admission that other members of the Central Committee, including himself, were also guilt-ridden.

What had they done? "Many of us," said Comrade Khrushchev, "participated in the action of assigning our names to various towns, districts, factories and *kolkhozes*. We must correct this."

It was much as if a bank director, pinning the blame for extensive embezzlements on a dead president, had handsomely confessed to taking a box of pencils home with him from the office.

No details are available. But presumably, if there is in the Soviet Union a Khrushchev Leg-Iron-and-Manacle Foundry, as there well may be, its name will soon change to Red Star or Little Giant. Production will go on without a hitch. Only the signboard will be different.

Yet Comrade Khrushchev counseled caution and a go-slow policy. He reminded his listeners of what happened when S. V. Kossior, Ukrainian member of the Politburo, was liquidated in 1938. There was no reason to give vulgar publicity to this political adjustment. But the Kiev broadcasting station, which always signed off with "This is Radio Kossior," changed its signature and dropped Kossior's name. Canny Ukrainians at once drew the correct conclusion, that the great leader's number was up.

"Thus," Khrushchev warned his party audience in closed session, "if today we begin to remove the signs everywhere and to change names, people will think that these comrades in whose honor the given enterprises, *kolkhozes* or cities are named, also met some bad fate and that they also have been arrested." (Animation in the hall.)

There was good reason for that hubbub among the hard-core communists. Anything can happen in the Soviet Union. Out of 1966 delegates to the 17th Party Congress in 1934, 1108 were arrested within three years on charges of counter-revolutionary crime. Of the 139 Central Committee members elected by that convention twenty-two years ago, ninety-eight were shot in the purges of 1937 and '38.

Nobody in the party has paid-up political insurance. Recommended, therefore, to the comrades is a Marxist-Leninist modesty, the shy self-effacement so noticeable in Comrade Nikita Khrushchev. Any local leader in his audience who had put his name on a town comfort station or a rural tractor center must have been busy trying to figure out how he could take it off gradually, so people wouldn't notice the change.

How "Liberal" Does a Television Station Owner Have to Be?

Suppose you are the head of a television station and you have to answer the kind of question which one such executive was lately faced with. Involved in the matter were an unusual "civil-liberties" organization that had prepared a series of telecasts, an unusual businessman sponsoring them and unusual persons to appear in them.

The programs were written by the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee (ECLC). This organization is called a communist front by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, in its recent publication, A Handbook for Americans. Chairman of ECLC is Harvey O'Connor, now appealing a conviction of contempt of Congress for refusing to say whether he was a communist. A leading financial angel of the group is its vice-chairman, Corliss Lamont, former head of the Friends of the Soviet Union.

Ready to sponsor ECLC's programs was an electrical-appliance store in Union Square, New York, named Standard Brand Distributors. (No connection with a big food company of somewhat similar name.) The owner of the appliance firm is Charles W. Berg, who has run many large advertisements in the Communist Party's Daily Worker.

The telecasts were to be "panel discussions" of constitutional rights, and Berg agreed to sponsor the first three programs, and maybe more if they brought him enough business. ECLC also tried to raise money by sending a memo to its members and sympathizers, urging them to "hold a TV get-together" on the night of the first program, and "invite some neighbors or friends . . . to your home for 'coffee and'. After the program, make an appeal for contributions. . . . Each of the programs costs upwards of $2500. . . . Call the station to say you liked the program."

The station is WATV, in Newark, New Jersey, which means that the telecast would be within viewing range of the New York metropolitan area. The president of WATV, Irving R. Rosenhaus, began having second thoughts. Shortly before the date of the opening program, he demanded a look at the script.

On reading it, he found that the star performer was to be a Fifth Amendment professor who had been identified under oath as a communist and who had been publicly called a perjurer by the president of his own college. This professor was to engage in a "discussion" with his lawyer, two Fifth Amendment teachers and three officers of ECLC.

The president of WATV rejected the program. The sponsor and the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee sent flaming protests to the Federal Communications Commission. Now the question is: Should the United States Government force a television station to broadcast the ECLC type of "truthful" program? That's something for citizens to think about.

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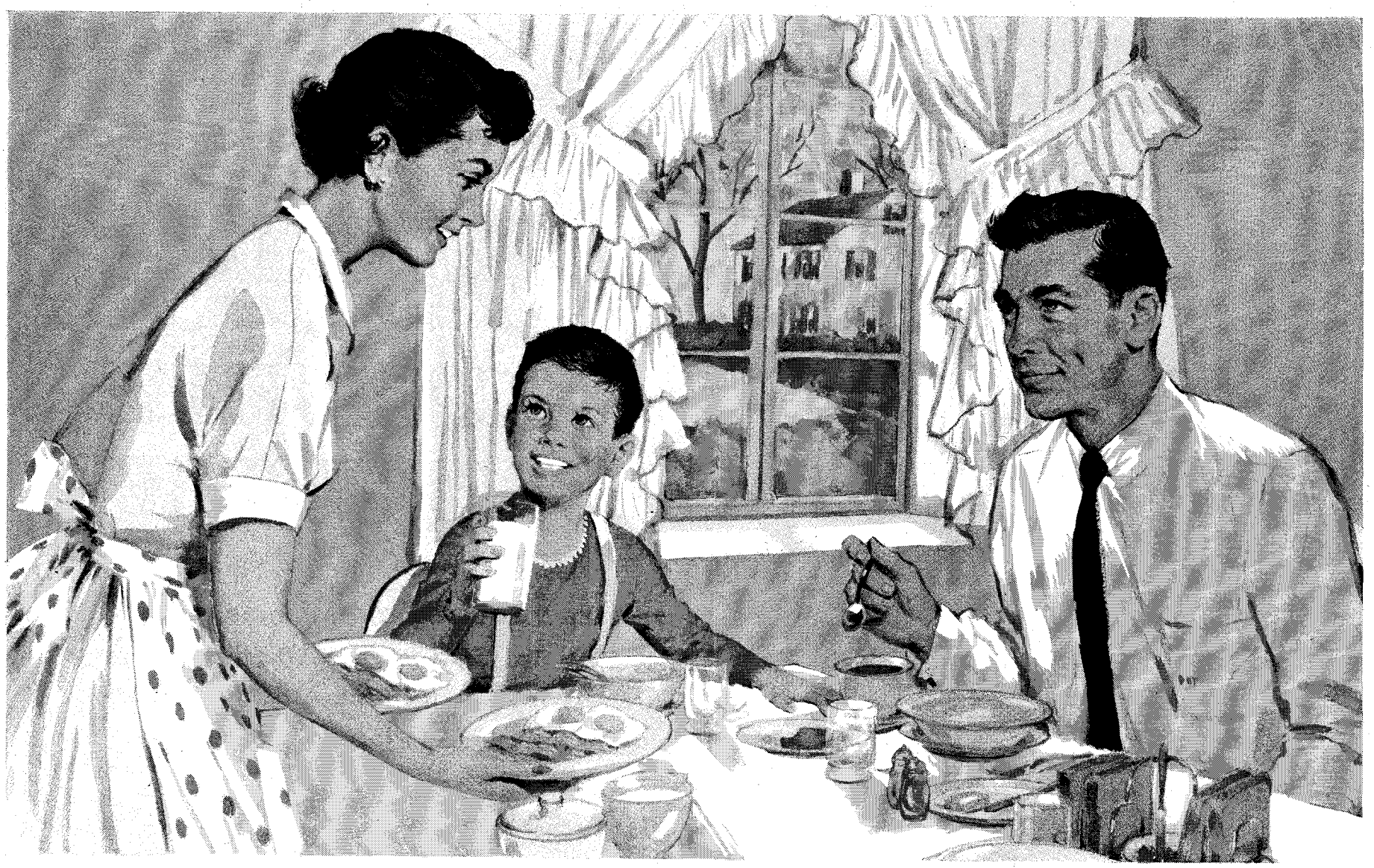

Here's a good way to start a good day!

EXCUSES for skipping breakfast entirely . . . or eating a sparse one . . . are legion, familiar to every housewife and mother.

Whatever the so-called reasons, nutrition authorities say that both adults and children miss many healthful benefits if they fail to eat a good breakfast.

Without breakfast, mid-morning fatigue sometimes occurs . . . along with irritability and difficulty in concentrating on work or studies. So, a good breakfast is the best way to begin the day.

What is a good breakfast? It should supply 25 to 33 percent of the vital nutrients that everyone needs for the day. It should include the following: fruit in some form; bread made from whole-grain or enriched flour; cereal or eggs, meat or fish; and milk either to drink or use on cereal or in a cooked dish.

A breakfast planned around these foods, in addition to other things you like, provides "pick-up power." You need this energy after having fasted some 12 hours from the meal the night before until breakfast the following morning.

Moreover, every item on a wholesome breakfast menu supplies important nutrients. Citrus fruit or fruit juice helps fill your need for vitamin C. Whole-grain or enriched bread and cereals yield energy, B vitamins, iron and other minerals. Milk is important for both its calcium and its proteins, and eggs and meat for their high-grade proteins, vitamins and minerals.

A breakfast that gives you these food elements *helps you to avoid overeating at lunch or dinner*. This is why overweight people need well-balanced breakfasts.

If you or members of your family seldom feel hungry for breakfast . . . if your appetites are not aroused by the tempting aroma of sizzling bacon and eggs . . . you might get into a good breakfast habit if you try some of the following suggestions:

1. Start the day at least 15 minutes earlier. This will allow more time for the family to eat unhurriedly without risking tardiness at school or lateness at the office.

2. Try to take a bit of light exercise before breakfast, preferably in the fresh air.

3. Vary breakfast menus as much as possible. New flavors, new ways of cooking and serving can make breakfast a looked-forward-to meal.

If the leisurely, well-balanced breakfast habit is followed, every member of your family may be helped to feel better, think more clearly and work more effectively.

Many recipes which you will find easy to follow . . . including nutritious dishes for breakfast, lunch and dinner . . . are given in Metropolitan's 56-page *Cook Book*. Just clip and mail the coupon below for your free copy.

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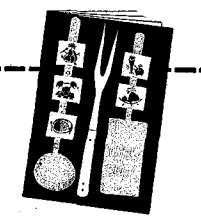

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1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me Metropolitan's free *Cook Book*, 8-56-E.

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Another great Sanitone dry cleaners' contest

PRIZES TOTAL

$5,000.00 IN CHRISTMAS SHOPPING SPREES

1st PRIZE...$1000.00 Christmas Shopping Spree at Marshall Field & Company* PLUS 3-Day All-Expense Round Trip to Chicago for Two by Plane or Train.

Picture yourself in this world famous store with $1000.00 to spend any way you please and vast treasures of fabulous gifts from which to choose. What a Christmas you can provide for all your loved ones!

Some lucky housewife will have that golden dream come true just for telling us about the superiority of *Sanitone Dry Cleaning*...how much more thorough it is; how it gets out ALL the dirt, even ground-in grit and grime that old-fashioned dry cleaning can't budge. But there are many other advantages. Choose the one you like best and make your bid for that wonderful $1000.00 shopping spree.

Merely finish this sentence in 25 words or less...

"I prefer SANITONE to ordinary dry cleaning because"—for example—"it gets our clothes so much cleaner; keeps them fresh and new-looking much longer so we can wear them 'for best' many times oftener". What could be easier? But this may be your key to your most fabulous Christmas! Even one of the lesser prizes can give your Christmas gift shopping budget a terrific assist. Contest starts August 1 and closes September 30, but don't wait. Visit the nearest *Sanitone Dry Cleaner* and ask for the official entry blank on which the few simple rules of this contest are fully and clearly stated. Then, finish the contest sentence as directed and mail your entry without delay.

***Can be arranged for T. EATON CO. LTD., Toronto or Montreal, if first prize winner lives in Canada.**

28 VALUABLE PRIZES IN ALL

- **Two 2nd Prizes of $500.00 each**
  Christmas Shopping sprees in local stores
- **Two 3rd Prizes of $250.00 each**
  Christmas Shopping sprees in local stores
- **15 Additional Shopping Sprees...$100.00 ea.**
- **8 Consolation Prizes...**
  Each a $50.00 (at maturity) United States Savings Bond

To find local Sanitone Dry Cleaners...

Just look in the classified section of your phone book under "SANITONE APPROVED SERVICE". If no Sanitone Dry Cleaners are so listed, write us immediately. Do it today.

First IN DRY CLEANING — APPROVED SANITONE SERVICE — REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Sanitone

DRY CLEANING SERVICE

A Division of Emery Industries, Inc., Carew Tower—Cincinnati 2, Ohio

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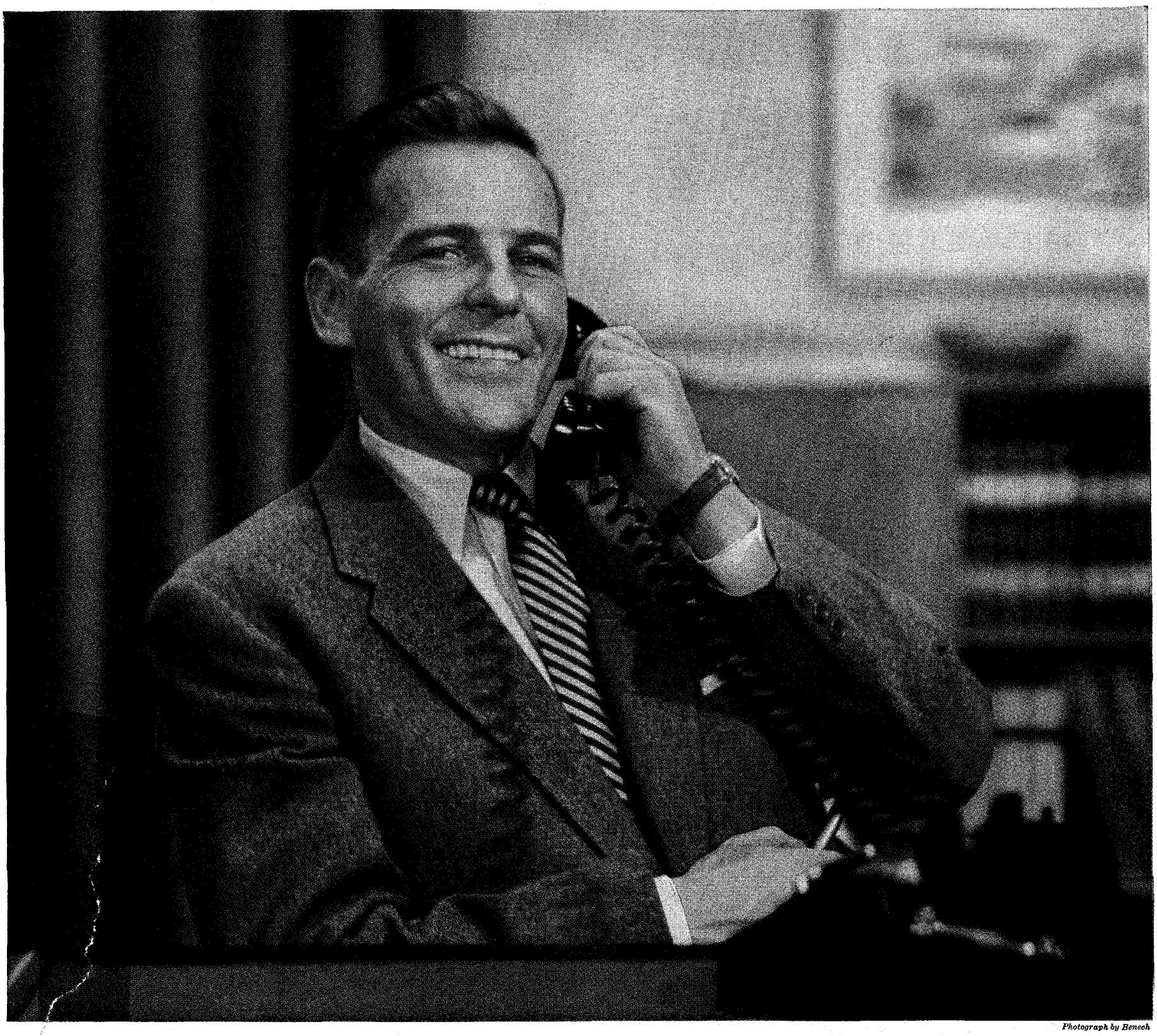

Photograph by Benech

In New York it's CIrcle 7-0100 !

And in Los Angeles, Toronto, London, Buenos Aires, Tokyo and Johannesburg, also, American Cyanamid offices are as near to you as your telephone.

The telephone is so much a part of our daily living that most of us are inclined to take its convenience for granted. Seldom do we give thought to the scientific research, the human skills, and the enormous investment, represented by the savings of more than 1,500,000 investors, required to place the telephone at our elbow. The widespread availability of telephone service has been a prime factor in attaining the standard of living which we know in America today.

American Cyanamid Company salutes and is proud to serve the industry which provides this service. Cyanamid's chemicals and related products are helping in the maintenance and improvement of telephone communication throughout the nation and the free world.

Certainly, the cooperation and interdependence of American industry is one reason for America's economic vitality. And the telephone is one of the means which helps bring this about. It also enables Cyanamid to serve industry and the public more efficiently—and at lower cost.

CYANAMID

AMERICAN CYANAMID COMPANY
30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK 20, N.Y.

BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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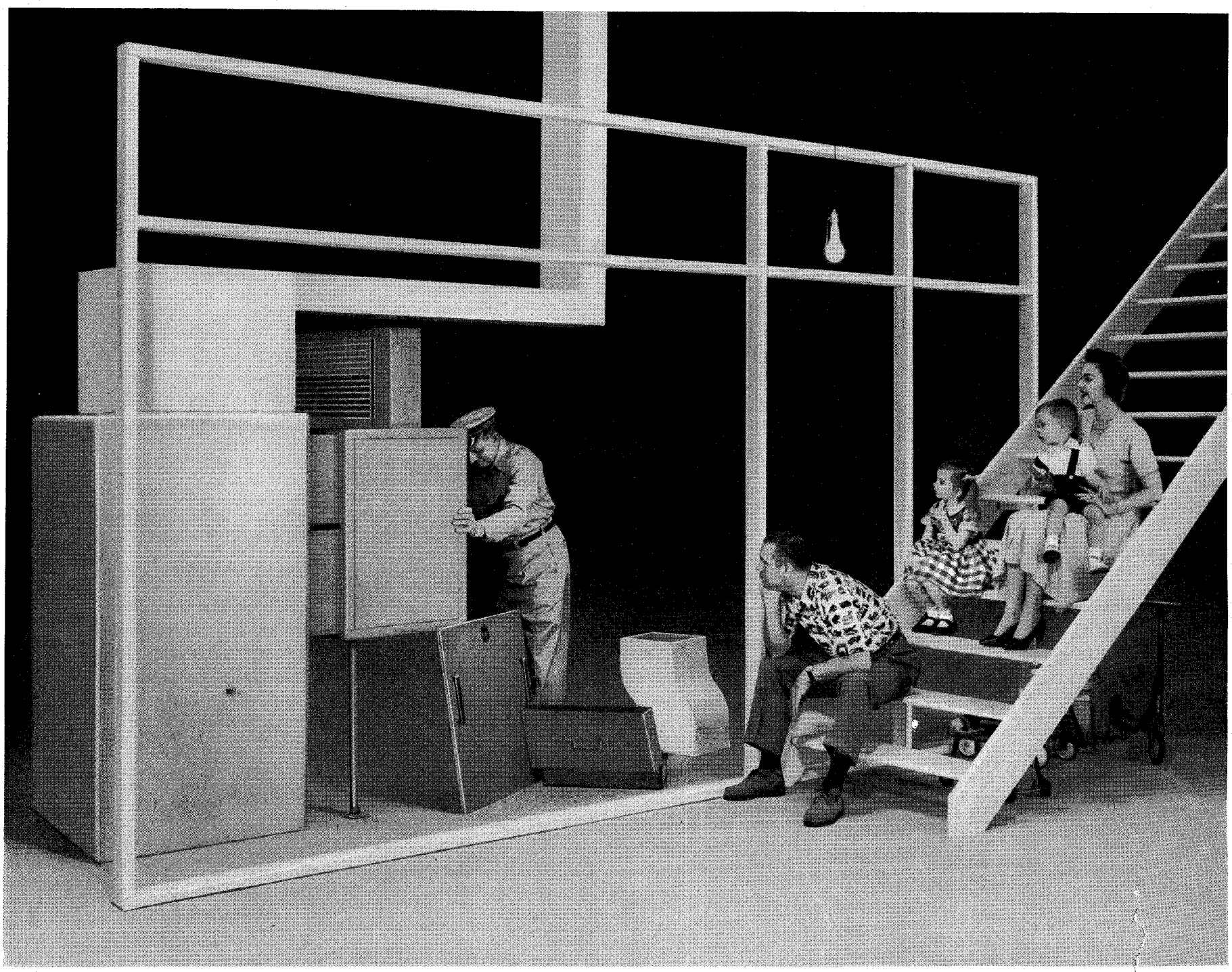


If you have a forced warm air furnace...
you already own half a York air conditioning system!

It's true. If your home is now adequately heated by forced warm air, you already have half of a year-round air conditioning system. You have the furnace for winter heating, the duct-work, blower and filters.

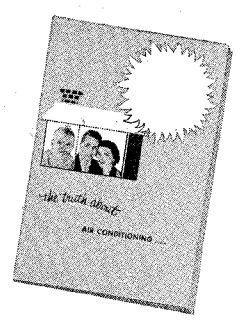
All you need now is a York "add on" unit for summer cooling!

The cost is small compared to the benefits for your family: cooler sleeping, less noise (windows stay shut), less cleaning, hay fever and allergy relief, no more dampness or mildew.

Even if your present home doesn't have forced air heating—or you're planning to build a new home—there's a York year-round air conditioner just right for you . . . with prices as low as $6 a month included in your regular mortgage payments.

Your York dealer is the man to see. Why not check the Yellow Pages of your phone book and give him a call right now?

NEW FREE BOOKLET! *The Truth About Air Conditioning tells how air conditioning affects your health, your work, your family life. Write: York Corporation, York, Pa.*



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refrigeration
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the quality name in air conditioning

HEADQUARTERS FOR MECHANICAL COOLING SINCE 1885

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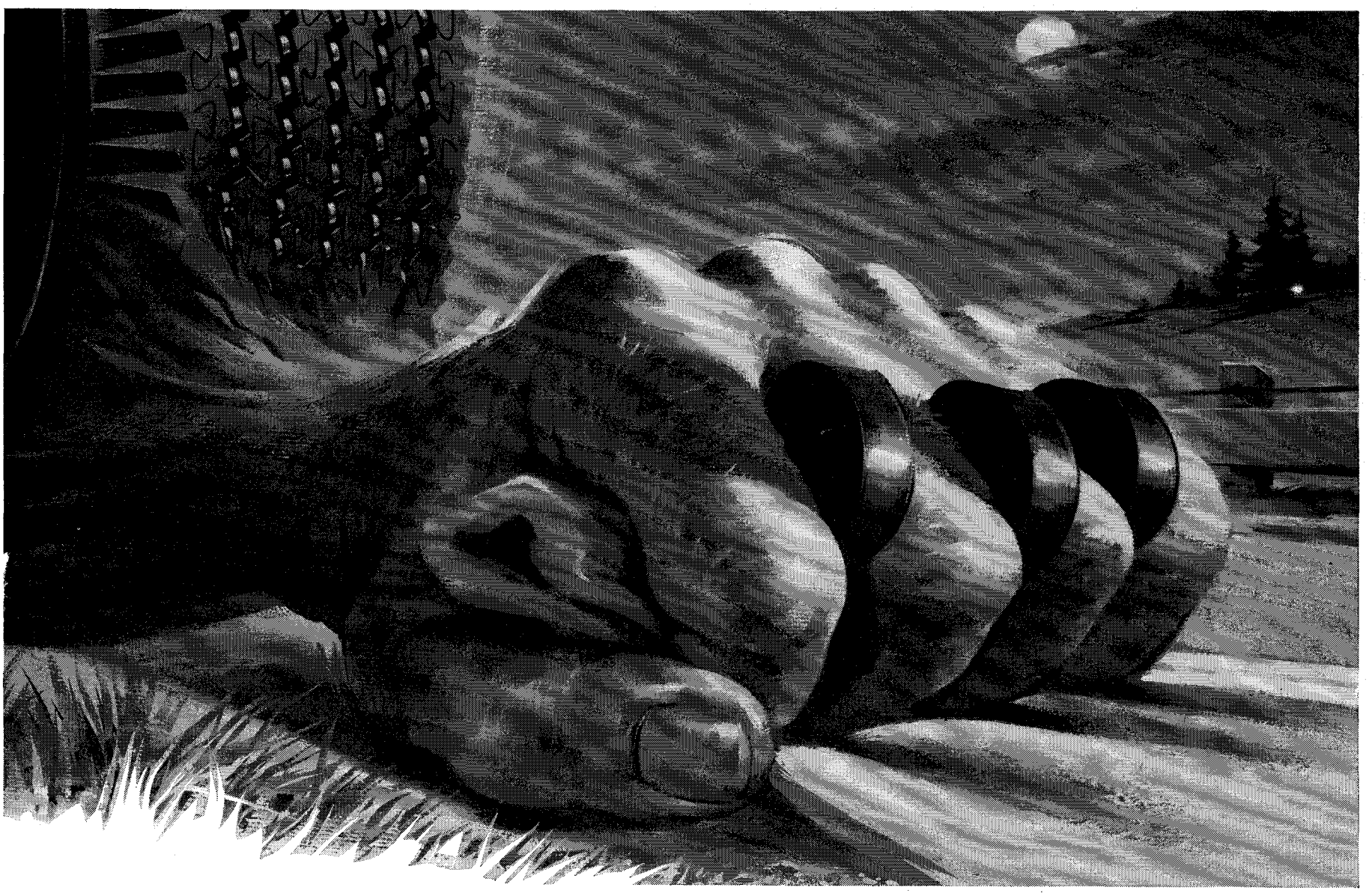
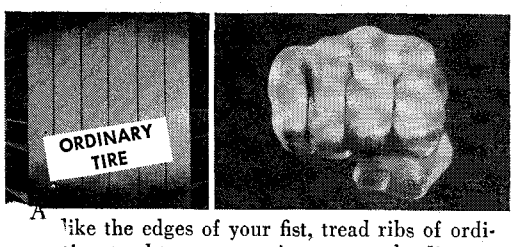
ARMSTRONG TIRES'

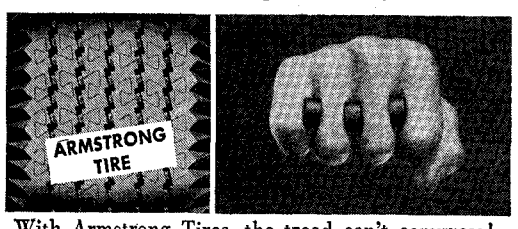
"Ounce of Prevention" Can Save Your Life!



Patented Safety Discs Make Armstrong Tires Grip The Road As No Others Can!



A like the edges of your fist, tread ribs of ordi- tires tend to compress into a smooth, slippery rface under pressure. This pressure causes the read to lose its vital grip . . . and you skid!



With Armstrong Tires, the tread can't compress! Can't squeeze together. For, just like your fingers when you put rubber discs between them . . . "Ounce of Prevention" discs keep the gripping edges apart. Tread can't lose its grip on the road . . . thus preventing dangerous skids!

On this page you find illustrative proof that Armstrong Tires give you unequaled skid protection! And, it's a proven fact: skids cause 9 out of 10 tire failure accidents that so often end in death! This skid protection is available in *no other* tire at *any* price! Yet, Armstrong Tires cost *no more!* Ask your Armstrong dealer about his new, easy payment plan!

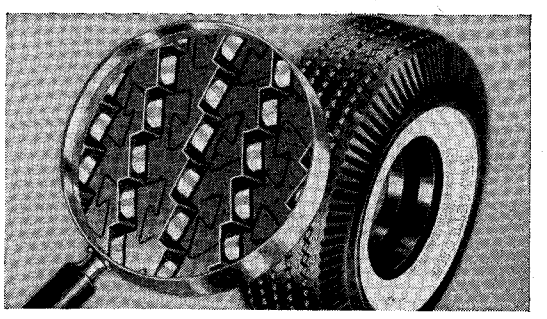
So play safe! Equip your car with the *world's only* tires with "Ounce of Prevention" Safety Discs. Get Armstrong Nylon Miracle Tires — tubeless or regular!

You can bet your life on Armstrong!

ARMSTRONG

ARMSTRONG Rhino-Flex TIRES

Nylon Miracle Tires



EXCLUSIVE INTERLOCKING SAFETY TREAD MAKES SAFETY DISCS WORK EVEN BETTER!

Armstrong gives you *two exclusives:* First — "Ounce of Prevention" safety discs keep tread ribs apart . . . prevent dangerous skids. Second — patented Interlocking Safety Tread enables discs to work at maximum efficiency. Hundreds of interlocking sections lock together, hold tight, so tire *maintains steady, even grip.*

Only Armstrong gives you this Unconditional Road Hazard Guarantee. Fits wallet, purse. Honored by *All* Armstrong dealers!

MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG PURE FOAM FOR FURNITURE AND BEDDING, HOME OFFICE WEST HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

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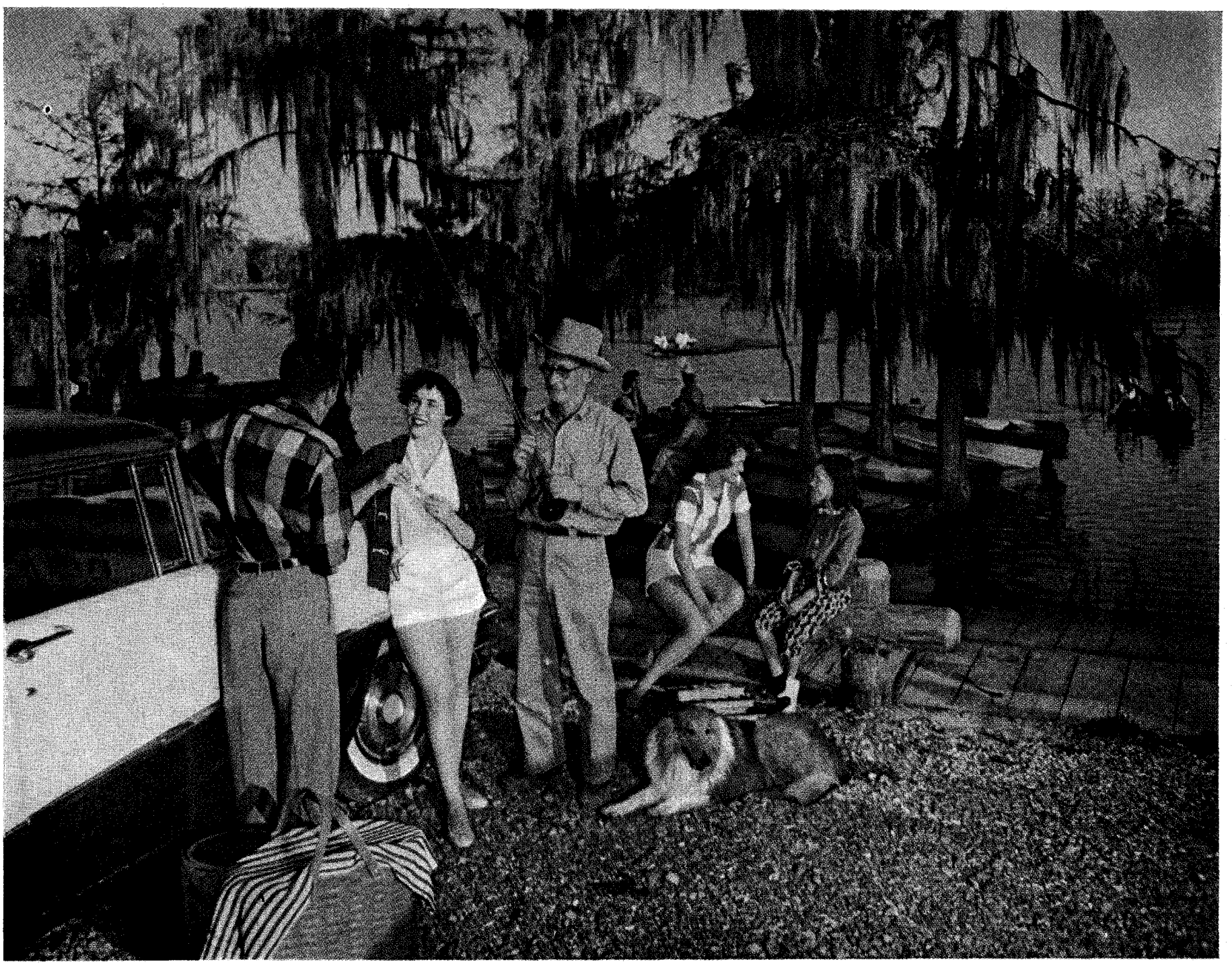

CHICOT STATE PARK, photo by Ivan Dmitri, in central Louisiana. A dam floods one third of the 6000-acre wooded park, making a lake of strange beauty, where fish climb spillway ladders to await your lure. Enjoy boating, camp and picnic areas, trails, cabins. Write: State Park and Recreation Commission, Baton Rouge, La.

Go first class in the next car you buy

Make your vacation this year more enjoyable by going new places in a new, or better used car—and for peace of mind, buy your car on the complete C.I.T. Time Purchase Plan. Wherever you drive, this plan protects your investment while you pay for your car.

You also conserve your savings when you buy out of income on the low-cost C.I.T. Plan. Over 15 million people have assured themselves of these protections and services. You can, too, right in your dealer's showroom.

PROTECTION FOR COLLISION LOSSES TO YOUR CAR. You may have your own dealer make repairs promptly in case of accident. No shopping for bids with this insurance. Fastest claim adjustment, too.

ADDITIONAL PROTECTIONS TO YOUR CAR. You are protected in case of fire, theft, flood, pilferage, vandalism, and many other causes of loss.

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

Beware of Home-Repair Racketeers

If you own a house, you're a likely target for these skillful fly-by-night operators who muscle their way into your living room and cheat you of $500,000,000 a year.

By Stanley Frank

You're too smart to fall for the phony schemes con men have been pulling on suckers since the gold brick was invented, of course. Only yokels are taken in by such moth-eaten swindles, you say. Maybe so, but if you own a home there is a strong possibility that you have been hooked recently by the "suède-shoe boys," a new species of racketeer who makes the old-time bunko artists look like amiable amateurs.

The suède-shoe boys are gouging naïve victims throughout the country in every branch of home repairs—electrical, heating and plumbing installations, painting, roofing, siding, storm windows and light construction. These vultures, who feed on ignorance and cleverly planted fears, have been cheating the public out of more than $500,000,000 annually in the last few years. Victor H. Nyborg, president of the Association of Better Business Bureaus, warns that the gyps threaten to make a more staggering haul in 1956 by latching onto Operation Home Improvement, the biggest peacetime promotion ever sponsored jointly by industry and the Federal Government.

Operation Home Improvement is a commendable campaign to spruce up the weather-beaten faces of American communities and sustain property values. The vast majority—perhaps 99 per cent—of the participating contractors and dealers are ethical craftsmen, but the chiselers endanger the entire project. It will be a gravy train for the suède-shoe boys unless homeowners are on guard against the model-house scheme, bait-switch advertising, the tear-down-furnace dodge, scare sales talks stressing the danger of fire, fake contracts and other common frauds we will outline presently.

Abuses in home repairs are the No. 1 racket in the United States today, according to the Better Business Bureau. In 1955, in the home field alone, it received 174,175 complaints and inquiries concerning misrepresentation of materials and workmanship—and officials of the organization admit their statistics may reflect no more than 1 per cent of the national total. Local fly-by-nights originally were the chief source of trouble, but there is mounting suspicion now that criminal syndicates have invaded the home-improvement field.

"The Mickey Cohen gambling mob is behind a lot of funny stuff going on in Chicago and Detroit," says Cyrus B. Sweet, assistant administrator for FHA (Continued on Page 80)

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Diana

ESCAPE IN THE DESERT

They were trapped in a nightmare waste-land together, three men and two women. Their only chance of survival rested with an officer who was ruled by fear . . .

Beginning an exciting novel by CHRISTOPHER LANDON

They served it ice-cold in Alex. If Capt. George Anson stopped now and shut his eyes, he would see every detail of that little bar in the lane off Mahomet Ali Square. But he could not stop or shut his eyes. He had to go on walking, planting one foot in front of the other on that faint wheel track that had lain fallow for a year, watching just ahead for the telltale sinking of the ground that showed that more had been laid—praying that they had not.

The mine field was a broad flat valley, the bottom of yellow sand, bounded behind and in front by steep, gray, rocky walls. The ambulance had just come down the one behind, through the protests of the troops guarding it, and now he was trying to guide it on the old track he knew led across to the other side. It was a June morning; at home, in England, the birds would be singing; but not here—not in the mine field that guarded Tobruk. There was only a still, oppressive silence, the prelude to the storm of the German attack.

The sweat was running down him now—a trickle of it between his shoulder blades and more down the backs of his knees under his shorts. It was not the heat but fear that made it. His own fear. He could smell it.

What would he not give for a drink right now! The very thought of it made his stomach rebel, the bile of it rising in his throat, thin and sour. But there was none; all his own stock had gone in the car he had seen destroyed only an hour before. There was none; and before he could get one, they would have to drive through a hundred miles of thirst and danger—anxiety, with the load the ambulance was carrying now.

A hundred miles. He almost laughed as the next foot to come forward stayed poised, almost without control from his brain, over the slightest uneven break of the ground. A hundred miles to drive? Before they could even start driving, he'd got to get them through these mines. . . . It might be only one foot before everything was forgiven and forgotten in the roar of the explosion. He tested the unevenness with his foot, patting the ground, then let his full weight come down. Nothing happened. The other foot came forward then, the eyes searching ahead.

The ground on each side of his narrow path was pocked and scarred and had the neglected look of land that has weathered for a long time: in between the clumps of sage-green camel's thorn were scattered the burned-out wrecks of tanks and lorries—those who had not been lucky. He turned (Continued on Page 46)

When the bombing was over, they found Denise by the lagoon.

Illustrated by Al Muenchen

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Zimmerman didn't move. "I don't believe there are any mines in this field," he said.

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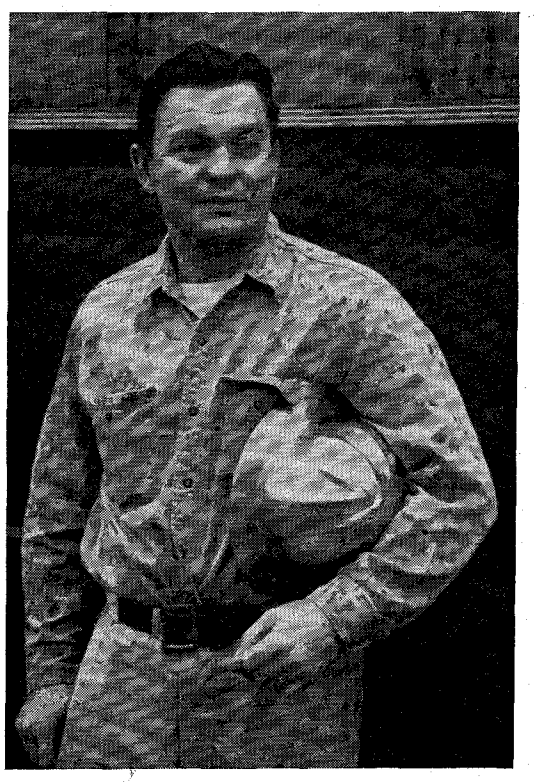
They Bury Him Twice a Day

How Barney the sand-hog foreman risks the horrors of cave-ins and blowouts to carve a tunnel beneath the bed of the hungry Hudson.

By Walter Wager



"I ought to pack up and get out of this business," says Barney Hnat, "but where are you going to make this kind of money?" His pay: $250 a six-day week.

Every day in the week, except Sunday, every week throughout the year, Barney Hnat wakes up without any prompting by an alarm clock, without any nudging from his wife. He takes a deep drag of Brooklyn air—just one long breath to fill his big lungs before he starts getting dressed.

He has to hurry. They're going to bury him, so to speak, in New Jersey today, but he doesn't mind.

After twenty years, he's used to it. This week reveille is at 5:45 A.M.; he's going "in" at 8:00 o'clock with thirty other men. They are rugged guys, but they can't go ahead without Barney.

It's warm and humid in Brooklyn nearly every morning this time of year, and it will be uncomfortably hot and damp underground. So Barney Hnat dresses accordingly, and clips onto his jacket a round yellow badge. The metal disk is only a little bigger than a silver dollar, but it's worth about 250 bucks a week these days. It's Barney's meal ticket, and his official license to get buried. It reads:

COMPRESSED AIR WORKER

IF ILL, RUSH BY AMBULANCE TO PORT OF N.Y. AUTHORITY HOSPITAL AIR LOCK, TELEPHONE UNION 4-6180 AT FOOT OF BALDWIN AVE., WEEHAWKEN, N.J., OR TO NEAREST HOSPITAL LOCK.

MASON-JOHNSON-MACLEAN

Barney Hnat is a sand hog. He's strong and he's smart and he's lucky; that helps explain why he's still alive. He's got a wife and five kids in a nice brick three-family house at 173 Java Street, Brooklyn, U.S.A.; that's why he's still a sand hog. He doesn't talk about it, but he knows about falling timbers and the "bends" and tunnel explosions and blowouts and a lot of other ways to die you never heard of in basic training.

He knows his job, too, and one rule for compressed-air workers is never to go under

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Seventy-five feet down, under fifty feet of water and twenty-five feet of river bed, sand hogs sweat and strain to bolt an iron section of the tube into place.

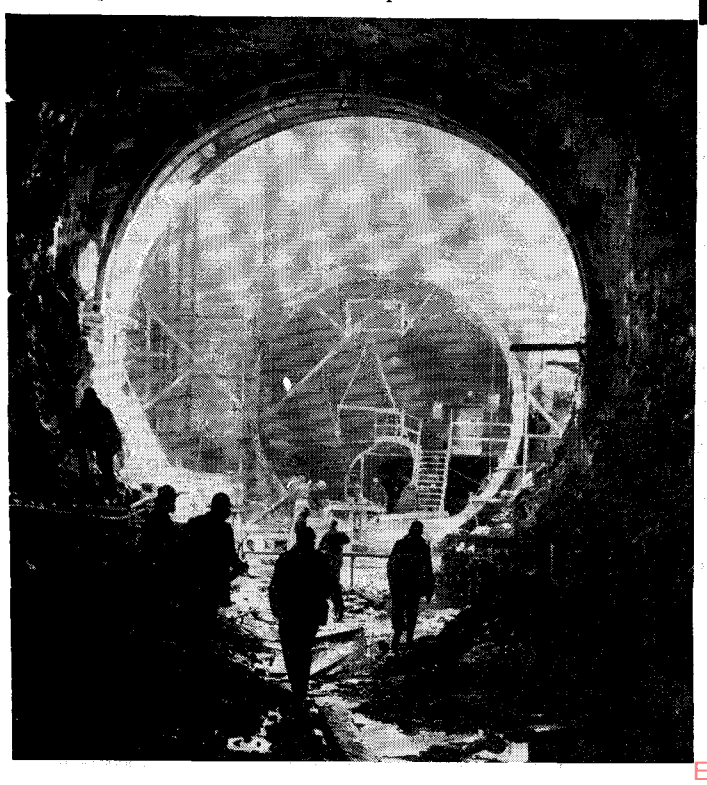
pressure on an empty stomach. So Barney packs away a breakfast of orange juice, hot cereal, bacon and eggs, and strong black coffee. He hopes that his wife won't say anything today. Jean Hnat hates tunnels. She's got five children, and she loves her husband, and she really hates tunnels. Now they're building a third tube for the Lincoln Tunnel, which links Manhattan and New Jersey under the Hudson River. Seven men were killed building the first two.

At 6:30, Barney climbs into an old green sedan and takes off for Weehawken. There isn't much traffic at that time in the morning, and fifty minutes later he leaves the car in a parking lot and slogs through the mud to the iron-and-aluminum barn they call The Hog House. That's where the sand hogs change their clothes and wash up and chow down. That's where his crew is waiting.

When Barney walks in, a few of the shift are still dressing, but most of his boys are drifting into the cafeteria for more hot coffee and final drags on the cigarettes and cigars that they aren't allowed to smoke under the river. Barney Hnat opens his locker and changes quickly to gray-denim work shirt and pants and a battered aluminum safety helmet which he's used for years.

By 7:45, everybody except the injured ironman named Romeo has checked in, so Barney sings out, "Let's go! Time to work!" and they all follow him out through the mud, up the steps, across the bridge over the railroad tracks and down the (Continued on Page 87)

Barney's current job site: the new $100,000,000 third tube of the Lincoln Tunnel. In the background is the entrance to the underwater portion of the tunnel.



Barney leaves The Hog House. Steam cloud is used to clean grease from iron tunnel rings.

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In the foreground is downtown Hong Kong as it appears from the resplendent "Peak." Across the harbor lies that part of Hong Kong called Kowloon. Beyond: Red China.

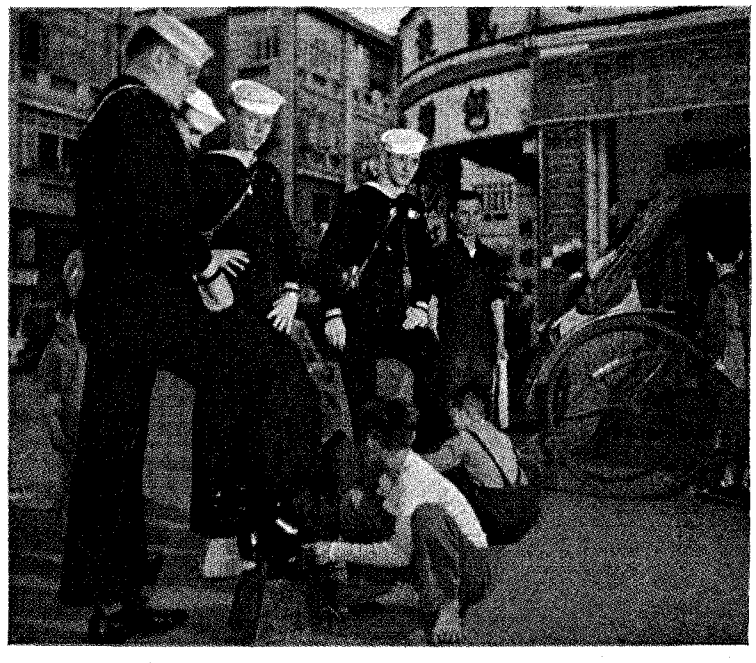
CITIES OF THE WORLD No. 22

HONG KONG

This British metropolis nestled against the Chinese Bamboo Curtain finds business better than usual, now that it has taken over Shanghai's night life and become the Asiatic base for professional spies.

By DEMAREE BESS

This new community in the suburbs will house thousands of refugees now living in flimsy squatters' colonies.



American sailors consider Hong Kong the best liberty port in the Orient.

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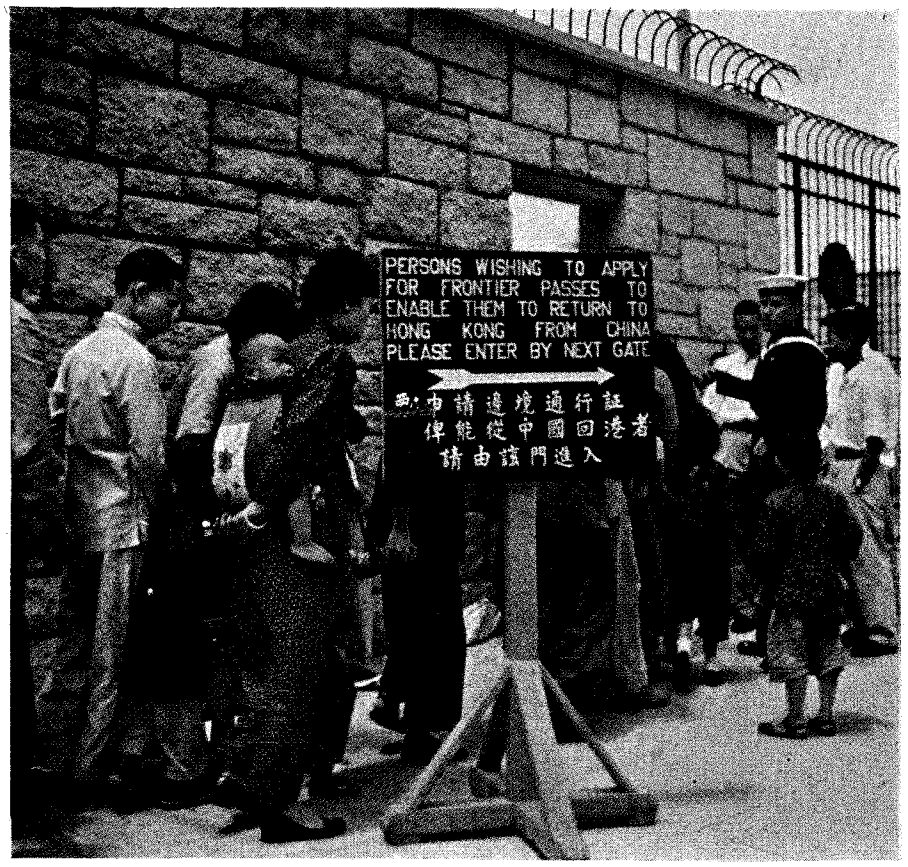


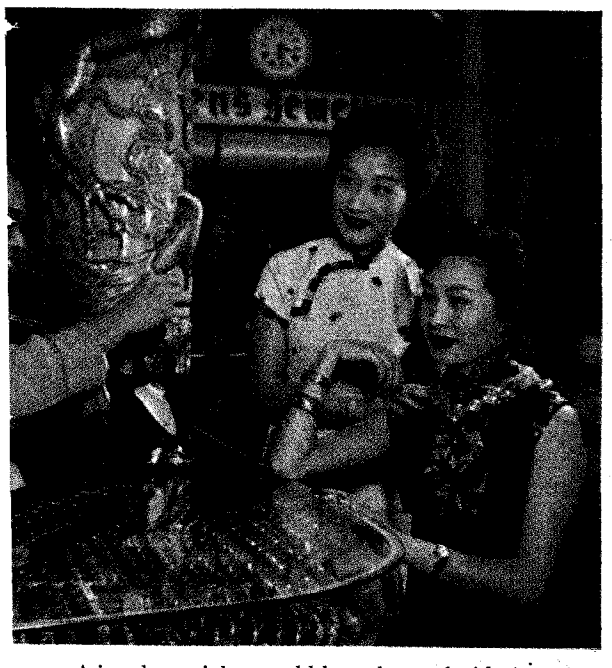
Many Hong Kong Chinese visit their Red-ruled homeland, but few choose to stay there.

Easter party at the home of Mrs. Keyes Beech (r.), wife of a U.S. correspondent.

The British crown colony of Hong Kong has inherited, for the time being, the place in American hearts and minds which once belonged to China. Although this Asiatic metropolis is British territory, it is the place most like prewar China to which Americans have easy access. Since 1949 the Chinese mainland has been out of bounds for almost all Americans, with the exception of one small fragment of hilly land. That fragment is part of Hong Kong, so that Britain's Far Eastern outpost is the spot where Americans can keep in closest touch with developments in the world's most populous country. Ninety-nine per cent of Hong Kong's residents are Chinese, and thousands of them travel to and from China every week, as do many Europeans.

That explains why the colony has become a focal point for a wide variety of American activities, and why more than 170,000 Americans visited Hong Kong during 1955. The permanent American community has mushroomed to 1800 persons, as compared with 13,000 Britons. Hong Kong's American Club now has 300 members, and the American University Club, only six years old, includes 200. The American consulate, which used to get along with fewer than a dozen Americans, now has 150 assigned to it, plus local assistants. Because the United States has no consulates in Red China, much of the work previously done by them has been shifted to Hong Kong.

Hong Kong has become particularly popular with American servicemen. Over in Korea last April Pfc. Michael Wise, of New York City, faced a difficult decision. Prince Rainier and Grace Kelly of Monaco had invited him to attend their wedding. (The temporary GI had met the couple while doing public relations for television before starting his military service.) Wise was free to accept the invitation to the glamorous ceremony—he had accumulated twenty days of leave and had saved enough money to make the round trip by air to Monte Carlo. However, Pfc. Wise sent his regrets to the Prince and Her Serene Highness because he already had earmarked his money for a Hong Kong holiday, and not even the lure of a royal wedding could induce him to sacrifice that project. His determination to get to Hong (Continued on Page 57)



A jeweler weighs a gold bracelet to decide its price.

Queens Road Center, commercial hub of the colony. A free port, the Crown Colony is a bargain hunter's heaven.

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"Let me see that bottle," the captain said.

You never know what a sailor will bring back from shore leave.

Take the case of Underwater Baby

By ALEC HUDSON

"What's going on down there?" I demanded.

Standing at the after doorway to the submarine Helleri's torpedo room, peering down the narrow lane between the racked torpedoes, I could clearly see the huddle of conspirators under the lights, up forward by the tubes. There was a stir. Heads turned my way. There was no answer. Then quite positively I heard the protesting wail of a baby's cry, and I was reassured that I had not been suffering from hallucinations.

I picked my way down along the darkened passage, and the huddle opened out silently to receive me. Lying on a cot under the light was a real and unmistakable baby. Finnegan, the pharmacist's mate, his mouth full of safety pins, struggled with a quite conventional garment, unconventionally fashioned from somebody's GI undershirt. Finnegan's clinical experience obviously had not extended to pediatrics, and the baby vigorously protested his awkwardness.

"Look, Finnegan," I instructed; "this is the way it goes," and demonstrated with a few deft movements the approved method of adjusting a diaper. There are a few basic skills that are never lost through lack of practice.

The baby opened wide her big blue eyes in appreciation and looked solemnly at me as she plopped her thumb into her mouth. With absolute confidence, she dropped contentedly off to sleep. The light fuzz of her hair gleamed in the harsh incandescent light like fine-spun gold. I thought of my own Mary Isabelle, back home, and I knew that whatever exploit Helleri's crew had embarked upon, they had successfully sucked me into it.

Trust Helleri's crew to get into unconventional trouble and reserve the most bizarre exploits for the night I had the duty. It was my experience as executive officer in Helleri, not my premonitions, that had made me wait in the wardroom until the last of Helleri's Pusan liberty party had returned. I must have dozed over a letter I was writing home. I awakened with a start, dreaming that I had heard Mary Isabelle's vigorous demand for her two-o'clock feeding. For a moment it was difficult for me to realize my surroundings, and to remember (Continued on Page 74)

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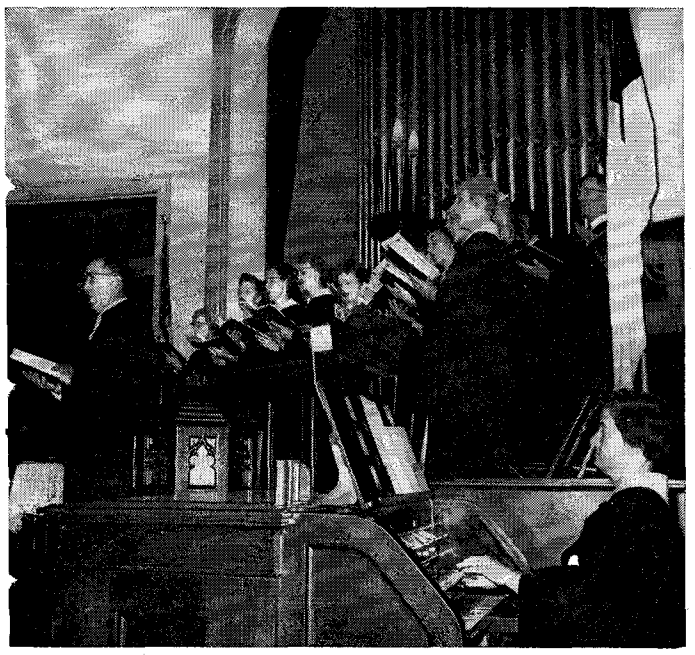

The author at work. "Organs have personalities. Some are dependable and honest, others are raspy and shrill."

A NEW KIND OF INSIDE STORY

By GENEVIEVE JENSEN

Fainting grooms, devilish Christmas "angels," quiet tragedies—these are the things this professional church organist has seen while she puts the congregation in a reverent mood.

Along with the pastor of Washington Park Presbyterian Church in Milwaukee, Mrs. Jensen (at left in choir gown) greets parishioners after the service. She is a Lutheran who learned to play the organ in a Roman Catholic church.

Sometimes I think that my job is a rather peculiar one. Most people regard Sunday as a day of rest, and the church only as a house of worship. For me, on the other hand, Sunday is one of the busiest days of the week, and church is the place I work. I am a church organist. And in spite of my job's unusual aspects, I'm sure that it must be one of the pleasantest a person can have. It pays me to do something I like—play the organ. It brings me into contact with people I like and admire. It's seldom very arduous. And it's never monotonous; something unexpected always seems to happen.

Sunday-morning worship in the Presbyterian church—I play at the Washington Park Presbyterian Church, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin—opens with the organ prelude. Some of the people listen intently, but I don't kid myself—the only time I have the undivided attention of everyone is when the organ has a fit of temperament and a note sticks, sounding like a peanut vendor's whistle. I usually play meditative music, to put the congregation in a reverent mood, but I notice that the first thing people do is look around the church, smile at friends, settle themselves on the pew and open the church bulletin. Sometimes the Sunday-morning bulletin undermines my best reverence-making efforts with a quiet chuckle for the parishioners. One church, I remember, recorded that "Carol Jones and Ronald Smith were untied in holy matrimony the previous Saturday afternoon," and the familiar text, "Ho! Everyone that Thirsteth!" had a strangely flippant sound the Sunday it appeared in a church bulletin as: "Ho! Ho! Everyone that Thirsteth!"

The processional hymn follows the organ prelude, and after this comes the anthem. When the choir director chooses the anthem each week there are several factors to consider: the church season, the sermon topic and the condition of the choir at the moment. One year, for instance, almost all of our adult choir sopranos had babies during the Easter season. The director also has to be careful that the titles of the music don't carry an unintended humor. Bach's Chorales Slumber On, O Weary Spirit and Sleepers Wake! or the aria It is Enough from Mendelssohn's Elijah had best not be used directly following the sermon. One Sunday last summer we were careless and sang Jesus, Grant Me Hope and Comfort, by Franck, preceding a sermon entitled Looking Forward to Christian Marriage.

After the choir finishes the anthem, the minister starts the morning sermon. People sometimes ask me whether I get tired of hearing sermons, and I can honestly say I am not often bored. This year, from Palm Sunday morning to the last service on Easter a week later, I listened to seventeen sermons. I am grateful I only have to listen to them. It must be very hard to prepare and deliver so many.

Occasionally the minister has competition during the sermon: a wandering child eludes his mother and startles worshipers by crawling under a few pews; a stray dog meanders down the aisle or the microphone on the pulpit takes to emitting unearthly noises. Last summer, for example, St. Hyacinth's Catholic Church in Milwaukee had a most unusual church service. As Father Louis Okopinski began to preach the sermon, the microphone picked up a radio program and the assembled congregation was treated to several twangy hillbilly tunes before a frantic janitor succeeded in turning off the public-address system.

The church where I played before I was married had a belfry (Continued on Page 71)

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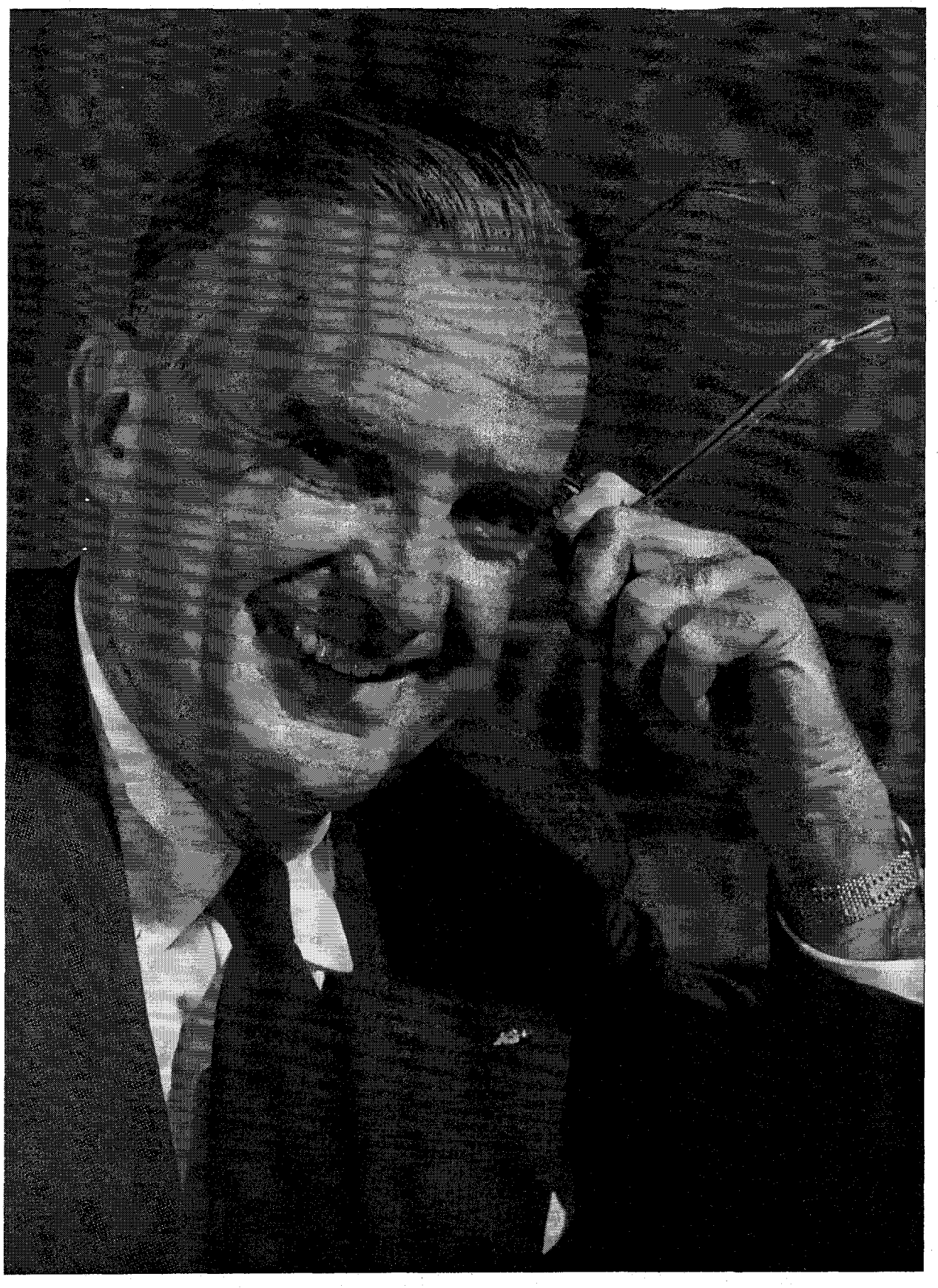
Candidate Bubbling With Charm

While the leading Democratic candidates slug it out, the supporters of cagey Stu Symington, the Missouri glamour boy, quietly bide their time—and hope for a convention deadlock.

By JOE ALEX MORRIS



The most likely long shot in the Democratic presidential contest may be Stuart Symington, the tall, handsome junior senator from Missouri, an alumnus of the business world, an experienced Government administrator and a political neophyte whose cheeks are still tinged with the flush of success in his first campaign in 1952.

Back in Missouri, Democratic leaders and a high percentage of the press have been talking about Symington for President since the day after the 1952 election, despite the fact that he has been tested as a vote getter on only two occasions. He was elected senator by an impressive 50,000 votes more than President Eisenhower polled in carrying the state, and later he ran second to Sen. George A. Smathers, of Florida, in a poll of Washington newspaper correspondents to pick the best-dressed man in the Senate. "Never mind," a Missouri country editor said reassuringly in regard to the second contest, "we think that Stu is cut from presidential cloth."

On the record, Symington is not seeking the presidential nomination. No political group outside Missouri is openly backing him. He has no campaign manager, no campaign headquarters and no campaign chest—nor is he likely to have. In fact, his best chance of capturing leadership of the Democratic Party in the 1956 campaign is to avoid any demonstration of desire for the nomination, but to remain prominently in the background as a man available when and if the national convention becomes deadlocked and starts looking around for a compromise candidate.

Normally, perhaps, the prospects of a man in that position would not seem particularly bright. But in recent weeks the possibility of Symington's emergence at the Chicago convention has been growing stronger and stronger in the minds of some of the party's most astute political strategists. They argue that none of the three avowed Democratic candidates has exactly set the countryside afire.

Therefore, the argument goes, if Adlai Stevenson fails to win a quick majority at Chicago and a prolonged deadlock is threatened, such leaders as House Speaker Sam Rayburn, National Committeeman Jake Arvey, of Chicago, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson and David Lawrence, of Pittsburgh, won't waste much time before looking around for a new name and a new personality. And, in such circumstances, Symington might well appear to be eight feet tall and wearing white plumes on his helmet.

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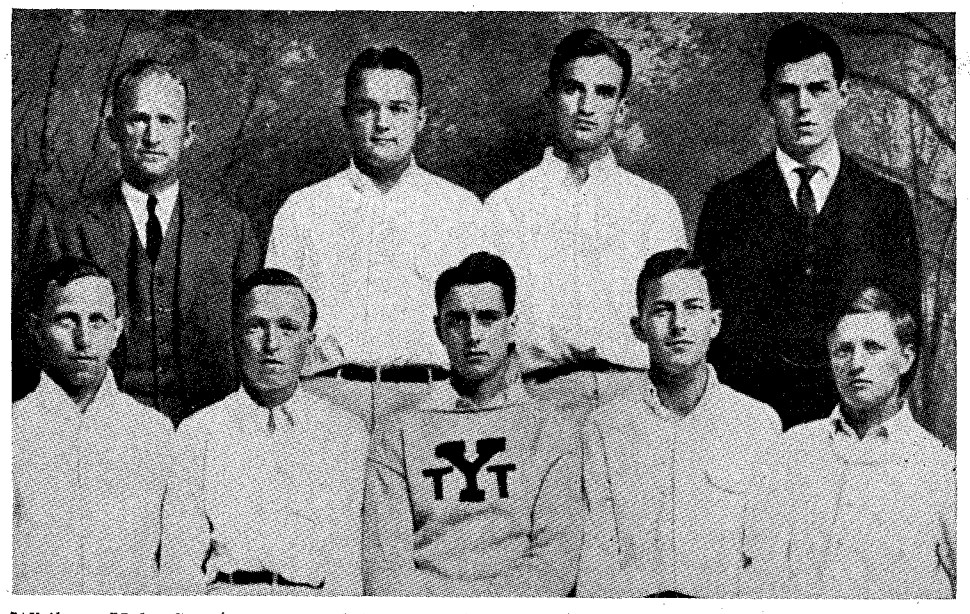
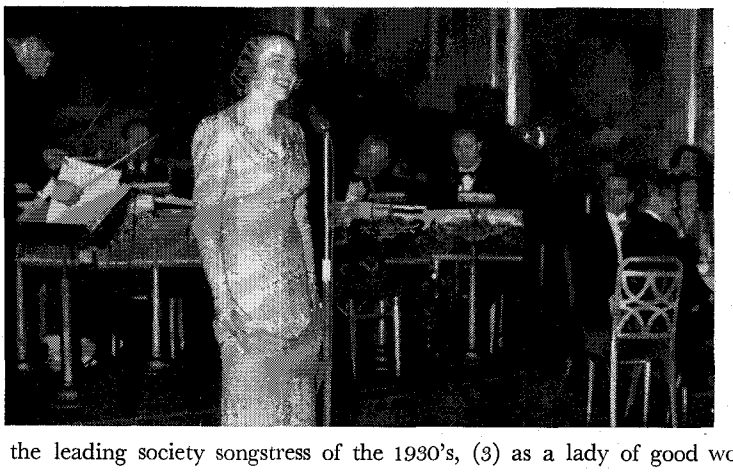
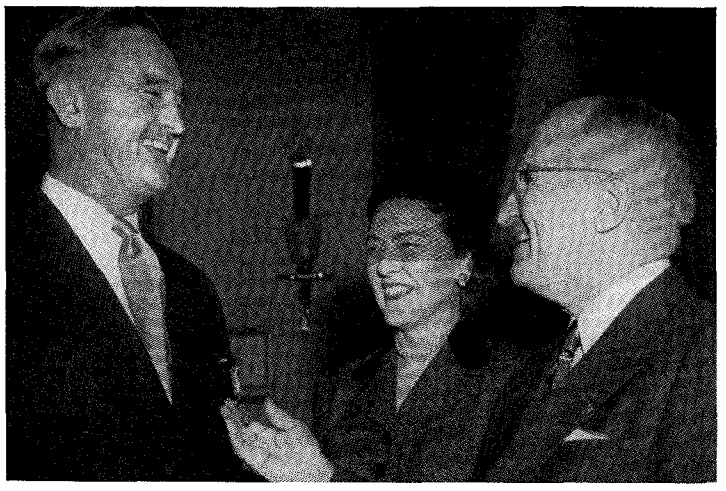


While at Yale, Stu (rear, second from right) made the tennis team. He also met Evelyn Wadsworth, daughter of a Republican senator. They married in 1924.

Big Man on Campus Makes Society Marriage, Becomes Successful Businessman, then Government Administrator, is Elected Senator and Casts Eye on White House



Eve (1) before her marriage, (2) as the leading society songstress of the 1930's, (3) as a lady of good works during World War II.



Stu served Truman well. Then he got himself elected to the Senate (center), where he tangled with Joe McCarthy (right).

The Missouri senator has a record as a sound party man, despite the fact that in 1940 he voted for Wendell Willkie because he opposed breaking the two-term presidential tradition. He will have numerous close personal friends—for example, Senator Johnson, who is regarded nowadays as Washington's cleverest political manipulator—in highly influential positions at the convention. The Missouri delegation's thirty-eight votes have been enthusiastically pledged to him as a serious contender rather than a favorite son, and former President Truman, while not necessarily enthusiastic, is unlikely to throw up any roadblocks if Gov. Averell Harriman has been counted out.

(Continued on Page 67)

Political exercises: Crowning an Apple Blossom Queen, and holding Senate hearings on the war of the future.

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"That must really be immortality," said Nancy, "to be happy for a time." She turned up her face and kissed him.

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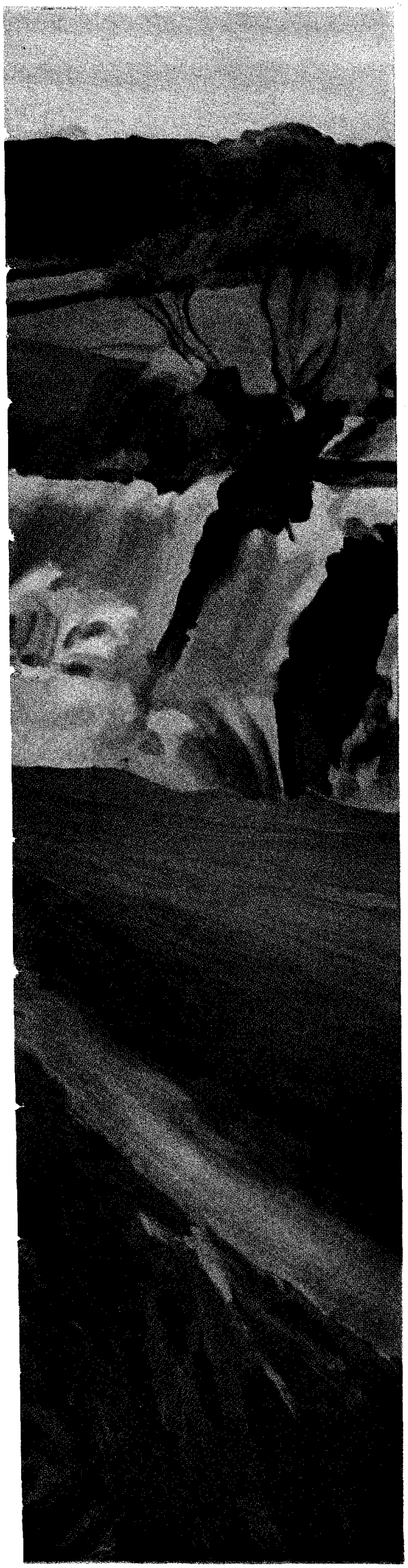

To share these moments, they thought,

was worth the terrible consequences of their love.

Brief Enchantment

By WILLIAM BRANDON

It was his first time in England in ten years, since the end of the war. The Bushes insisted that he come and stay with them at Harms Barton. Of course, the memories would be agony, Jane Bush said, but he would simply need to take them by the throat, look them in the eyes and send them packing. Surely no place could serve as well as Harms itself for such an act of exorcism. And after all, why else had he come back? In the middle of May he went down to Devon to spend a week with them.

The vast old house looked the same, Jane and the colonel looked much the same. No doubt the countryside was different, cleaned of the marks and traffic of war, but it, too, looked remarkably as he remembered it. Possibly he alone had changed, George thought. The Bushes did not recognize him when they met his train at Totnes. They had a few neighbors who might have remembered him in to tea; Jane said, "You must remember Mr. Morgan, our wounded American." Everyone said, yes, of course, but it was obvious they could not place him. He was drawn and older, his hair was edged with gray. His eyes, withdrawn and somber and preoccupied, were not the eyes of young George Morgan of ten years before.

They would recall him well enough later on, when someone thought to couple his name with Nancy's. George was grateful that the Bushes had not reminded anyone beforehand.

It was very curious, he thought, that his memories were so close and alive and real while he himself was a changed and distant stranger. It was indeed almost possible to believe that everything since had been a long, unpleasant dream.

He avoided the upper room until Sunday morning, when Jane and the colonel had gone to the village to church and the house was empty. Then he climbed the three flights of the gatehouse stairs, stopped a moment to obey a bizarre impulse and listen at the door — he heard only the cawing of rooks on the roof above his head—and went in. The room was in darkness and he opened the curtains at the window. He saw that his hands were trembling. He watched them until they were steady, and then turned to look at the room.

He had first seen Harms Barton in the spring of 1945. Tony Bush had brought him. George had been in a series of hospitals for months and Harms would make an excellent staging area for convalescence, Tony said. It would give him a proper view of an English spring, if they were lucky enough to have one this year, and since Harms was transformed into a nursing home for the duration, he could even have hospital care if he needed it, although he wouldn't be there as a patient.

The house was built of stone that was stained and crusted with gold and silver lichen. A square four-story gatehouse stood in the center, joining two wings that looked like tapestries of stone-mullioned windows framed under rows of steep gables and nailed to the sky by clusters of chimney pots. The lawns and gardens were well kept, thanks to the volunteer labor of the patients, Tony explained. A beech walk led to a wind-swept knoll from which could be seen, on a clear day, the distant sparkle of the sea. The countryside was a design of jewel-green pastures and plowed fields red as blood, spread over billowing hills, the hollows filled with feathery woods.

Colonel Bush was Tony's uncle. He was a lean old man with a glass eye and an empty left sleeve, souvenirs of Passchendaele. Jane, much younger, was his second wife. She was stout, red-faced, energetic, and relentlessly aglow with an almost professional cheeriness, like a visiting nurse. She spent nearly all her time in the east wing at the hospital, which dealt with mental and nervous disorders. The colonel, in his free time from numerous committees and duties as a Home Guard officer, wore mufti, consisting of knickerbockers and a baggy country coat and a tweed hat, and spent long

(Continued on Page 77)

Illustrated by Mortimer Wilson

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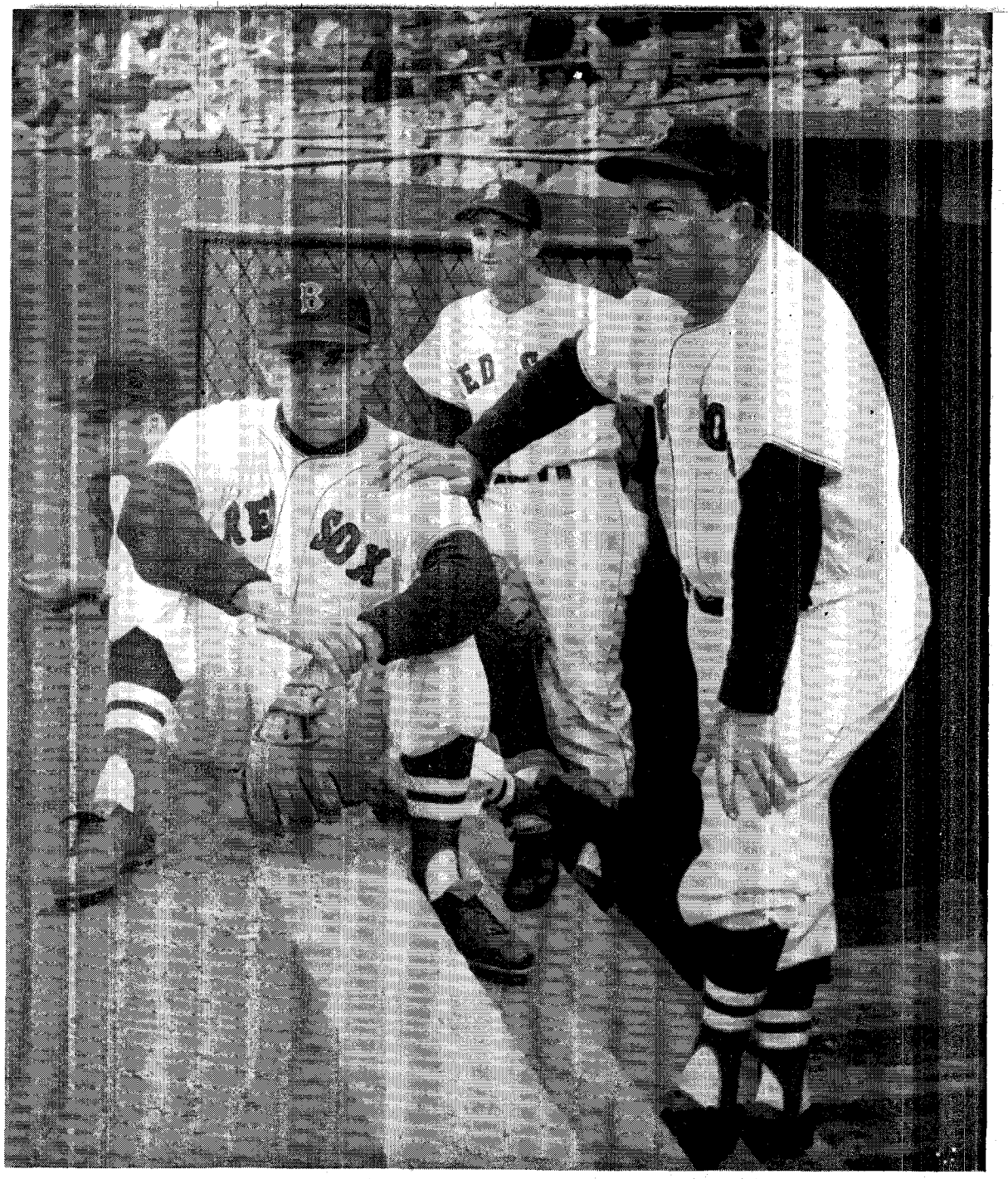
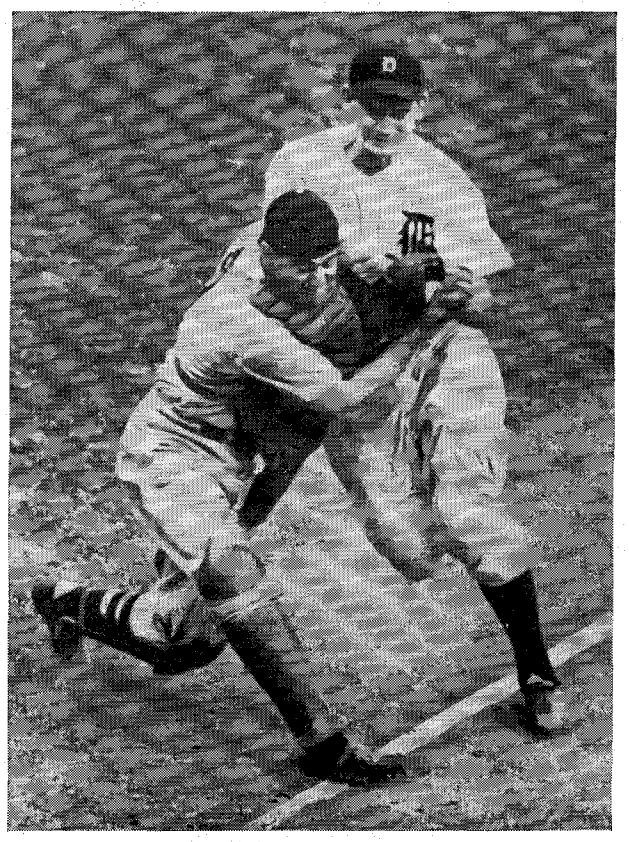


Manager Mike Higgins, leaning on his rookie shortstop Don Buddin. As a developer of young talent Higgins is at his best.

Below: Mike in a Detroit uniform in 1940. He put in fourteen years as a standout third baseman for the Red Sox, the Tigers and the old Philadelphia Athletics.



Savvy Skipper of the Red Sox

Last year, rookie manager Mike Higgins surprised everyone by bidding for the pennant. How far can he go this year?

By Al Hirshberg

Some baseball men see in manager Mike Higgins, of the Boston Red Sox, a second Joe McCarthy, no less. This, of course, is the baseball Joe McCarthy, now retired, who won eight pennants and seven world's championships as manager of the New York Yankees, and another pennant with the Chicago Cubs. McCarthy didn't begin winning big-league pennants right away, and neither did Higgins. However, both made strong impressions straight off.

Higgins, in fact, had the unusual distinction of being named the American League's Manager of the Year last season, his first time around as a big-league pilot. After a dismal spring, he maneuvered the Red Sox into pennant contention and kept them there until the final month, finishing a respectable fourth. This spring he won further respect by holding the Red Sox at the break-even point through the first sixty games despite assorted early injuries, including the disablement of the team's big guy, Ted Williams, who started only eight of the first forty-two games.

(Continued on Page 93)

During the first half of this season, Higgins' club suffered from an epidemic of injuries. Main casualty was slugger Ted Williams, above.

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At seventeen, a boy can't
be blamed if he falls in love
with the wrong kind of girl.

LOVE FEVER

By NANCY POPE MAYORGA

Only the young have that moment, says Joseph Conrad slightly paraphrased, when they have closed behind them the "little gate of mere boyishness," and then some flaming incident, some poignant event, some thought, thought through to its finish, sends them on across the boundary line of early youth. It's always a little risky and sometimes a little sad, but the young are so made that they would not have it otherwise. And they have their reward. Disenchanted eyes, perhaps, but new self-confidence and a steadier look at the uncertain future.

Jim Bering leaned his arms on the door of the sporty red convertible and looked at Janice with surprise and reluctant excitement. Two years ago she had been a pretty kid with a shiny nose, straggly hair and an uncontrollable giggle. Now, she was beautiful, perfectly groomed, looking five years older than her age. She had brought her giggle under control. It had become an unexpected, high-pitched laugh.

"You're the first one I've seen since I got home," she said. "You're the only one I really missed, Jim."

Under the sweet intensity of her gaze, he felt himself blush, and frowned to try to stop it. He was for the moment unaware of his own attractiveness—his thin, keen young face, his well-shaped blond head, straight shoulders and an easy grace of carriage. He was only conscious of a pulse that throbbed in his throat, and of the fact that he hadn't shaved.

"School has changed you," he said, and knew that to be a tremendous understatement.

She shrugged her shoulders in a pretty, affected way. "You get what you pay for in life. Daddy paid plenty. But if I can get a picture contract—and everyone says I can—then I'll pay daddy back. Our parents give so much that I think it's only fair if we —— I have a screen test coming up next week."

Jim laughed at this outburst of information and philosophy. This was more like the Janice he used to know.

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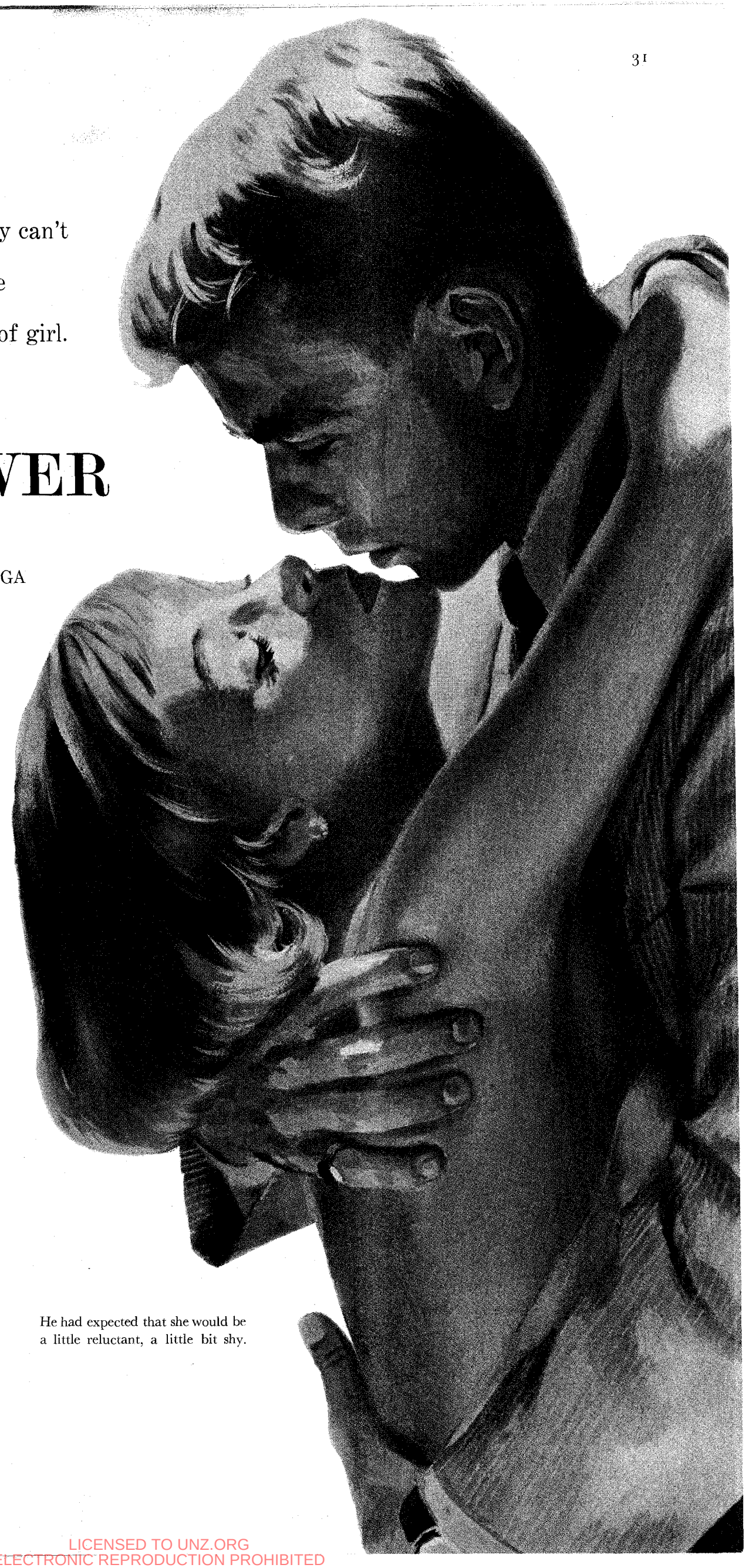

He had expected that she would be a little reluctant, a little bit shy.

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The Face of AMERICA

Mountain Picnic

They call the hills hereabouts the Boston Mountains, but don't let the name fool you. This is Newton County, Arkansas, deep in the Ozarks. And besides, where in Boston could you find a golden-brown roast turkey stuffed with Cap Nelson's special giblet dressing? That's Cap doing the carving. The other dishes include chicken and dumplings, baked brown beans and mashed-potato salad. At left is Grandma Raney, who admits to being "over 80." Any resemblance to Grandma Moses is doubly coincidental. For these people are members and guests of the Ozark Writers and Artists Guild, gathered for a midsummer picnic dinner. This land no longer is the exclusive domain of squirrel hunters and moonshiners—if it ever was. Today the intellectual life flourishes all across the changing face of America. ● Photograph by Bill Shrout

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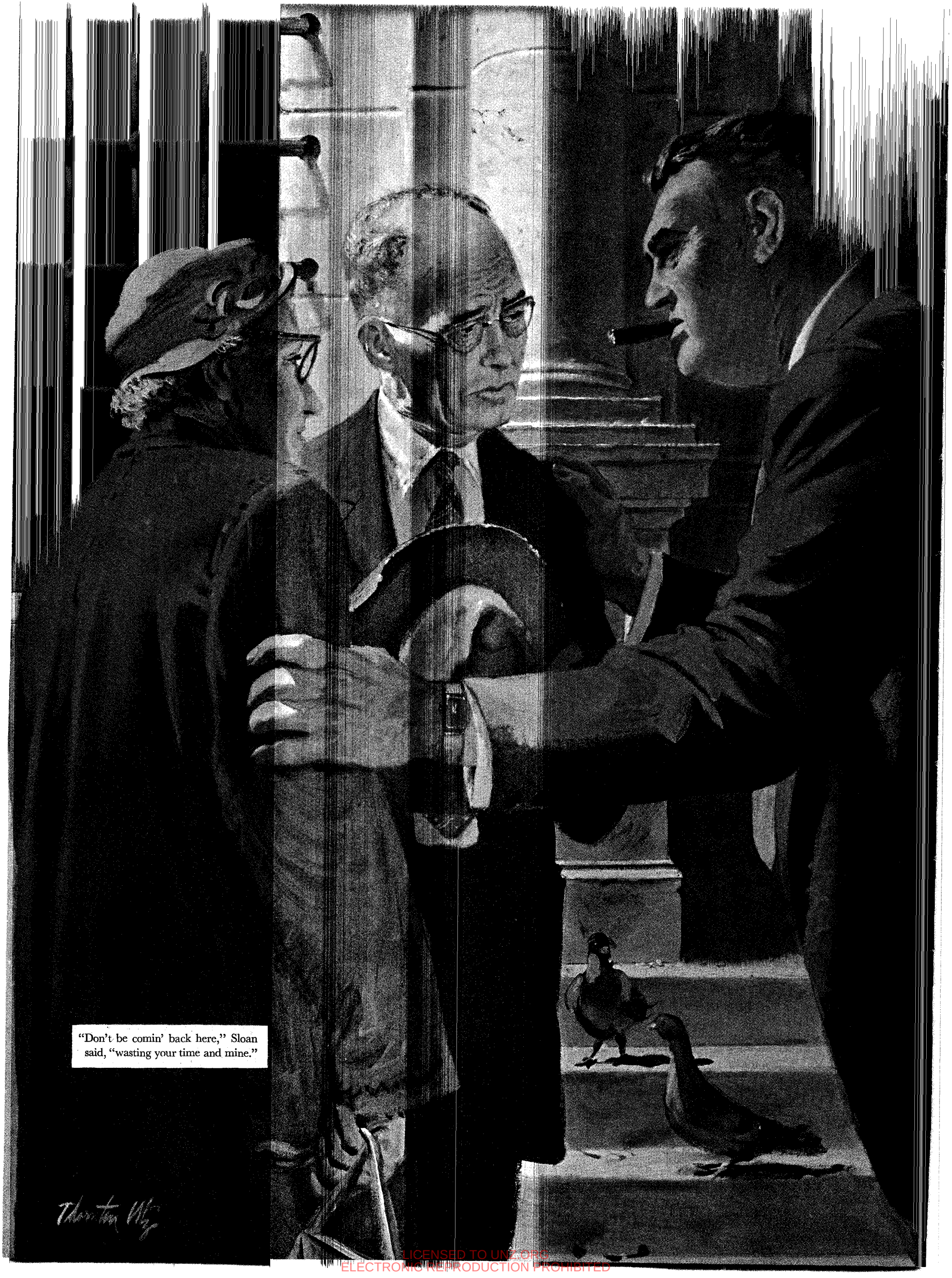

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The Hardhearted Cop

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

Every dime they owned had been stolen, and the police weren't even trying to find the thief.

Jake Sloan stared at the lunch spread upon waxed paper on his desk with an expression of baleful dislike. He was a hungry man and the lunch consisted of lettuce, raw cauliflower, carrot sticks and some thin boards masquerading as hardtack—a silent reminder of his high blood pressure and the thirty pounds he had to lose. "Stay with the diet," the doctor had said. It was maybe a healthy idea, but that doctor had forgotten to include the main course.

"Rabbit food is for rabbits," Jake said.

He had been a cop for more years than he cared to remember, on the safe-and-loft squad the last ten. He was big and he was beefy and he carried a substantial pot. His hair was graying, his face was square and heavy. He had no use for raw vegetables. He took a cigar from an ash tray and put it between his teeth. He would skip lunch, he decided. Until they made rabbit food that tasted like mashed potatoes and good brown gravy, he would do without.

"Mr. Sloan?"

"Yeah?" Jake swung his chair to face the owner of the voice. His usual look of sour dislike was darkened with disgruntled impatience. He put the cigar butt in the ash tray, his hat on the desk. "And what can I do for you people?"

There were three people in the doorway. A young, crew-cut, owl-eyed lad named Fred Corbin was in front. He was a reporter, new at the game, working the police beat for the morning paper. He was maybe a good kid, but he had to learn not to be all the time under people's feet like a springer spaniel. Behind him was the old couple, Oscar and Dora Yost. Jake had spent a lot of time with them the last few days; he knew their story well. They were both small, both wore glasses. The man was bald and the woman had white hair. They both looked as if somebody had kicked them.

And somebody had. A hood by the name of Brick Orren had stuck up their mamma-and-papa grocery store to the tune of every last dime they owned—three hundred and seventy-nine dollars and sixty-eight cents.

"These people are taxpayers," Corbin said. He looked half sore and half dedicated, like a man set to take on a herd of dragons. "Their store is small and their loss is small. But they have as much right to police assistance and protection as the owner of the largest department store in the city!"

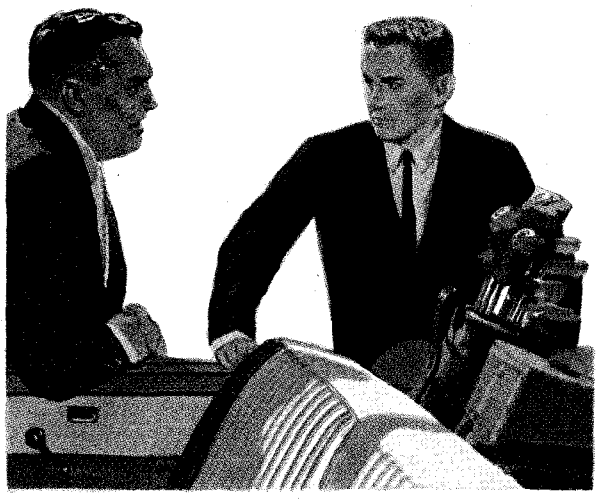
Jake's scowl deepened. "Who says they ain't?"

"In effect, you did."

Jake glared at the old couple. "Did I?"

The man began to back out the door, but the woman stood her ground. "You said you can't get our money back for us," she said. "You won't even try. But we've got to have

Illustrated By Thornton Utz



"How would it be if you and I got married?" Jake asked Corbin. "Then we could be together all the time."

the money; it was all we had. We have to pay cash to the wholesalers, and without our money we can't open our store!"

Jake's neck was thick. "Yeah, you told me. Maybe a dozen times." He swung his cold eyes to Corbin. "And where d'you figure in on this?"

"I met them in the hall," Corbin said. "They looked lost. I asked if I could help them, and they told me their story. Now, as a member of the press, I want to know if it's true that you're not trying to recover their money."

"About as true as it can get," Jake said.

"You're admitting a dereliction of duty?"

Jake's eyes were like marbles, but his voice was even. "I'm admitting I ain't got a set of plates and a press which I can use to print 'em up a fresh set of money." He spoke to the old couple, his voice still even. "Like I told you before, your dough is gone. Sure, it's rough. But you're not doin' any good hangin' around here. You've got to start over again. The quicker you get at it, the better off you'll be. Try to get a loan or credit."

Corbin said, "But I insist ——"

"Shaddap!" Jake told him. Then, quietly, to the old people, he said, "Do like I tell you. Go home now." They went away dejectedly. Then Jake got up and closed the office door and came back to stand with his blunt jaw a foot from Fred Corbin's. "Now I take care of you."

Nervously, Corbin said, "It's an outrage ——"

"It sure as tootin' is!" Jake said. With the old couple gone, his voice was booming. "If you mean what I got to put up with, it is! Not only do I have to take a beating from a couple of fine old people like that, I've got to have a mouse like you crawling around in my shirt!"

"But I insist ——"

"Insist once more," Jake said, "and I'll button your mouth shut with your nose. I know who stuck them up. It's Brick Orren. As soon as they tell me they think it was a redhead with freckles, I think around to who I've got that fits. I've got this Brick Orren, just fresh out on parole. I show the old people his picture. Maybe it's him, maybe it ain't—they don't know. So I hunt around for Brick, and I find him and his buddy. I put Brick in a show-up. The old folks still don't know. They can't swear it's him, so I got no case."

"Maybe it wasn't him."

"It was him!" Jake said. "It's not his regular kind of stealing, but he's a guy which likes to keep busy and he'd stick up his own mother. He knows I know it's him. If you could've seen the laugh he gives me when my case goes out the window, you'd know it. He did it, and he gets it for free."

"But the money ——"

"If I can't prove he did the job," Jake said with enormous patience, "can I prove the money in his (Continued on Page 42)

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Rocket scientist at work. The experts haven't yet produced a timetable for a trip to the moon, but they're overcoming many of the obstacles to the flight.

The Army's Redstone, an intermediate missile with a range of 1500 miles, might possibly be a forerunner of the space ship. An enterprising rocketeer has already announced the fares for a flight to a satellite station in outer space: $40,000 one way, $55,000 for the round trip.

The late Prof. Robert Goddard His experiments in the 1920 and '30's proved that spac exploration is possibl

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The Coming of the Space Ship

Rocket scientists, once tagged as nitwits, are now making fantasy come true: The man-made satellite is only the first step.

By MILTON LEHMAN

From its founding until today, the American Rocket Society has been haunted by a powerful vision. In this collective dream, the members see themselves on a vast and wind-swept desert at the dawn of the space age. At a signal, they adjust their plastic suits and helmets, board their pristine rocket ship, fasten their seat belts and wave a hopeful farewell. Then, with a thunderous roar, they blast out of this world.

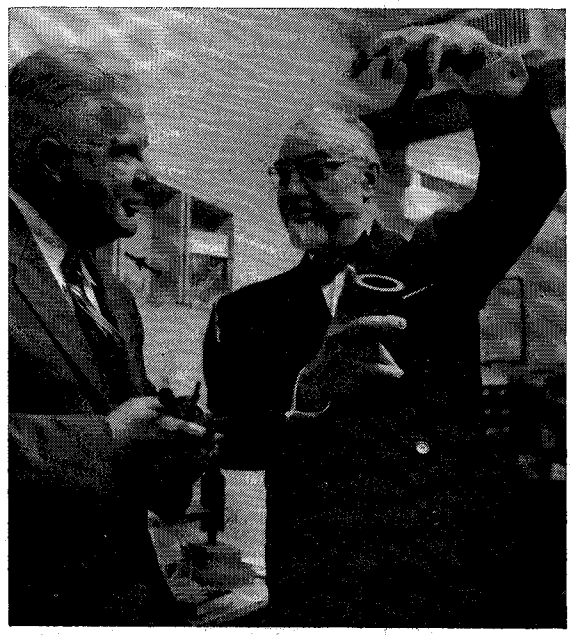
The vision goes back to the spring of 1930, when eleven young men and a bride formed the American Interplanetary Society and announced their purpose as "the promotion of interplanetary exploration and travel." The founding fathers, who had never seen a rocket fired except on the Fourth of July, were mostly fiction writers who turned out space epics for Wonder Stories, a pulp magazine. They blithely predicted space stations within fifteen years, moon landings within twenty and flights to the stars before the century ended. The public regarded them all as "wild-eyed," "moony" and "crackpot."

Today, however, the public is expectant rather than amused and the American Rocket Society—its "interplanetary" label was dropped for respectability—is a professional engineering order with twenty-two active chapters and 4000 members. When they write for publication, they like to contribute to their own society's Jet Propulsion, a journal esteemed by engineers and so crowded with higher mathematics as to defy the ordinary citizen.

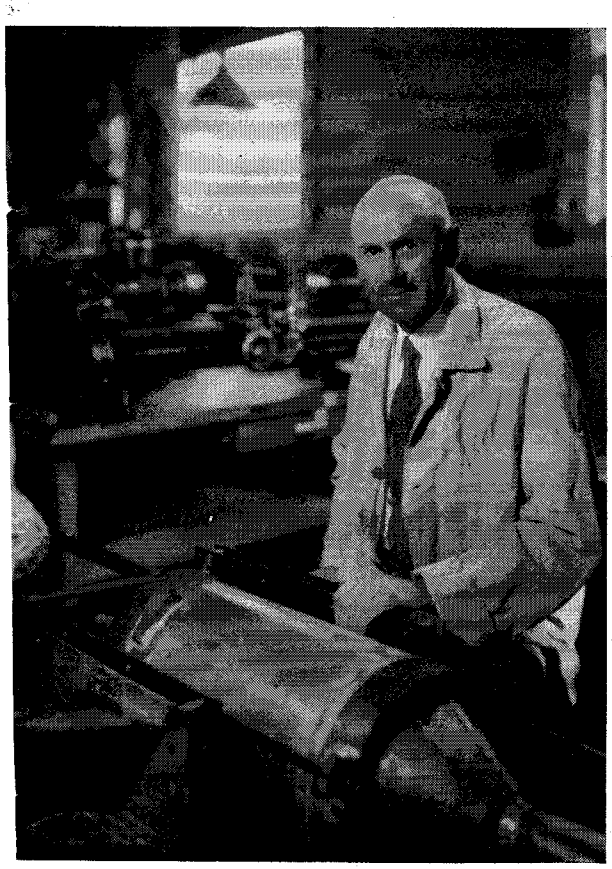
The modern rocket brothers are clearly a long haul and a far cry from the founding fathers. They have status and importance. On their labors depends the free world's ascendancy in guided missiles. The leading designers and builders of missiles in America's multi-billion-dollar rocket industry, they come from jet-propulsion schools of American universities, from remote military bases such as Point Mugu, California, Banana River, Florida, and White Sands, New Mexico, where the newest missiles are flown. They built the Army's Nike, the Air Force's Navaho, the Navy's Terrier and other superweapons. They are now hotly competing with the rocketeers of Soviet Russia for the first intercontinental ballistics missile—with a range of 5000 miles and a speed of some 16,000 miles an hour.

The rocket enthusiasts haven't abandoned their space dream by any means, but they admit they aren't quite ready for all that. They *are* laboring to produce a MOUSE—a "Minimum Orbital Unmanned Satellite of the Earth." The MOUSE will be a temporary, artificial and approximately basketball-sized moon, fired by a three-stage rocket to its orbit between 200 and 800 miles beyond the earth. The MOUSE was soberly proposed by the society's own Space Flight Committee and endorsed by the National Science Foundation, the White House and the forty-odd-nation committee for the ultrascientific International Geophysical Year. Even the public is expecting great things.

"In the old days, our job was to convince people that space flight was possible," said Roy Healy, a short, (Continued on Page 90)



Dr. Richard Porter and G. Edward Pendray, pioneers of the American Rocket Society. No one laughs at them today. But scoffers had a field day in 1932, when H. F. Pierce and Pendray tried to launch ARS Rocket No. 1. It didn't get off the ground.



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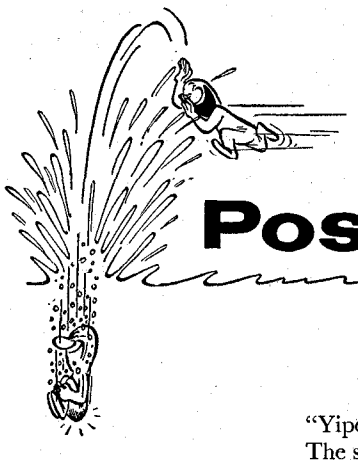

Post Scripts

Wilbur and the Forces of Nature

"Yipe."

The speaker was my twelve-year-old nephew, Wilbur, and his remark was occasioned by the brilliant flashes of lightning which gave warning of the approach of a violent thunderstorm.

As he spoke there was a particularly vivid white flash, followed by a sound like the ripping of a sheet and a thunderous crash which caused the porch to shudder under our feet.

"If you need me," said Wilbur, rising from the porch swing, "I'll be in the hall closet."

"Surely you're not afraid of a thunderstorm?"

"No," said Wilbur. "I had several things I wanted to do in the hall closet."

"Wilbur," I said, "lightning follows certain rules. There is no reason to be afraid of it if you know what to expect."

"I expect to be killed," said Wilbur.

"Nonsense. What is there about an electrical storm that makes you uneasy?"

"I think it's the electricity."

"You have never been struck by lightning, have you?" I said, reasonably.

"It just missed me several times."

"Nonsense."

"And it destroyed that oak tree in Mr. Glebber's field."

"The tree was not destroyed, merely split down the crotch."

"Exactly what I am trying to avoid," said Wilbur.

"It may reassure you to know," I said, "that a certain interval of time, of greater or less duration, exists between the moment the lightning is seen and that at which the thunder is heard."

"Odd," said Wilbur, "but hardly reassuring."

"I don't know whether, in school, they have taught you the speed of sound."

"I don't know either."

"Well, it's 1125 feet per second."

"I believe that's about what they said."

"Thus, if you count the seconds between the time the lightning flash is seen and the thunder is heard, the result forms the distance which separates you from the scene of the disturbance."

"What result?"

"For instance, how far away do you suppose that last thunderclap was?"

"Eight feet?"

"No. A quarter of a mile."

"It seemed closer."

"It did seem closer," I admitted.

At that moment the heavens opened, cleft by an immense flash, and a thunderbolt lifted me six inches off the porch swing.

"Get inside, Wilbur!" I shouted. "Er—it's beginning to rain."

"How far away was that one?"

"Eight feet," I replied, following him into the living room. "Close the window!"

I have heard that ball lightning will enter an open window and chase you around the room. There is no use taking foolish chances.

"I could hardly get the window down," said Wilbur, presently. "I'm in a nervous state. I come near falling out of the window."

"There is nothing to fear, Wilbur," I said, "if, as I am doing, you will sit in the exact center of the room. Nothing at all."

"Yipe," said Wilbur.

JOHN BAILEY

"Look! You rumpus your way, and I'll rumpus mine!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"How do you pronounce P-E-S-T-I-F-E-R-O-U-S?"

"Thanks!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

On a Limb

At every party, I'm the one
The bright remarks are apt to land on.
The other guests must have their fun,
While I'm without a leg to stand on.
When dinner's served, it seems to me
I'm still the one they aim their wit at,
For somehow I turn out to be
The one who has a leg to sit at.

IRENE WARSAW

Heinrich Schnibble Questions the Speaker

"Thus, to sum up, the effects of drought on our lawns can be avoided by adequate ——"

"Meinself ist beggen der pardon mit ——"

"Just a moment, sir. —— by adequate ——"

"Herr speaker, meinself ist puzzlen mit ein quizzer."

"Please, sir, I'll answer your quiz—er—question later. —— by adequate mulch and regular watering. Few of us, however ——"

"Ach, Herr speaker, Ich ben sooner departen und ——"

"Oh, all right! Just what is this all-important question that can't wait?"

"Meinself ist Heinrich Schnibble, und Ich ben sooner departen."

"The question! Please, what is the question?"

"Ist das droughten ben comen mitout failen?"

"That I cannot tell you, Mr. Schnibble. Now may I continue?"

"Himmel! Ist der speaker ben ein experter?"

"I think I ben so considered, but I am not a weather prophet. My final point ——"

"Supposen das droughten ist missen, mitout comen?"

"Of course, if das droughten ist—if it doesn't come, we have nothing to worry about."

"Goot! Mein squirtzentwirler ben leakisch."

"Now, mein final point —— Your what?"

"Mein twirler mit squirtzen der water ben springen der leaken und ——"

"I get it! Your sprinkler ben leaken. Well, of course, you can water your lawn quite satisfactorily without a sprinkler."

"Ach, nein! Ich ben updiggen der lawn und planten snappisch beans und corn."

"You—you don't even ben got a lawn?"

"Himmel, nein! Meinself ist ——"

"Then why ist yourself coming to mein lecture?"

"Ich ben standen outsiden, und suddenisch der rainen ist upstarten, mit donder und blitzen. Meinself ist steppen insiden mit ——"

"But you ben tooken mein time und upsetten der ——"

"Ich ben departen sooner der rainen ist gestoppen."

"Well, Ich ben—I mean, mein final point ist —— Ach, when das droughten ben comen, der squirtzentwirl—— Himmel! Mein final point ist updiggen der lawn mit planten snappisch beans und corn!"

DAVE MORRAH

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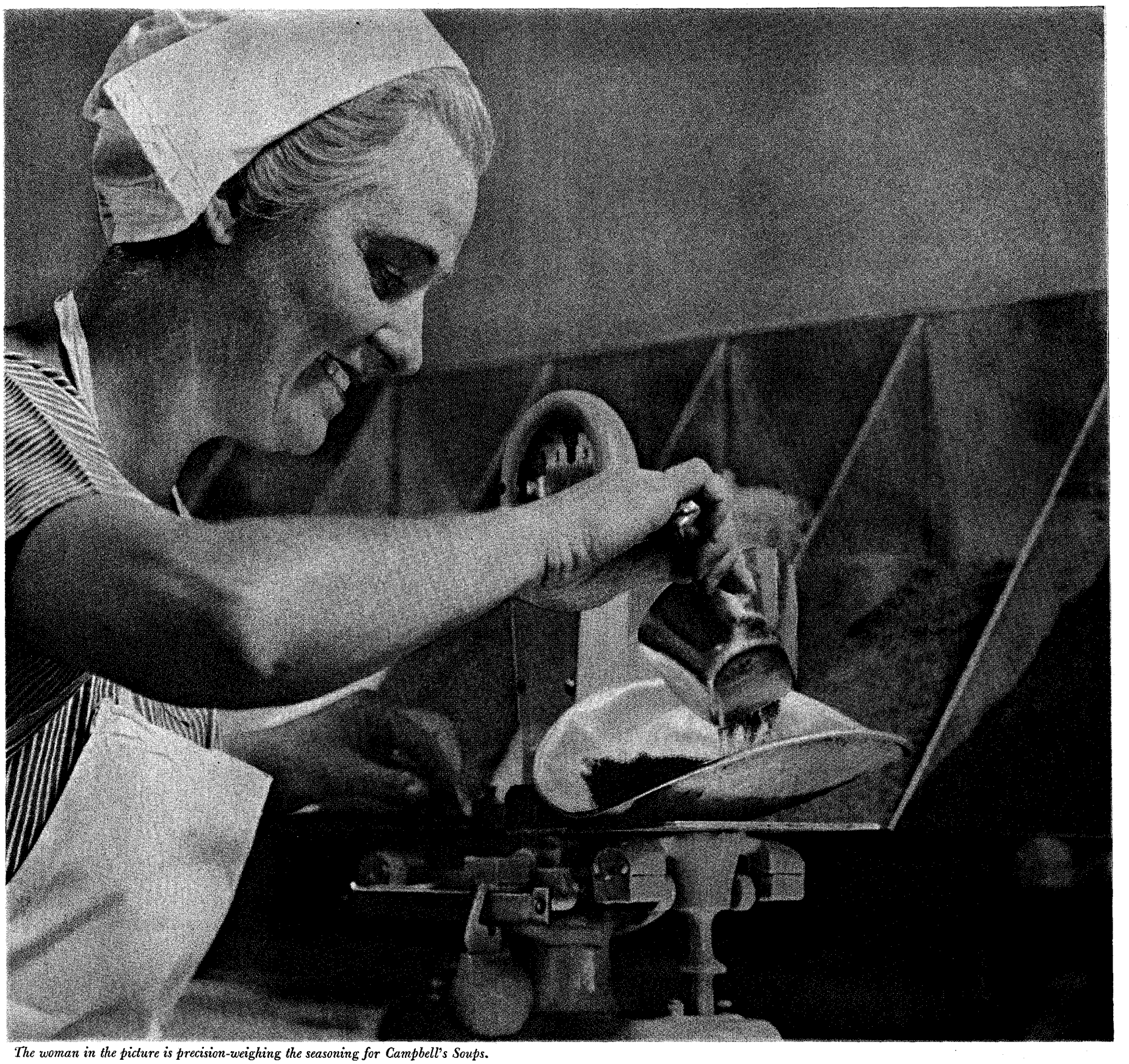

The woman in the picture is precision-weighing the seasoning for Campbell's Soups.

Not a grain too little...not a pinch too much

Campbell has a careful way with spices

Not by spoonfuls or cupfuls, but by grams or ounces—that's how the seasoning for Campbell's Soups is measured.

This way, the chef's assistant can follow each recipe exactly, right down to the light whisper of the spices.

Around her is a virtual "United Nations" of herbs and spices: cinnamon from Ceylon, mace from the Banda Islands, and cloves from Madagascar—23 in all.

The "how," "when" and "where" of using them is an art. Campbell chefs know the quirks of each one and how they get along together.

They know how to bring forward the gentle spices like paprika, how to handle with care the strongly aromatic spices like cayenne.

They know the light overtone that sweet basil can give to tomato sauces, the freshness that thyme gives to clam chowder.

They know which seasonings, like bay leaf, release their flavors slowly in the simmering.

They know the precise moment to add curry powder so its delicate overtones don't perish on the fire.

This is the kind of subtle spicing that the Campbell chefs use to lift so many flavors from the Campbell Kitchens. And it's a pretty good example of the pains that Campbell takes to live by this demanding tradition: "*To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care.*"

"We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation."

Campbell's

Soups • Tomato Juice • Pork & Beans
V-8 *Cocktail Vegetable Juices*
Franco-American *Products*
Swanson *Products, including* **"TV"** *Brand Dinners*

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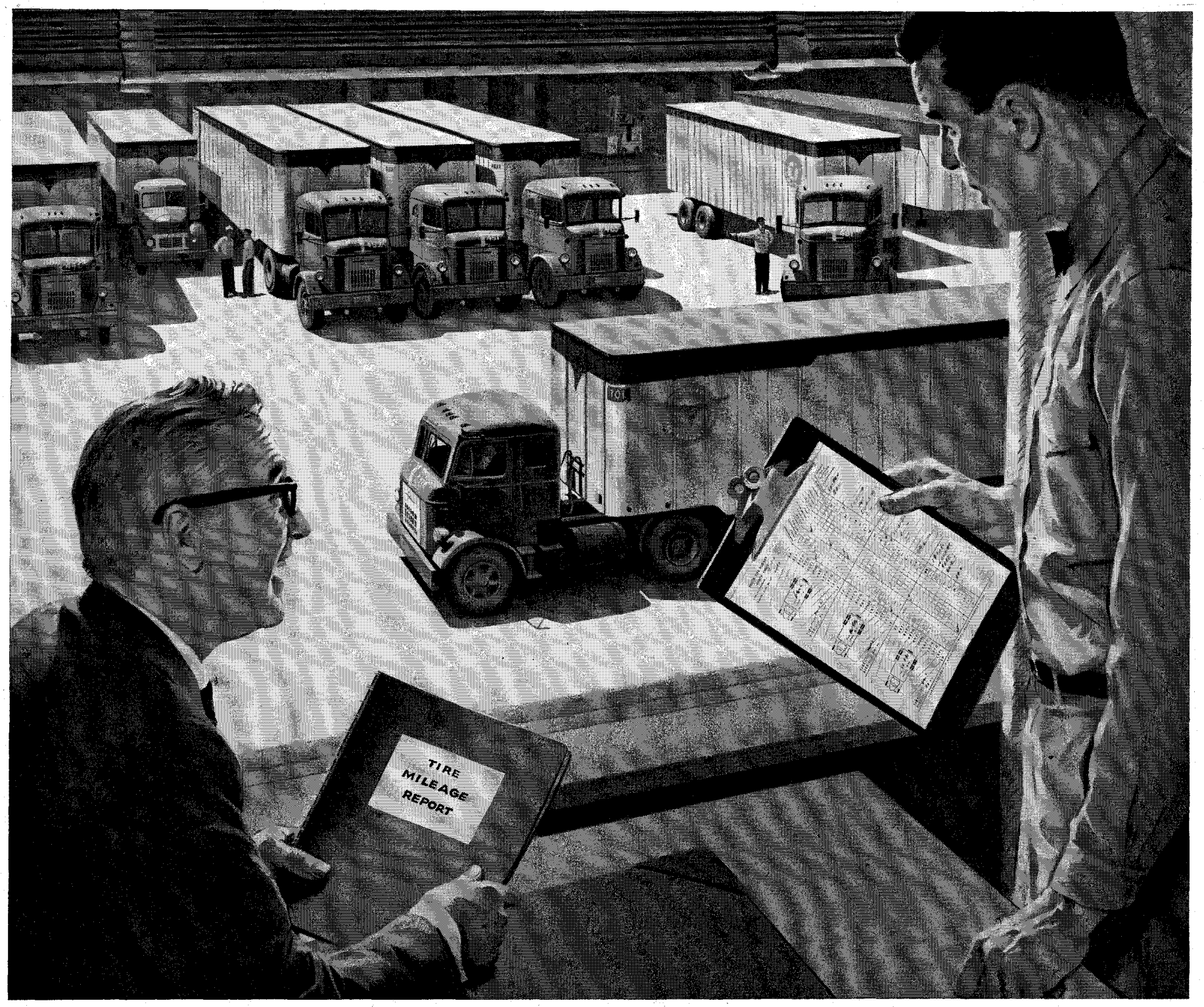

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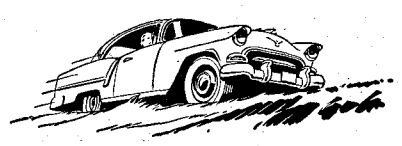
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY



NOW, IN PASSENGER-CAR TIRES, TOO . . . THE STRENGTH AND TOUGHNESS OF NYLON . . . FOR UTMOST SAFETY, SUREST PROTECTION AGAINST TIRE TROUBLE

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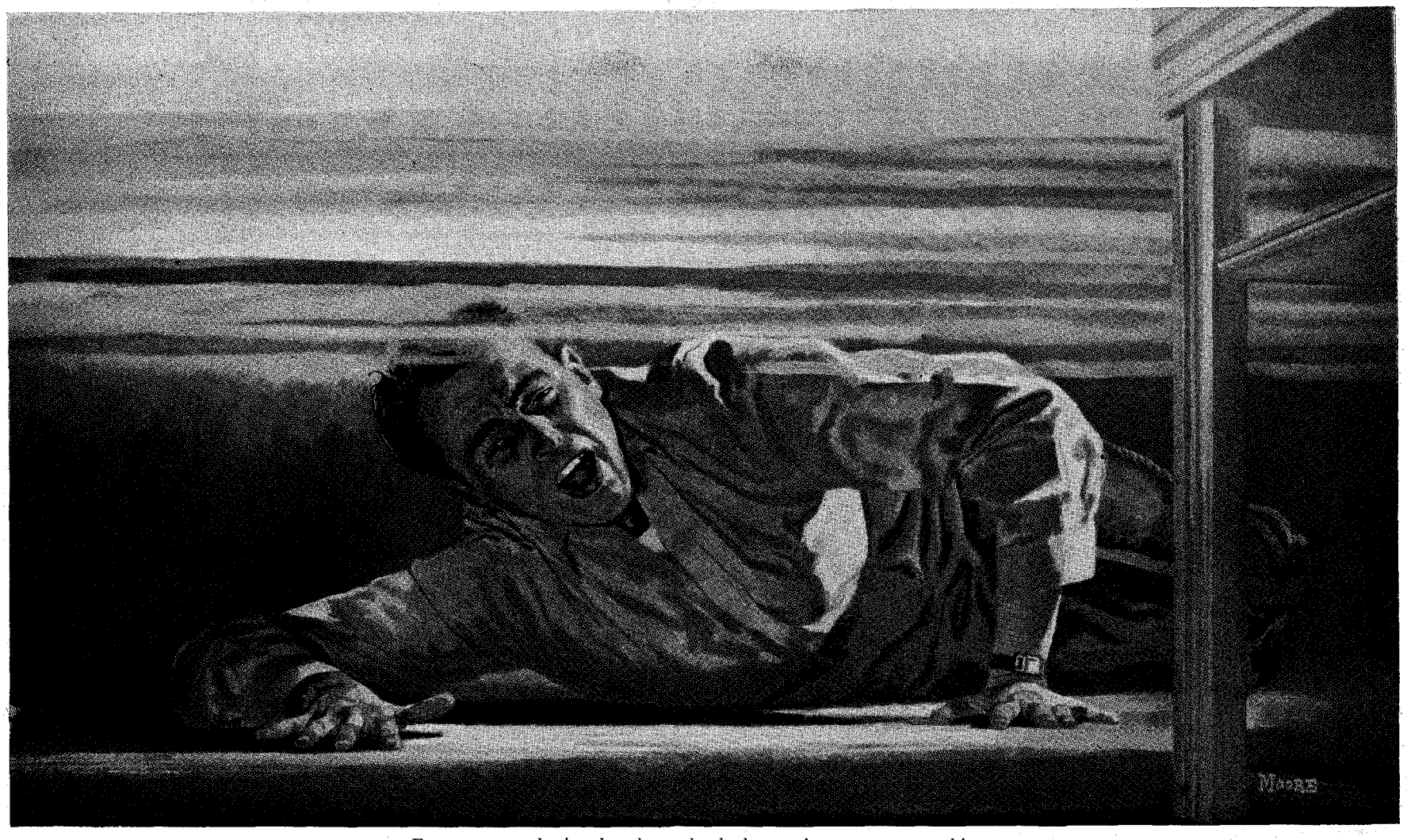

For a moment he just lay there, death threatening to overpower him.

Reunion With Terror

By MARTHA ALBRAND

The meddlesome American was too near the truth. He had to be eliminated.

"Sometimes I can't understand you," Colonel Harrison told Ward angrily. "What do you want to see this Holm for?" Army Intelligence had evidence that proved Holm was a spy, yet Ward was questioning whether the man was really guilty.

Holm was an official in the West German Security Department. He had been arrested after his boss, Dr. Franz Linden, turned up evidence connecting Holm with the kidnaping of Nemec, a prominent official in the Czech communist government who had fled to the West.

Holm was a close friend of Linden's daughter, Lisa, and late wife, Tilly. Linden himself had recently been freed by the Russians after being imprisoned for many years. Lisa was sure Holm was innocent, and believed her father would realize this if he knew Holm as well as she did.

Lisa told her father she intended to prove Holm's innocence. She asked Ward, whom she knew as Martin, a newspaper reporter, to help her. Lisa had met Ward at the Czech-German border the day her father was freed. She did not know that Ward's newspaper job was a front for his work as a member of American Intelligence.

Ward agreed to help Lisa. He trusted her judgment that Holm was innocent. In addition, Ward was trying to track down Nemec, and he hoped that Holm might have a lead for him.

Despite Colonel Harrison's objections, Ward saw Holm. Holm told Ward he might find something in his apartment that would prove his innocence. Ward and Lisa went to search the apartment.

Holm had actually been framed, and by none other than the man presumed to be Doctor Linden. The real Linden was dead, however. The Reds had trained one of their agents, Stepan Kozlov, to take Linden's place. Kozlov had arranged to have Nemec abducted, and put the blame on Holm. When Kozlov learned that Ward was reopening the Nemec case, he decided that the American had to be stopped.

IV

"He started to collect early," said Lisa. "He'd rather have gone hungry than not save for something he had seen and wanted to buy. He had absolutely nothing he could call his own. Mother and I always felt that was why he had to collect things. They made him feel secure."

She sat down on a round, wide couch that curved in front of a fireplace. "Pretty, isn't it? He painted it. He made the bookshelves and the closets and even put in the electric wiring. He's very clever with his hands. Look at that radio over there. He built that himself too. There's almost nothing he can't do."

Ward looked at the shelves filled with first editions, at the Japanese prints, at the soft Chinese carpet (Continued on Page 60)

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The Hardhearted Cop

(Continued from Page 35)

pocket is theirs? It ain't got the name Yost written on it anywhere. Their dough is gone. And listen. If you want to do some good, print it in your paper that people which operate on a shoestring shouldn't keep their capital under the counter in a shoe box. An' when they get a gun stuck under their nose: 'Don't look at the gun; look at the guy's face. Remember it!'"

Corbin was stopped. "All right," he said. "But it's still a rotten break for those old people. Seeing them, talking to them—it really hit me where it hurt."

"Y'can't let it." Jake's anger was suddenly gone. He put a match to his cigar. "What you got to do in this business is get calloused up. If I let every sob story I hear get to me, I'd have to carry a Turkish towel instead of a hanky. So I don't." He hit his chest with his thumb. "Twenty-five years on the cops, I've got calluses a foot thick."

"Well, I haven't," Corbin said.

An officer in uniform opened the door. "Is your watch broken, Jake?" he asked. "Or do you really want a fight with Judge Vinton? They're waiting for you."

"Holy smoke!" Jake said.

He put on his hat and went down the hall. He had his thumb on the elevator button when Corbin caught up with him. The lad was making like a springer spaniel again. He wanted to know what was up.

"I got business in court," Jake said.

"Anybody I know?"

"We just been talking about him," Jake said. "It's Brick Orren and his buddy, Dave Moulter."

"But you said you didn't have a case!"

"This ain't about the Yost job," Jake said. "It's about something else which I am trying to snag them with. It ain't real tight, but it could put them away. Depends on who they got for a mouthpiece."

Jake pushed through the swinging doors of the courtroom. He paused to take off his hat and look around. Brick Orren and Dave Moulter were already at the defense table, dapper and unworried, a pair of well-dressed thieves. For their attorney, they had Asa French, a fat and florid man. He had a huge red nose and three chins; he wore a flowing Windsor tie. He looked like a man who'd have trouble finding his way out of a broom closet. He wanted to look that way. After many a tangle with him, Jake Sloan knew him to be a very able apple indeed.

The state's exhibits were already in the room: three display boards made of plywood. The tools of one branch of the burglary trade were neatly wired to two of the boards: a small vise, dozens of files, keys with identifying tags affixed to them, gloves, slabs of wax for taking impressions, a jimmy, glass cutter and blank keys, enough to stock a locksmith's shop. The exhibit on the third board was of a different nature. Here were the hypodermic needles, the eye droppers, the bent and fire-blackened spoons and the vials of narcotic users.

Judge Vinton was on the bench, lean and attentive, an honest man, but waspish. Charlie Porter was the deputy, acting for the D.A. Charlie was not long out of law school. He'd recently grown a mustache, trying to look older.

"Detective Sloan," Charlie said. "Take the stand."

He asked Jake to tell the court, in his own words, what had led to the discovery of the burglary tools—State Exhibits 1 and 2—in the possession of the defendants. Jake said he'd been looking for Orren on another beef, a stick-up of a small mamma-and-papa store. "This Orren is a type which likes to keep busy; he'll pick up a couple of hundred anywhere it's handy. They're both old pros with records as long as your arm."

"Objection," Asa French said sleepily.

"Sustained," Judge Vinton said. And to Jake: "Confine your remarks to the matter at hand."

Jake's chin slid out a little; he hid it by ducking his head. He said he'd been surprised to see these two characters driving a brand-new, fishtail car. They were fresh out of prison, on parole, a couple of no-goods, users besides, which had never earned an honest dime in their lives. The only way they could get the kind of money the car cost was by going back in business again, stealing ——

There was another objection from Asa French and another scolding from Judge Vinton. Jake's shoulders bunched. He said he'd no more than spotted the two in their car than he'd seen them commit a traffic violation. He'd had to stop them for that, and he'd ordered them out of the fine new car. He'd frisked them. They hadn't been carrying guns, but when he'd shook down the car, he'd found five suitcases, two stuffed with expensive clothes, the others loaded with the tools. *And that was the state's case: Two* paroled felons had been found in possession of burglar tools and drugs; it was clearly enough to send them back to prison for a few more years.

"Thank you," Charlie Porter said.

Asa French was on his feet. He moved ponderously past the display boards, ignoring them. He faced the bench.

"Your honor," he said, "I ask for dismissal."

"On what grounds?" Judge Vinton said.

"On the grounds that these men are being illegally held, unlawfully persecuted," Asa French said. "I thought that was abundantly clear, but perhaps I should demonstrate."

Dryly, Judge Vinton said, "That might be best."

Asa French wheeled toward the witness stand. Jake's chin went deeper into his chest, his shoulders rose as he braced himself. Asa French reminded Jake that he was under oath, then asked him to describe, exactly, the traffic violation he had seen the defendants commit.

With no firmness or certainty, Jake said he thought it was maybe they had went through a red light. That wasn't specific enough for Asa French. Well, Jake thought then, it could have been an amber light.

"What I was thinking," he said, "was not what light it was, but that this Brick Orren is a guy I like for that mamma-and-papa grocery-store stick-up. I know they're two hard-working thieves, which they never earned an honest dollar in their lives, and I can see they're back in business."

The gavel banged. "I won't warn you again," Judge Vinton said. "Confine your answers to the questions."

Truculently, Jake said, "Maybe it was a 'no left turn.'"

"And maybe," Asa French said, "they violated no traffic regulation at all. Isn't that true?"

"They're a couple of thieves back in business ——"

The gavel banged again. It wasn't needed. Jake knew when he was licked; he said no more. He sat with his big head low, his chin hard, staring sourly at Asa French, while the attorney addressed the court with flowery eloquence. This was an example, he said, of the outrageous and Cossacklike treatment inflicted upon paroled convicts by the police of the city. His clients had been subjected to the shameful and humiliating indignity of being stopped on a public thoroughfare and made to suffer a search of their persons and property without sufficient cause or provocation. There was much more, but the sum of it was that his clients had been subjected to illegal search and seizure.

"The case the state has brought against my clients," he said, "is based entirely upon material acquired by this wholly illegal method. Materials obtained by illegal search and seizure are not admissible as evidence. Without evidence, there is no case against them. I therefore ask that the charges against them be dismissed."

Judge Vinton's face was like stone. Knowing the judge well, Jake knew what was coming next. The judge had no more liking for a working thief than any honest man. When a cop brought a thief into Judge Vinton's court, and the judge had to release the thief because of a point of law, that cop was in for a shellacking. And Jake got it. Judge Vinton began with "Sloppy police work" and "downright incompetence," and went on from there. Jake took it in silence, pulling at his collar, glaring at the grinning faces of Moulter and Orren, silently cursing the pleasantly smiling Asa French.

"Case dismissed," Judge Vinton said finally.

Jake took his bruises and his lumps off the witness stand and out into the hall. Fred Corbin, the springer spaniel, was waiting to tangle his legs again. He was a shocked and incredulous lad. He fell in step with Jake as Jake headed out of the building. Corbin was ready to fight dragons again.

"Are they really going to let them go?"

"Yes," Jake said.

"But all that burglary equipment ——"

"That ain't burglar equipment," Jake said. "That material is personal property, which was illegally took, and it's got to be give back to them."

"That's outrageous!"

"It's the chance I took," Jake said sourly. "I'm looking for this Orren on the long-shot bet he was the one that stuck up the Yosts. I got to have a reason to stop him which won't make me a Cossack cop, in case he ain't the one. The traffic violation is a little weak, because with those suitcases in the car, he's the safest driver in town."

"Couldn't you take him on suspicion?"

"And let Moulter go with the car and the gear? So he can team up with somebody else and go back to work? No, I want 'em both. What I hoped was they'd hire a mouthpiece that couldn't see the hole in my case. It's my luck they hire Asa French. He don't miss any holes. So I lose. They beat me on the Yost job and this one. They take their tools and *their fine big car and they walk away as* free as the air."

"And what're you going to do?"

Jake put a tired hand on Corbin's shoulder. "Now I'm goin' to have me a cup of coffee," he said. "On account of the rough day I had, I'm goin' to have apple pie and ice cream, and never mind the calories. Here's what I want you to do. Go the hell away before the Cossack cop busts loose in me again and I sink my teeth in your shiny little nose!"

Jake had coffee. But he could not bring himself to order pie; he settled for two soda crackers instead. Then he took a bus and rode out to Automobile Row. The owner of a large used-car lot greeted him warmly. Jake said he wanted a favor.

"A good used car?" the man said. "After what you did for me, anything on the lot is yours wholesale."

"I didn't do nothing for you," Jake said sourly. "Catchin' thieves is the way I earn my livin'. What I want is to borrow the loan of a car."

"It's your pick," the man said.

Jake picked the biggest, flashiest car on the lot, an almost-new, yellow convertible. And he looked at it glumly. Who could afford a car like that? Not the guy who'd got drunk and bought it, the dealer told him. That guy was riding the bus. There was the small problem of the out-of-state plates Jake needed for the car; they solved it by borrowing a set from a different car. Jake reassured the dealer about this piece of villainy with his near-evil grin.

"Don't sit up nights," he said. "If there's a beef, I can maybe get you off with a light sentence."

He drove the car downtown. Normally a fifteen-minute trip, it took Jake a half hour. The car was never out of low gear, and Jake sweated heavily every foot of the way. *Think of them fenders,* he told himself. *A scratch on one of them, and it costs you a week's pay.* He parked in front of a luggage-and-loan company. The bald, elderly owner of the establishment came to the doorway to chide him.

"Jake," he said, "that curb won't bite you. Park that car up close!"

"Drop dead, already!" Jake said. He got out of the car, mopping his face, glaring. "What I want from you, uncle, is not jokes. It's the loan of some gear."

Anything in the shop, the man said. Jake took a (*Continued on Page 44*)

"Look at it this way—with any luck at all you'll never live to pay for it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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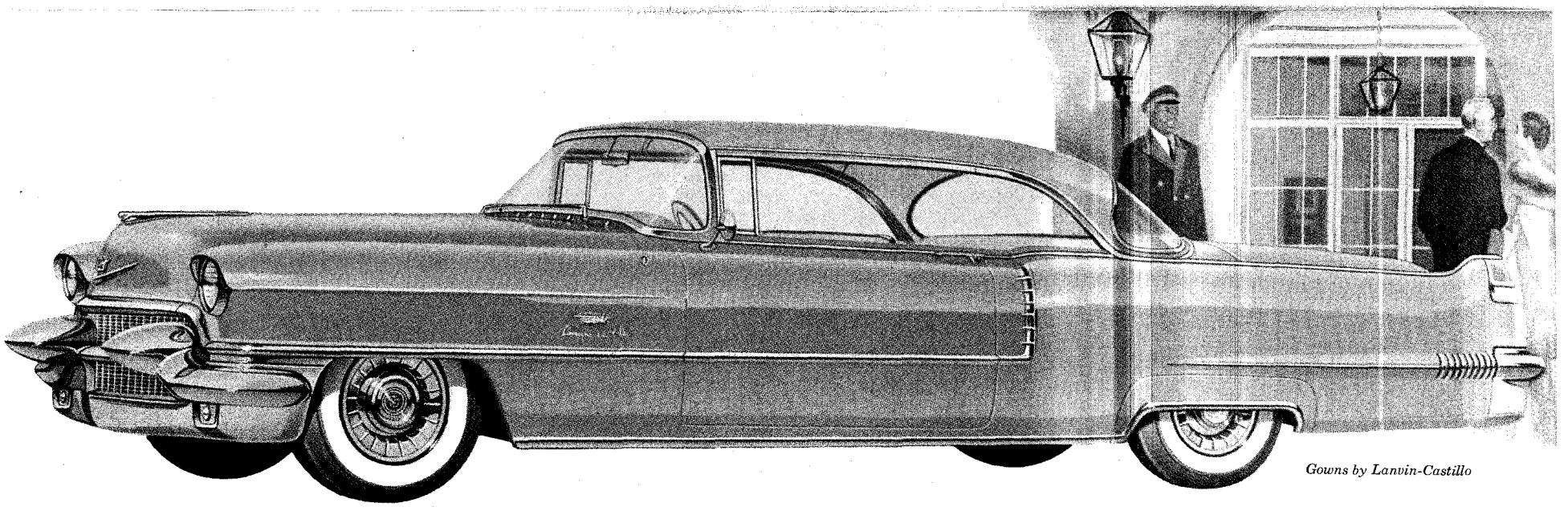

Gowns by Lanvin-Castillo

When a motorist makes the move to Cadillac, the odds are overwhelming that he has made his *last* move, insofar as motor car preference is concerned. In fact, it has become almost axiomatic that *once* a Cadillac owner—*always* a Cadillac owner! There are, we think, many sound and logical reasons why this should be so. There is Cadillac's inspiring beauty, for instance . . . its marvelous comfort . . . its magnificent performance . . . its extraordinary economy of upkeep . . . and, of course, the great personal satisfaction of Cadillac ownership. Why not visit your dealer soon and investigate these unique Cadillac virtues? We think you will be delighted to learn how quickly – and how easily—you can now join the happy fraternity of Cadillac owners.

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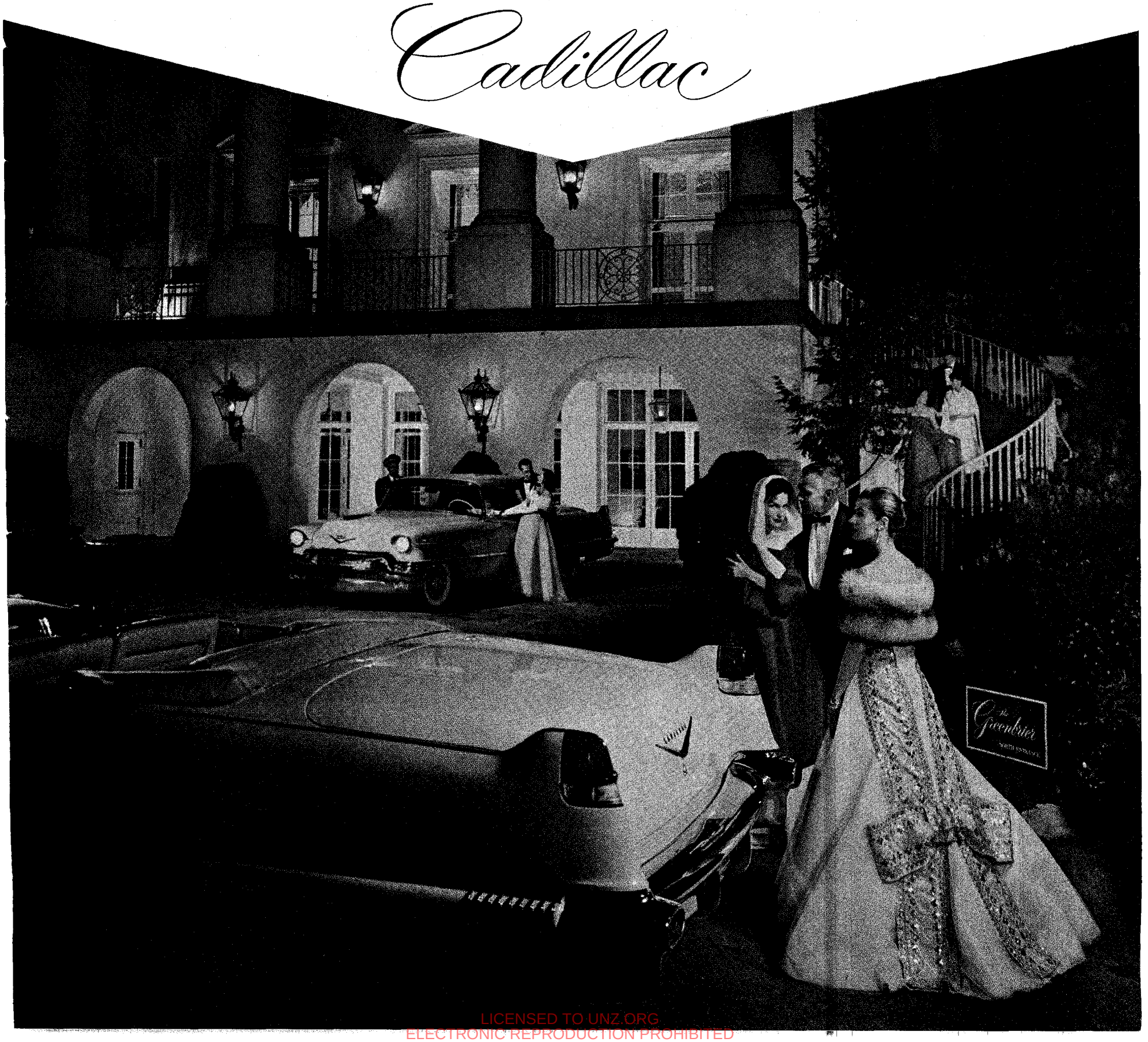

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(*Continued from Page 42*) set of the most expensive luggage, a pair of fine field glasses, a set of almost-new golf clubs, an expensive camera and case and an excellent shotgun. He was willing to sign a chit for the things.

"Go away or I'll break your face," the elderly man said.

Jake went back to the police station. Again he parked a good, safe distance from the curb, and again he had a spectator. This one he looked at with great weariness. "How would it be," he asked Fred Corbin, "if you and I got married? Then we could be together all the time."

The young reporter was not amused. "You may not be able to recover money stolen from an elderly couple," he said, "but you seem to be able to do all right for yourself."

Jake's expression changed to one of amazement. This boy didn't have a curve in him anywhere—he was all the way square. After a moment, Jake grinned at him.

"You mean to stand there and tell me you don't hold with a cop takin' a little honest graft now and then? We're people—ain't we got a right to live it up a little?"

Corbin's face was tight. "Not that high!"

He turned away. He was heading, Jake knew by the set of his back, for the chief's office, where he would make a heated complaint, as a member of the press, about the corruption that was rife and rampant in the Detective Bureau.

Jake said, "Hey, you! Hold on!"

Corbin turned back. "Well?"

"C'mere a minute," Jake said. Corbin came to the side of the car, being careful not to touch it. With enormous sarcasm, Jake said, "If I gave it to you on my honor that I don't even own a car, to say nothin' about this wagon, would you give me back my good-conduct medal?"

Corbin's face colored. "But you just said ——"

"What I said was a rib, a joke," Jake told him. "But don't fracture your little head trying to see it. Just get in the car and let me look at you."

Corbin got into the car. And he sat quietly while Jake looked him over at some length. This was a young, clean-cut, crew-cut type of a kid. Smart as any, Jake was sure, but he could get by as an empty-head without too much trying.

"Tell me," Jake said. "You got any fancy duds? Sporty, I mean? Like would go with the kind of a guy which could own this kind of a car?"

"I've got sport clothes—flannel slacks, a good jacket."

"A camel's-hair topcoat?"

"An imported English topcoat. Not too conservative."

"Fine," Jake said. "For what I had in mind, I thought I would use one of the boys out of Traffic. But you look the part better than any I know. And since you're all the time under my feet, like a springer spaniel, I might as well get some use out of you. Want to help me on a job? Nothin' tough about it, and you won't get shot at."

"You mean detective work?"

Jake sighed. "Something like that. So here's what you do: Take this battle wagon and drive it home. Get gussied up in your finest and loudest. Tell your wife the truth, if you want, or lie to her, if it looks like more fun. Then come back down to the station, and I'll tell you what to do next."

"Wilco!" Corbin said, as sharp as anybody.

Jake went into the station. He talked to the captain in charge of the Detective Bureau, to the captain in charge of Traffic and to the radio dispatchers. The way was cleared for him, wheels began to turn for him. He was walking down the hall, completely satisfied with himself, when he saw the old couple, Oscar and Dora Yost. And he became very unsatisfied with himself. The two old people were standing near the door of Jake's office, looking unhappily at the faces of everyone passing by.

"Sonovagun!" Jake said. "Will they never let up?"

The look on his face frightened them. And with reason. His heavy jaw was hard and outthrust, his eyes were furious. The woman tried her best to be defiant.

"But we've got to have our money!" she said. "We can't open our store without it. And our store is our only ——"

"Yeah, I know," Jake said. He took each one firmly by the arm. "You told me all about how tough it's gonna be without your dough. And I told you all about how I can't do a thing about gettin' it back. You're goin' home now. This time in a police car. And I want you to stay there, hear me? Don't be comin' back here, wasting your time and my time."

He put them in a patrol car and sent them home. Then he went back to his office and spent a long hour cursing the lot of a policeman and trying not to think of food. Fred Corbin returned at the end of the hour, dressed as ordered. Jake looked the lad over and whistled.

"So there's graft in the newspaper business too," he said. "Or are you goin' to tell me a completely honest reporter can afford duds like them?"

Corbin flushed. "There's only my wife and I, and my wife has a good job. These clothes aren't really ——"

Jake hit the desk with the flat of his hand. "Will I never learn this kid is entirely square?" he asked. Then, to Corbin: "Skip it, lad. Y'look just right. So this's what I want you to do: Here's the address of a real flossy motel. Go out there at five-thirty sharp. You won't have to pay, but drive in like you've got all the dough in the world. Make a splash like a real rich slob, y'know? Honk your horn for the manager. Tell him what a lousy joint he's got, and how you're used to better. End up by taking the best apartment he's got. Get the idea?"

"I've got it."

"So then park in front of the apartment," Jake said. "Not in the garage; by the front door. Unload all that gear—the flashy luggage, golf clubs, camera, shotgun, the works. And carry it into the place. Take yourself a shower, hang around till dark. Then leave all the gear there, lock the place and take off in the car, like you was going out for a night on the town." He scowled then. "Only don't go out on the town. Go home to your wife and wait by the telephone till you hear from me. Now, have you got it all straight?"

"All straight. But what is it all for?"

"It ain't right for a G-man," Jake said, "even junior types, to ask a lot of questions. They just do what they're told."

Corbin arrived at the flossy motel on schedule. And he put on a show—loud horn, loud talk, throwing his weight around like a duke, no less. Jake watched the performance from behind a shuttered window in the manager's apartment, grinning.

"That kid should have dough of his own," he said. "He's got a real talent for high livin'."

Corbin drove away in the yellow convertible when darkness came. Shortly after that the outside lights of the motel failed. When they came on again, Jake was inside the apartment Corbin had rented, surrounded by all the expensive gear from the luggage-and-loan shop. And he began the long wait. Slow minutes that added up to slow hours of sitting in the dark. They weren't exactly empty hours. Jake could take his pulse from time to time. He would wonder what makes a heart work and what makes it fail, and why there had to be a thing like blood pressure. And all the time he could fight the never-ending hunger for rich foods aswim in rich brown gravy and more calories than a man could count.

Nothing happened that night. The whole performance was repeated the next night with the same result. The scene was changed, then, to a different motel the following night. And again nothing happened, except that Jake had pie with his midnight snack, and had to even it up by denying himself any lunch at all the next night. At a third motel, on the fifth night, success came to him, as it had to come to a man who would wait a month if he had to. He heard a sound outside the door and the click of a key going into the lock. He left his chair soundlessly and backed into the bathroom to wait there, his service revolver drawn, a near-evil smile pulling at his mouth.

"Come in," he said. "There's loot enough for anybody."

An hour later, Fred Corbin came after him in the yellow convertible. "Drive us down Clinton," Jake said, "cut over on Twenty-first to Boyd. That'll leave me a block from my place."

"Are we finished?" Corbin asked.

"Yeah," Jake said. "We caught us a couple of thieves. I called the paddy wagon; they took 'em in."

"Who were they?"

"Moulter and Orren—who else?" Jake said. "And this time there ain't no hole for them to weasel out of. I took 'em with their hands full of loot."

"Moulter and Orren!" Corbin said. "How about that?"

"How about what?" Jake's voice was baffled. "Did you think I was goin' to let a couple of thieves like them run around loose?"

"No," Corbin said. "No, of course not. But wasn't it kind of lucky for you they'd turn up? I mean, they didn't leave town, they went back to work, they picked the place where you were waiting—isn't that a pretty lucky thing?"

"If there's any luck in this business," Jake said sourly, "it never happens to me. These guys couldn't leave town. Asa French comes high; he cleaned their pockets good. And they each got maybe a fifty-dollar-a-day habit. They got to go back to work. Motels and hotels is where they mostly operate. They rent an apartment. The best one. They make an impression of the key and make a key—a master key, if they're lucky. Then they move out and come back the next afternoon to watch for some rich, stupid-type slob like you to move into a place they got a key for and leave a lot of fine loot around."

"Wasn't it lucky you hit the right apartment?"

"I ain't the only cop in town," Jake said angrily. "Every man on the force knew that fishtail car and the license number. Everybody's watchin' 'em. We knew where they stayed every night. It was sometimes a couple or three places. You'd move into one of them, and we were bound to hit sooner or later." He grunted. "Up there, that's my corner. Let me out. I'll walk the rest of the way."

Corbin pulled to the curb and stopped.

"Oh—something else," Jake said. He took a roll of bills from his pocket and gave it to Corbin. "I talked to Orren again about that Yost stick-up. Turns out he was the one all right. Gave me a full confession. And a funny thing—the money he took from the Yosts was still on him. He insisted I take it and give it back to them, along with a little something extra for the trouble he caused. See they get it tomorrow, will you?"

"Jake! Wait a minute!"

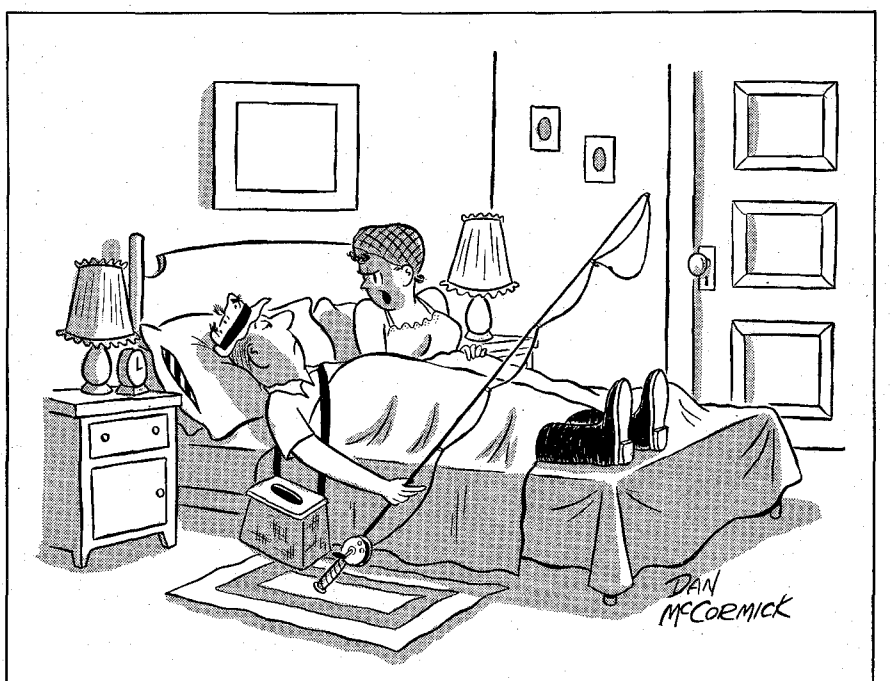
Jake was out of the car, the door closed. He looked back into the car, his face belligerent. "Yeah?"

The expression on Corbin's young face was a near-duplicate of the look Jake so often wore, a near-evil smile. "As a member of the press, I'd like to know a couple of things. What made Orren confess? He was in the clear on the Yost job, and he knew it. And why would he give you this money? He's got to hire Asa French again, and he'll need it. And you said yourself the Yost money didn't have their name written on it."

Jake looked at him sourly. "Now look who's learned to throw curves and stick needles. I don't know but what I liked you better square." Then, angrily, "He didn't confess because I kept sayin' I'd bust his kisser if he didn't—he knows cops can't do that. He just all of a sudden turned honest."

"But you don't know this is the Yost money."

"So neither do I know it ain't!" Jake said. And with that he turned and walked away. THE END



"For Pete's sake, what time did you tell them to pick you up?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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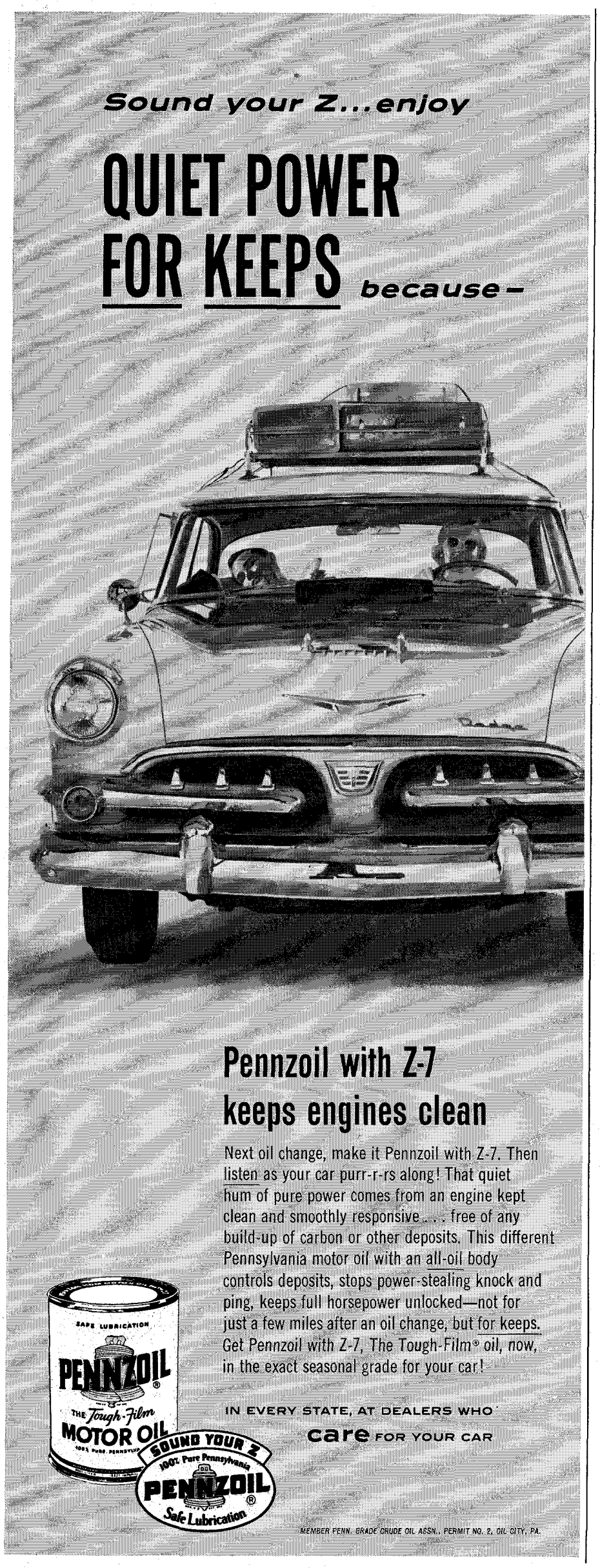
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Escape in the Desert

(Continued from Page 18)

and looked back on the parallel track to where the broad figure of the South African, Captain Zimmerman, was plodding in the same manner as he had been. *He's a big devil*, he thought, *uncouth—like a lot of them. And there's something else odd about him that I can't quite place. It was funny the way he just showed up at the water point like that and asked for a lift. I wonder if I should have taken him. But his papers were O.K. And he's strong; he can heave and push—and, God knows, we may need that.*

He called out, "All right, Zimmerman?" and the clipped Afrikaans English came back to him, "O.K. Man, but I'm sweating!"

You're not the only one, he thought, but he called back, "There's a sharp bend my way in a few yards; I'll wait on the point of it until you are round! For heaven's sake, be careful!"

He heard the South African grunt, "I will," and turned to look back to where the ambulance was creeping ten yards behind in the path they had found safe. He wondered what were their chances.

Just one drink—that was all he wanted. Just one whole swallow of Scotch to grip his stomach and take away the nausea and let him get outside his own fear. It would not banish the tiredness; only allow it to be borne.

But there was nothing, except what the South African said he had in his kit. That was probably why he had taken him. He looked for a moment at the square pack slung across that broad back, bumping as he plodded round the outside of the bend. That was where it was—only ten feet from him now. Bound to be that Union rotgut gin, but if only he could get his hands on it.

There were a few moments before he had to move off again; perhaps if he thought hard about that bar for a minute, it would help. He closed his eyes, and there was the marble-topped counter, the high stools, the Greek behind it. Even the sounds of the place came back—the purr of the overhead fan, a fly buzzing drowsily, the noise of the traffic in the square seeping through the closed door. And the beer—pale amber, in tall glasses, with a dew settling on the outside before the Greek had had time to put it down—ice-cold.

He opened his eyes and ran his tongue over cracked lips; as always, there was the grit of sand between teeth and gum. The South African had come round level with him now, and he gave one more backward glance at the ambulance. Through the open slit of the wind screen, he could see the tense, sweating face of Sgt. Maj. Tom Pugh, his knuckles white as he gripped the wheel, creeping after them, following every inch of their track. *It's just as bad for him*, he thought, *with those girls so close behind him in the back.*

He thought about the two nurses, Sister Diana and Sister Denise, for a minute, letting anger rise and focus on them—the silly, stupid wenches—why had they gone and missed that last hospital ship out of the harbor last night? Why had they gone and got themselves left behind? No, that was not quite fair; the pattern that had brought him here was more subtle, more drawn-out than that.

He turned and called across to the South African sharply, "If I remember right, this is a long leg—about fifty yards. Then there is another sharp turn to the south, and then a straight lane through." Almost maliciously, he added, "But it's over a year since I did it."

"O.K., man." Zimmerman shifted the square pack on his back and stared up the gray slope to the south, dancing in the heat haze, now running almost parallel to their course. "Why don't they open up on us? It's all so quiet."

"How should I know? Perhaps they've spotted the red crosses. Perhaps they're holding fire until they see what our people are doing. Perhaps there's no one there. I can't see a sign of it."

Still the South African did not move. "I thought you said the fortress was surrounded," he said; "and I don't believe there are any live mines in this field."

"You walk off the track if you want to prove it—but don't expect me to come and pull what's left clear. And the other—I told you they've cut the road to the east with the armor; they were shelling it when we tried to get out that way. We saw it. But they can't cover the whole of the perimeter in such a short time. We may have the luck to hit a blank patch. But the only way to find out is to get out of these filthy mines and see. Let's go."

Without waiting for an answer, he started plodding forward, eyes fixed on the ground in front; one foot slowly and carefully in front of the other, not bothering about Zimmerman. He heard the whine of the gears as the ambulance started to follow again. Eighty, perhaps ninety yards, and they would be clear. A wave of that awful faintness swept over him again. He must think of something —— *Well, think of what got you here, Anson. Think of how it started.*

As he trod his way on the narrow track with the dusty death lurking—he knew—on either side, his thoughts went back to the beginning.

He supposed it had really started the night the major—his commanding officer—had gone. There was the beginning of the crumble even then in Tobruk. There was no more of the cocky talk of the first days of the attack, no more of "We've got them pinned on the wrong side of the Gazala Line and our armor is going in to mash them." Their own stuff—the British stuff—had started to creep back inside the perimeter by then, and the bloody battle of Knightsbridge was on.

It was with the first whisper of their own armor pulling out and coming back in for the final crack after re-forming that orders came through for the ambulances of the unit in which he served to withdraw back inside the fortress. The orders went out and the ambulances returned, but when the final count was made there were three missing. Then Major Brooker—cheerful, dapper commanding officer—had got into his car and said, "I'm going to find them, George. You carry on." And he had smiled and waved his hand and vanished into the beginning of the night—and silence forever.

It happened like that in the desert; sometimes you found what was left of them, sometimes there was nothing. Only the long job of packing up kit and turning over letters, wondering if there might be anything those at home should not read. But the major had gone with the rest, and that left him, the only captain, in command. And after four hours' wait, he knew that he, hating the idea, afraid of it, must go and look for them too.

The drinking had started long before that, of course. He didn't know when it had become a necessity because it had crept up so gradually. He was always so tired. Two years of flogging up and down that strip of desert was a long time; "home" was the occasional visit to Alex or Cairo; England had faded.

He wished he could fix the time it had got so bad, drinking alone, just to keep

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going, frightened lest anyone should see; he only knew that the depths of it crystallized on the night they went to look for the C.O. and the cars.

They. He wondered now why he had asked another officer to go with him. Probably because he knew he would be afraid, and was more afraid to show it in front of the men. Paul Crosbie was a friend of his, and when he had asked the big lieutenant to go with him, he had just heaved his two-hundred-pound bulk out of a chair and grinned the craggy smile and said, "O.K., George."

And they had gone out into the night, out to the western edge of the Tobruk defenses, out past the transport—armor among it now—that was streaming in the other way. Out until they were alone, rushing down the black ribbon of road that lay as straight as a line on the desert, so silver-gray in the moonlight.

It would have been all right if there had been anything there, even enemy; even if they had been fired on. But nothing. He remembered how he had stood, gripping the top of the windscreen in the open car, peering from side to side for some sign, pressing his legs back against the seat to stop them from shaking. He remembered how the black wings of fear had folded round him, the sweat pricking out even in the cold rush of the night air.

And then they had seen those vehicles, shadowy humped forms parked in a tight lager well off the road. He had cracked then; cried out to Paul, driving, to stop, turn round and go back. He had seen the contempt in his face as they stopped to make the turn; his grunt, that conveyed so much, when they passed the phantom column on the return, unchallenged, unscathed. In his shame, he had taken the bottle of whisky from the locker and started drinking. Paul had not spoken to him at all on the way back. Nor since, except on matters of duty.

It had become worse then, because they had been such good friends. They had grown up in war together, laughed together, had their bad moments together. And the leaves—always the two of them, always to Beirut. But there would be no more of that—no more fun between them, and Ariadne. Ariadne, the Greek girl, with grace and look of a fawn, whom they both loved and who made up their trio. Everything would be changed because of what had started that night—and had been sealed yesterday by the brigadier's decision.

He stopped in his tracks and looked up. The South African was still plodding on, away to his left; the ambulance creeping close behind. His eyes moved on, away to the north, to the other gray wall of the wadi, the way they had come. That was Tobruk—and Paul was in there, left to command a part of the unit that was to serve the hospital if there was another siege. He had volunteered himself, argued with the brigadier, his boss. But the brig. had said no, Crosbie was to do it.

Would Paul believe that, and understand? He knew, when he told him, that he hadn't. And worst of all, he knew deep down that Paul knew—and the brigadier knew, for all his confident talk—that it wouldn't be a siege. It wouldn't be like the last time; there weren't the troops or the tanks or the spirit to hold it as before. The Aussies had gone, and there was only a sprinkling of regular troops now, with this new lot of South Africans. When Jerry really started to try, Tobruk would fall like a card house.

He turned his head back toward Zimmerman, staring almost contemptuously at the big man standing there, waiting for him to go on. "What are you waiting for?" he said.

There was no answer, no sound in that hot still valley but the purr of the engine following behind. Far, far away to the south, the mutter of guns rose and fell, grumbling. Anson jerked his head down and started moving forward on his course.

Left foot, right foot. Watch the ground just in front before you put them down. *That wasn't really fair to Zimmerman,* he thought. *He told me he was First S. A. Div, and his papers checked on that. They are quite different from this raw lot. And he said some pretty nasty things about these others on the way from the water point, while he was sitting in front. Things I might have thought, but would not dare put into words. Treachery was one of them.*

Anything to forget about Paul, anything to blot out yesterday and this morning, but he couldn't. The blurred memory of it; the furtive reaching for the whisky bottle at ever more frequent intervals, with fear and shame lurking in the shadows behind it; the effort of trying to carry on, with the shelling and raids getting more and more frequent; the two messages from the brig. that had each tolled a passing bell for the fate of Tobruk.

The first had said:

COMMANDER MEDICAL 13 CORPS TO A/COMM 44 MOTOR AMBULANCE CONVOY. TOP SECRET. ALL NURSING SISTERS OF 10 GENERAL HOSPITAL TO BE EVACUATED TO DELTA IMMEDIATELY. ARRANGE TRANSPORT BASIS 35 NURSES 1 MATRON. TO REPORT HOSPITAL FORTHWITH.

Well, he had done it. He did not know the special stowage entitlement of a matron, if any, but he had sent six cars, and they had all managed to squeeze in with their baggage and they had gone. They would be safe now in Egypt. They had enough start, he felt. Jerry had cut the road behind them.

The next message had been delivered by the brigadier in person. He could see him now: the dim light of the paraffin lamp in the office truck slanting on the smooth crown of his shaven head, glinting on those spectacles, finding the color of the collar tabs of his rank; the noise of a raid outside, the sound of the bombs and the flicker of explosion beating against the blackout screen; above it all, the calm, impersonal voice.

"There's a lot of stuff moving out tonight, Anson. Your unit must reach the eastern boundary of the minefield at exactly one o'clock. You can stay and tidy up; then meet me at corps headquarters at first light. I'll probably come on down with you. Now this detachment I want to stay behind—to serve the hospital. How are you going to pick it?"

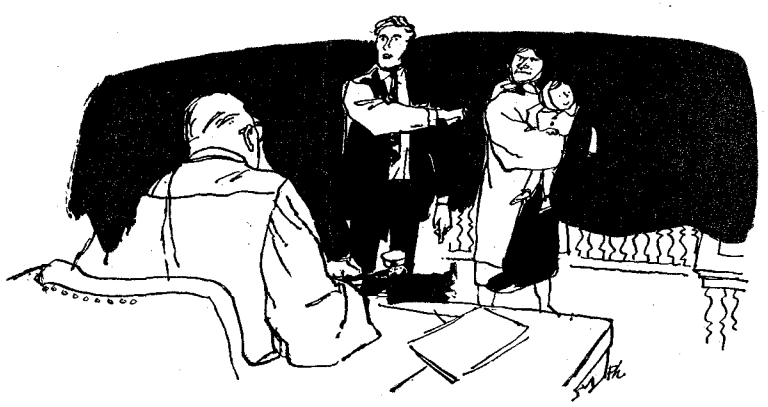
He had stared at the little man, wishing he could see the eyes behind those glinting spectacles. "Then it's a siege, sir? We are falling back to the frontier?"

The brig. had waved his hands airily. "Oh, just a few weeks, to give our armor time to re-form. There's every kind of supply in the fortress and your lot should be pretty snug from bombing in these caves."

He had said the only thing there was to say, "Unmarried men, then, with myself to command them." And the brig. had just looked at him and said very gently, "But, Anson, you're not expendable."

Then the argument had started and Paul had been picked, and the brig. had called him in to tell him. He could remember exactly the look on his face as the brig. had given him the orders. Faraway; faintly scornful. He had not looked or said a word to him.

And later, when the message had come up from the (*Continued on Page 51*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

A married couple from behind the Iron Curtain separated while in the United States. He wanted to stay here, she wanted to go back. When her husband refused to let her take their American-born baby with her, the case went to court.

"The very United States courts which recognize that a baby should remain with its mother, not its father, certainly will not take my little one away from me," the mother argued.

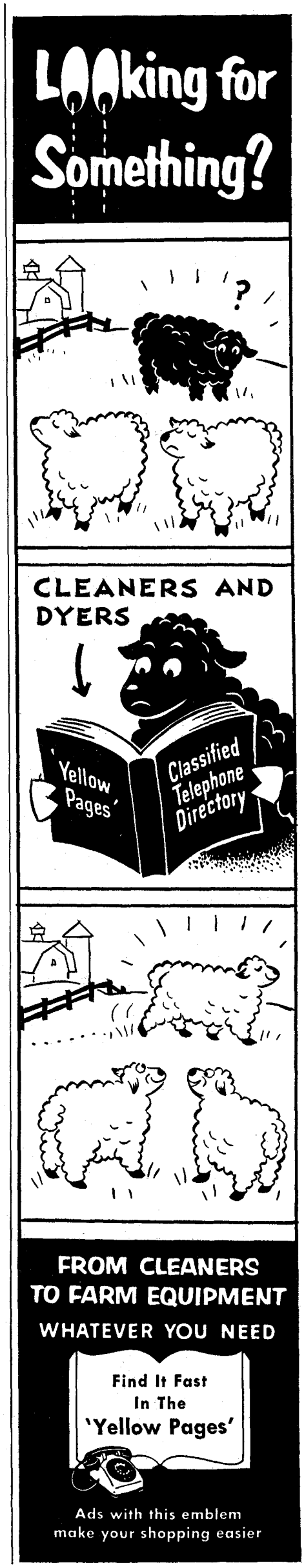
"It is the child's future which counts," the father replied. "And what future is there for a child, or anyone, under communism? Besides, I could never see my child again, because I cannot return to my country after announcing that I wish to remain here."

If you were the judge, to whom would you award the child?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Contrary to the usual rule, the father got the child. The court said: "To send the child back behind the Iron Curtain would deprive it of its priceless American citizenship." It added that its decision should not hurt the mother, as she "is free to remain here, whereas the father is not free to go back."

Based upon a 1954 New York decision.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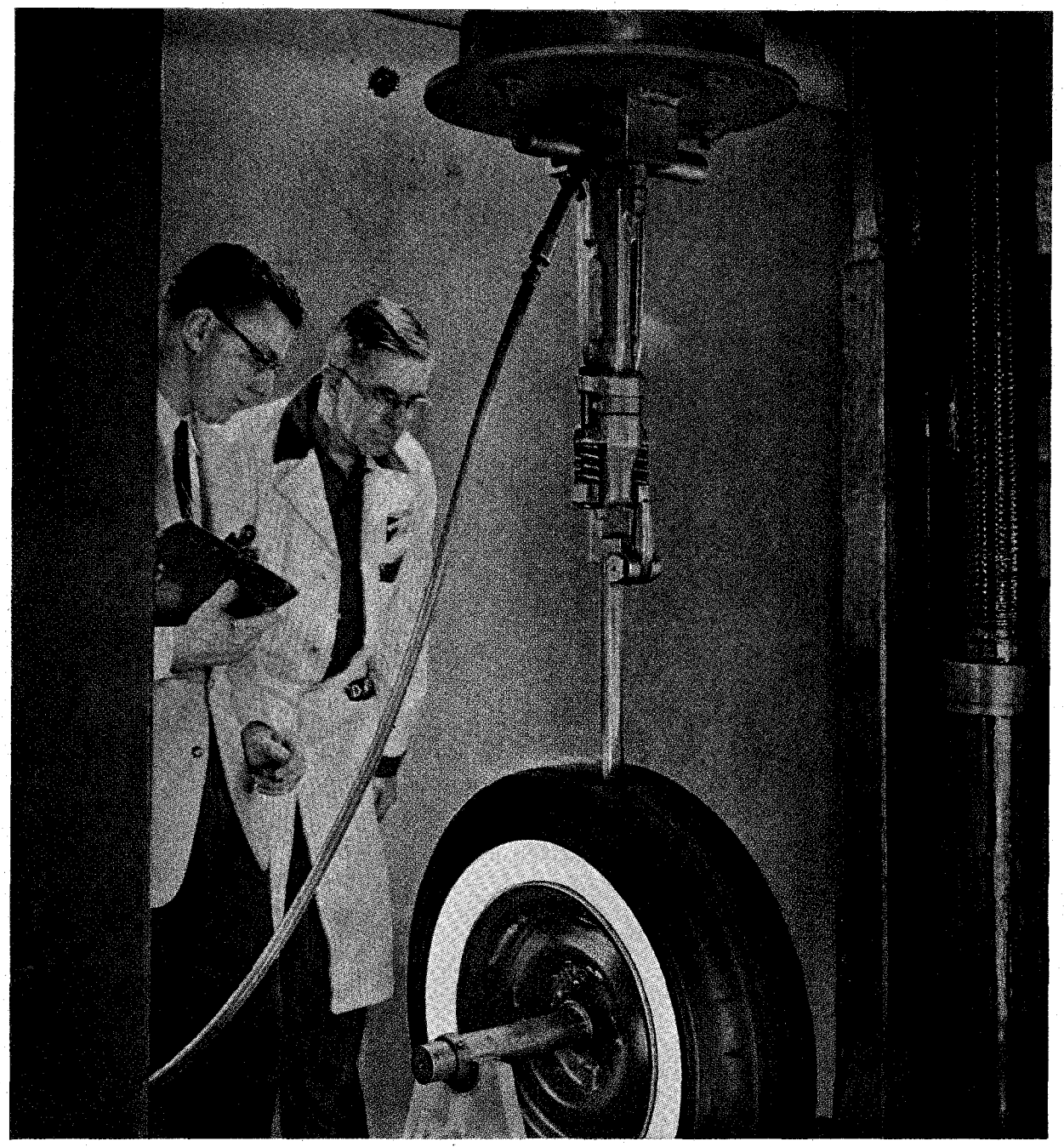

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A mounted jackhammer—the same kind that's used to break concrete—pounded Goodyear's new 3-T Nylon Cord tire for 34 hours, delivering over two million brutal blows.

And yet, after all this punishment, *we couldn't find a single broken cord!* Amazingly tough and resilient, 3-T Nylon Cord gives you the miracle strength you need for extra protection against sudden, dangerous blowouts.

That's because Goodyear 3-T Nylon Cord is triple tempered in an exclusive process involving Tension, Temperature and Time.

Safer on the outside . . .

Staking his life on the extra stopping power of the tire he helped build, Goodyear Development Engineer Mel Wilson stands in front of a speeding car on this wet, slippery stretch of asphalt.

In this dramatic test, the blue car, equipped

Here, in one great new Goodyear tire, are the safety advances of more than a decade of tire progress—*plus* the smooth, hushed, comfortable ride and the long miles of trouble-free wear so characteristic of Goodyear tires.

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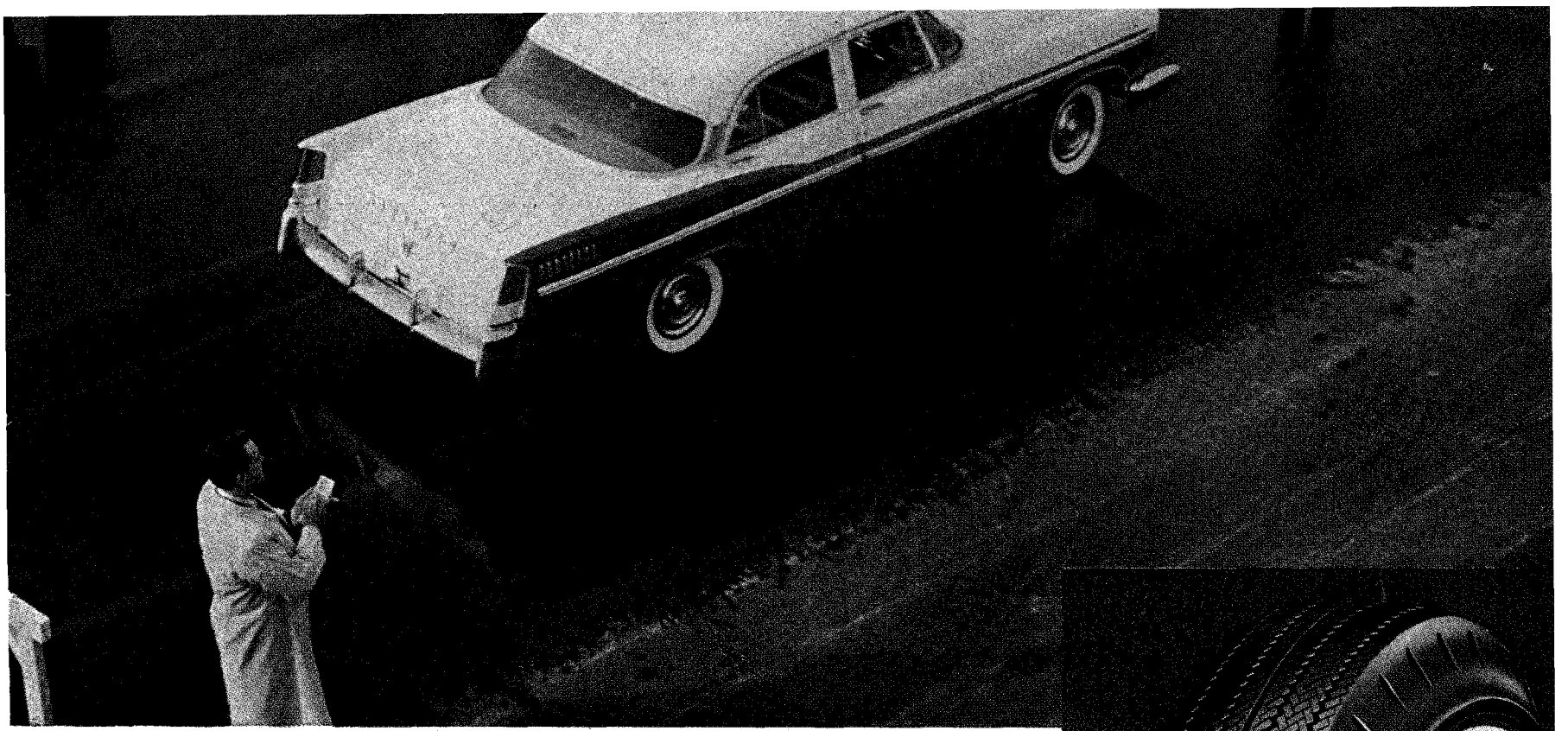

with new tires having ordinary-type treads, crashes into the dummy set up in its path. The red car with new Nylon Custom Super-Cushions gets braking action at the same time, but comes to a swift, safe, straightline stop well in front of the unharmed Mr. Wilson.

An exclusive Twin-Grip tread gives you 8640 biting traction edges, stops up to 24% quicker at all speeds to give you a margin of safety that can save a life! Get this safety advantage for your car—and get it today!

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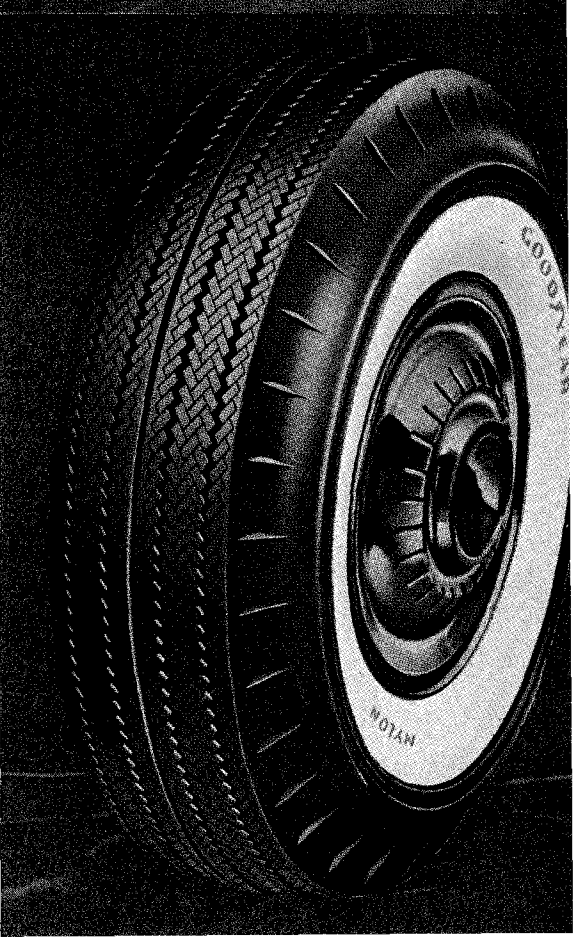
Super-Cushion is standard equipment on some of America's finest new cars—and it will fit the wheels of your car. It costs only a few dollars more than a standard tubeless tire, and your Goodyear dealer will buy all the unused mileage in your present tires. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.



GOODYEAR

Super-Cushion, T. M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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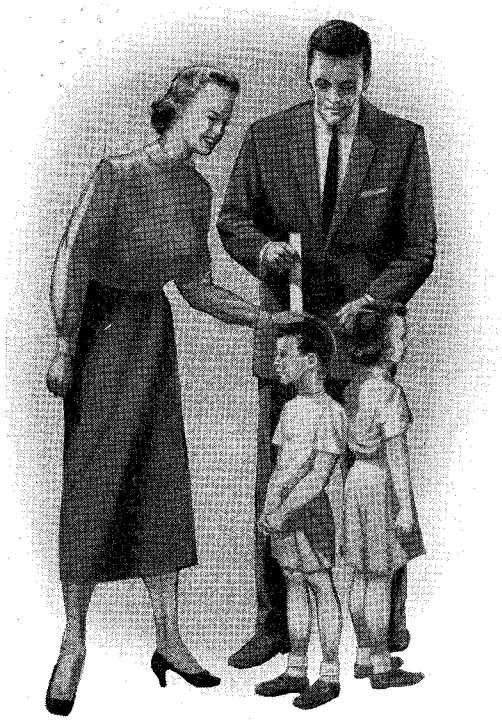

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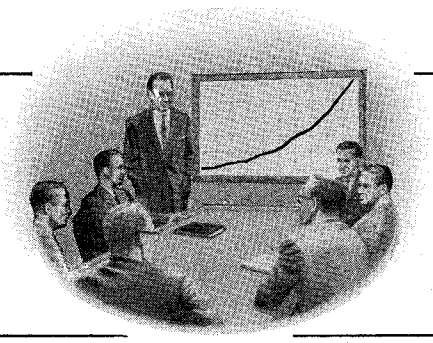

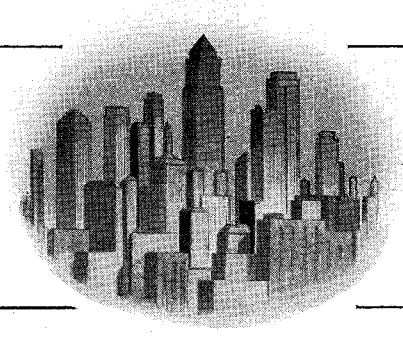

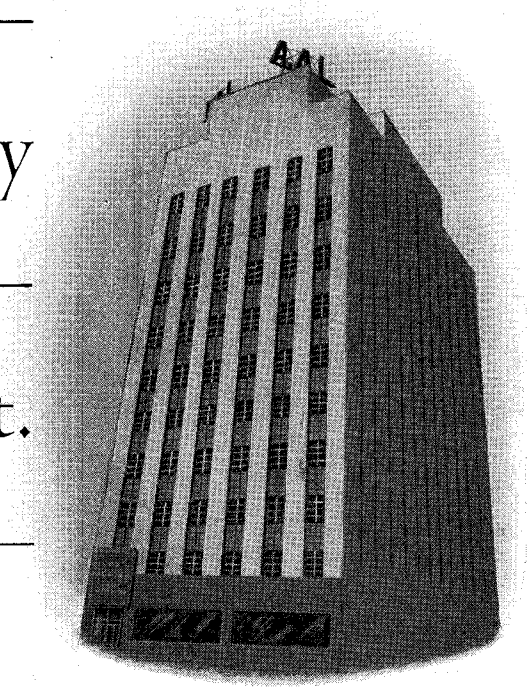

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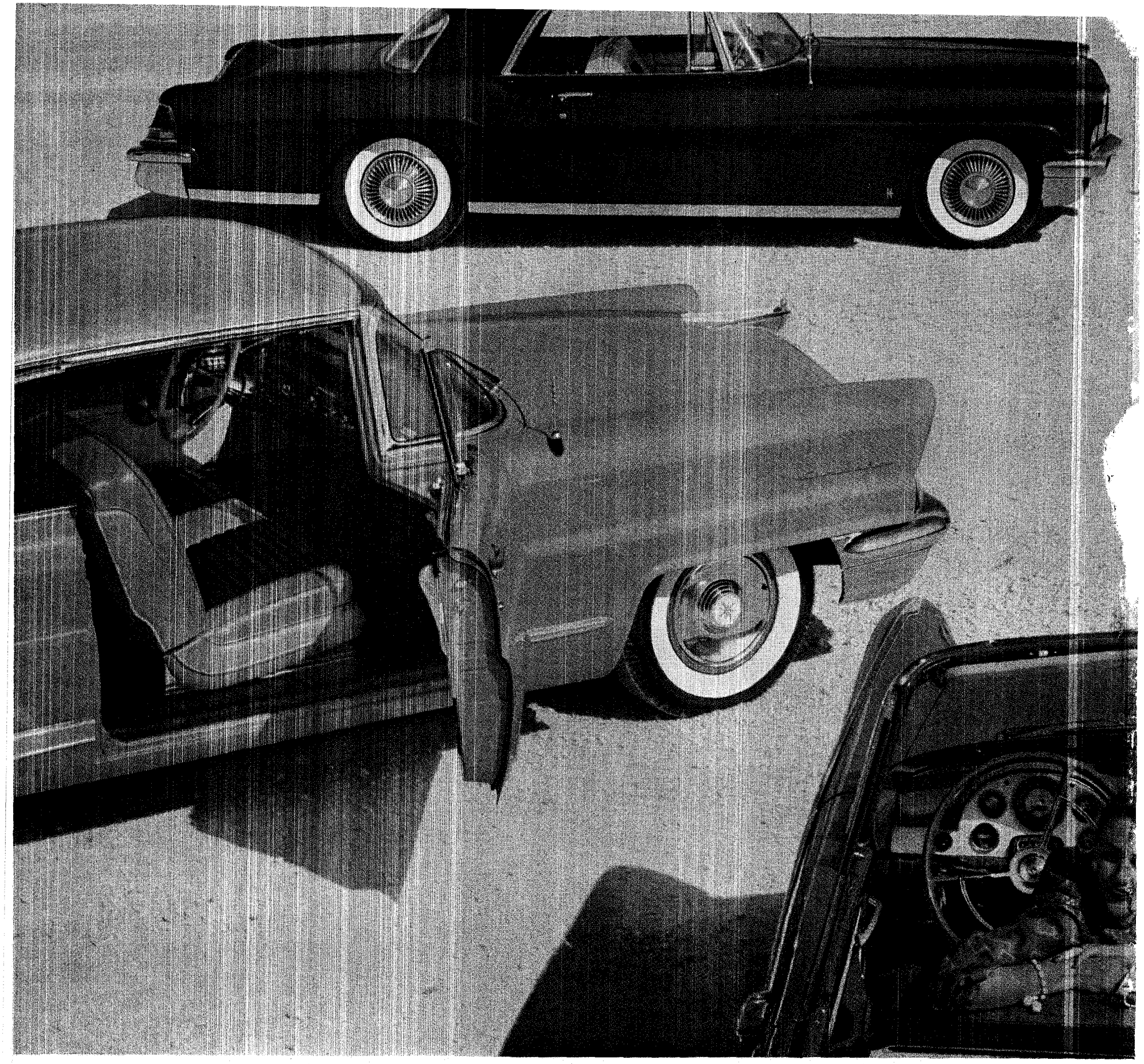

Rainbow all around you—in TH

Inside and out, you're surrounded by color you couldn't buy in Bagdad . . . unless you knew the right dealer.

Clockwise, from upper left: the Continental Mark II, the Big M Mercury Montclair Phaeton, the Ford Thunderbird, the Ford Sunliner, the Lincoln Premiere.

Warm colors, cool colors, brilliant combinations. And color harmony: that's the new thing. In the old narrow-window days, when you couldn't really see inside a ca the upholstery came in any shade of gray.

You can still have handsome grays, if you want then but cars are moving picture-windows today. And sunshin The interiors are as important as the exteriors. The po sible color combinations—outside and inside—are u in the thousands—more than you could ever dream o

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(*Continued from Page 47*) hospital, telling him of the two sisters who had been left behind from the last hospital ship—a personal note from the colonel there, his friend, imploring him to see they were got out someway—it had been a relief to have something to do. He had sent an ambulance down, arranged for them to sleep in it, and that his sergeant major would take them on with him at dawn.

They had done that; they had got to corps headquarters to meet the brig. But there had been no scattered lines of camouflaged tents in the familiar place. Just the brig. and his staff captain sitting on a pile of luggage in a blank, untidy space. Corps had gone, pulled out in a hurry. Things were that bad.

He did not want to think of what happened after. How the brig. had taken over his car and gone on ahead. How he had seen him die, blown to pieces with the car and his companion beyond the eastern tank trap as Jerry, shelling as he came, swept down off the escarpment and cut the road. He did not want to remember his realization that he and the sergeant major and the nurses were boxed inside then; of his decision to dodge back and try to break out this way through the minefield—a last desperate chance. There was something else that filled his mind, something that had happened before.

In the first gray fingers of the false dawn, the wind coming in off the sea, the dark stains of the fires of the night's raid still hanging over the harbor, he had waited by the car, while the sergeant major had gone to find Paul, so that he could say good-by. He had had to face that, face it with a full swallow of Scotch from the bottle in the box on the back seat, taking it furtively when the sergeant major had moved away. And when Paul had come, a silent, great bulk out of the grayness, he had held out his hand and wished him luck from all the depths of his being. But Paul would not take that hand; just stared right through him as he said, "It will be all yours on the next leave. Give my love to Ariadne." Then had said, "You ripe swine," very softly and turned on his heel and walked away. He could remember now the soft crunch-crunch of his desert boots on the sand, dying away to silence. . . .

They had come to the last turn in the minefield now. It was right-handed, so he would have the longest distance to travel. He turned to look at the South African, still there beside him. He had forgotten about him for the last few minutes.

"Keep slow until I'm round the bend," he said. "It's the last stretch now."

Zimmerman just nodded. He could see the dark patches of sweat staining the side of his bush shirt. Then he looked back at the ambulance, frowned as he saw that one of the nurses had come out of the back and was sitting beside the sergeant major. Why couldn't she do what she was told? He thought of shouting at her, but they were close to safety now. He turned and started to plod round the outside of the curve, wiping the sweat that was smarting into his eyes.

He thought of the sergeant major—Tom Pugh—steady, reliable, driving so carefully just behind him. He had been ashamed he had been there to hear Paul speak like that, but also thankful. If he had not edged between them, Paul would have hit him. Only another twenty yards—and Paul was back in there, and the brig. dead, and his whisky gone to hell with the car. And they —— The faintest chance, now that they were nearly through this lot, but what might they find when they had breasted the steep gray bank of the wadi ahead? Nothing? Or Jerries? Both sides kept pretty close to the coast here; the going was too difficult farther in. Was there a chance that, even though Tobruk was surrounded, the Jerries, concentrating on the east and west, might here be thinly spread? That was the chance he'd decided on, anyway. But even if it worked, then how many miles of heat and loneliness as they drove round through the sands to the south, skirting danger until it was safe to come up to join the road east? He had not been through the desert for over a year. Could he navigate them through it?

How he wanted that drink—it mattered more than anything. . . . Left foot down, right foot down; searching the ground, he went on. There was no sound in the wadi but the rumble of the guns away ahead.

The steering wheel was slippery in Tom Pugh's hands; sliding in his own sweat. The sweat had started as soon as they had come down the slope and moved into the minefield; had got worse steadily as they crept out in their long zigzags across the dusty valley. He could feel it running down under his arms now, dripping from his forehead into his eyes, smarting, almost blinding him. In desperation, he lifted a hand from the wheel, brushed it away and then bent forward again, tense, as he peered over the bonnet at the two figures walking ahead, but more especially at the left-hand one.

He looked so slight, the captain, beside that hulking lump of a South African; so frail—somehow defenseless. Tom Pugh would not be out there doing that job for all the tea in China, but the captain had gone out there because he knew that it was the only way, the only safe way, for the others. And when the South African had seen that, he said he would walk too.

Him? Tom had not liked him from the first moment when he had seen him at the water point, waiting for them to pull in. He had not cared for the square back to his head, the thick neck, those hairy legs showing almost indecently below the very short shorts. He did not like that clipped Afrikaans English or the two packs he always kept slung over his shoulder.

But the captain had said he would take him, and that was enough. The captain had said, "We'll try it through the minefield," and that had been enough. He crouched over the wheel, staring at the two backs in front. But though he saw them both, his whole mind and being were concentrated on the one to the left. It was not fear for himself that was making him sweat so, not the heat or the safety of the girls in the back. Something was flowing out of him across to the figure a few yards in front, willing it not to happen—that a red flower might not burst from the ground to shatter bone and guts and brains. It was deeper than the comradeship of their two years together, deeper than their mutual respect. So deep that it almost choked him.

The captain had had a bad time for the last three months. Tom, close, yet apart from his officers, had been able to watch, and he knew how bad that drinking had become. It had been under control—on the surface, at least—until the major had gone, but then even the troops were noticing. He remembered with a vicious delight how he had slapped two corporals down on that score.

And Mr. Crosbie—he had not helped. He wondered what had happened between those two; they had been such good friends once. Thank God he had been there this morning when the captain tried to say good-by. He would never forget the look on his face as he turned away.

Yes, all that day would stay with him always as a look on the captain's face. The second time, when they had moved off from the hospital—he driving the ambulance with the girls in the back, the captain taking the car—and they had gone to corps headquarters to meet the brigadier. The look on his face as he had tried to argue with the brig., to stop him from taking the car and going on ahead; the look on his face when they had stood side by side to watch the car run the gantlet of the shells already dropping on the road—and seen it hit.

Perhaps that moment would stay clearer than anything, for he had been watching through the glasses, seen it in the moment it happened. The sun had been right up by then, a blood-red disk that rested on the edge of the desert beyond the point where the straight line of road and telegraph poles vanished to nothing. He had swung the glasses round to the south, to the long low cliff of the escarpment, and seen the haze of the dust of the German armor moving in for the kill; he had picked out some of their vehicles, even—like black ants swarming on a bank. Back to the road again, and there were the first slender columns, like black and yellow poplar trees, spouting from the desert to grow up in the sky.

They were at the eastern perimeter waiting their turn to make the dash. One by one, the control post had let them through. He had watched two lorries sway and dwindle to safety through the dust and spouting sand, and then it had been the car's turn.

It had been strange to see, through those lenses, the foreshortened open body of the car he had maintained and nursed for so long grow smaller and smaller like that, down the long black line of the road. The brig. was standing up, waving his arms; for a moment the light caught the maroon band of his cap. Then it happened. One moment the car was there; the next, an orange flower seemed to have burst into bloom on the right side of the body. The long bonnet whipped round backward, as a running dog might turn to snap at a fly, and then everything was lost in a blot of smoke and dust, with one dot that might have been a body turning in a slow arc high in the air. Then just a spiral of black smoke climbing into the sky.

He had lowered the glasses and looked down at the white, twitching face beside him. He knew what the captain was thinking—not of the men, not of the car, but of the whisky that had been in a box on the back seat. And when they had been turned back and the bridge had been blown up and they were left inside Tobruk—all through the time after, when the captain had made his desperate plan to break out through the minefield and to the south, that awful shambles at the supply depot when they had tried to load some more food, he had been keyed up with one thought, *It's all gone; he hasn't got any booze now. He'll get over it. I'll see him through.*

All the time he had thought of that, right up to the time they had got to the water point and met this Captain Zimmerman. And when he had asked if they would take him, too, he had stood there looking at them, swinging his packs, and said, "I've got a thousand cigarettes and some gin with me," as if it was a bribe. He had stared back at him, thinking, *You stupid, clumsy swine. You weren't to know, but you've done for us all now.*

And now they were in the middle of the minefield; the captain walking on ahead, trying to follow a track he had not used for over a year, risking death with every step. He dashed the sweat away again, tried to grip the wheel tighter as he concentrated on that slim back in front of him. The fierce surge of pride and love rose up inside him again. He did not hear the click as the door at the back of the ambulance opened; was aware of the girl only when she was kneeling close beside him.

The back of the ambulance was clean and white and smelled of fresh paint. She sat on one of the bunks, feeling limp and tired and very frightened. It had been better before, when they had been moving fast inside Tobruk; even with the shelling and the bombing and Denise fighting to get up from the other bunk, where they had strapped her down. It was this slow creeping—they had told her it would be like that through the minefield—and not being able to see.

There were no windows in the back of the car; only a little ventilator high up on each wall, showing nothing now but a square of (*Continued on Page 54*)

"Don't argue—just bring the ketchup!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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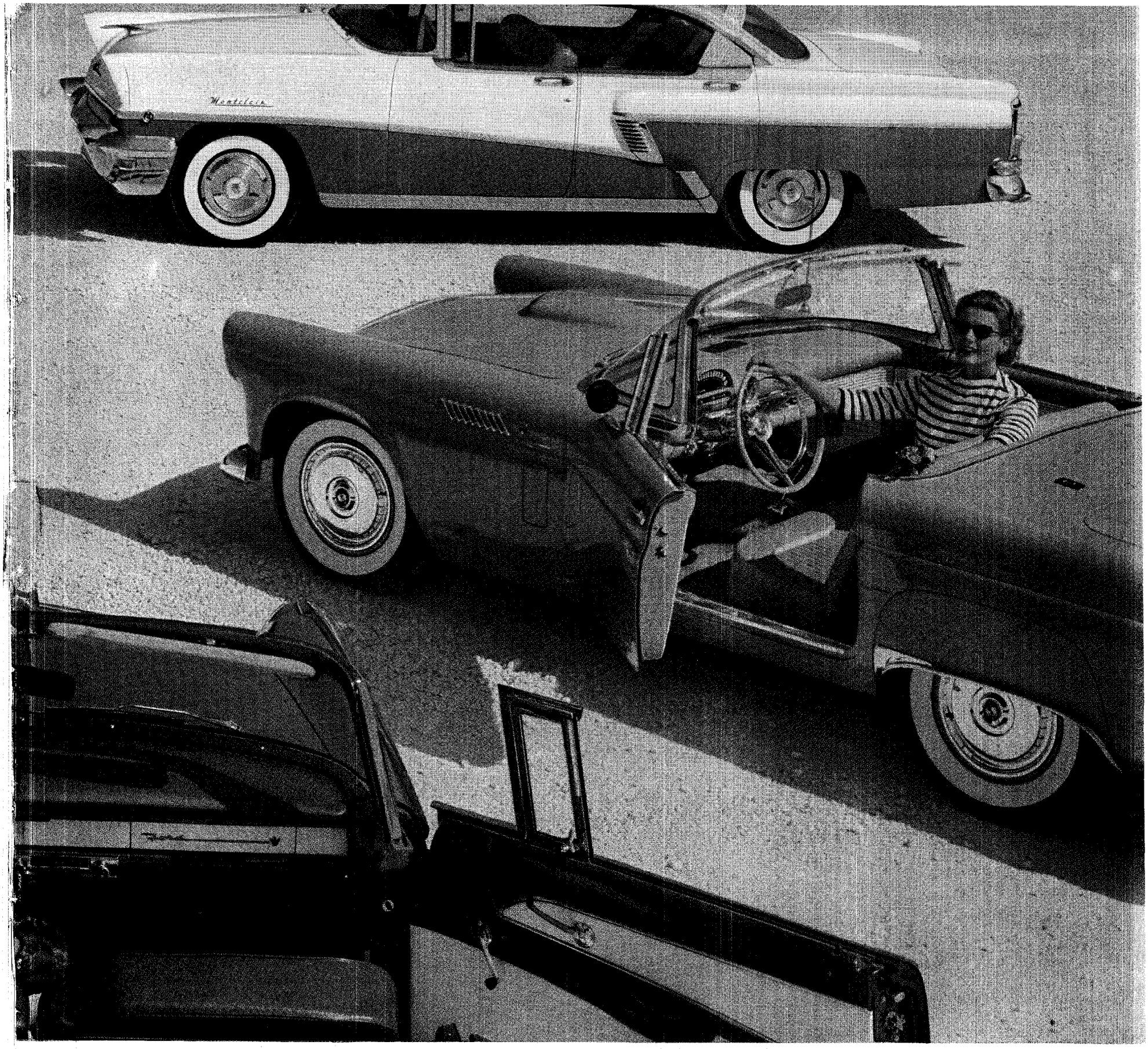

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See the selection of these colorful cars at Ford, Lincoln or Mercury showrooms. Then ask for the keys to your favorite. Drive around the block—colorfully.

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It's Gardol! And No Other Toothpaste Helps Protect So Many People So Effectively and So Safely Against Both Bad Breath and Tooth Decay!

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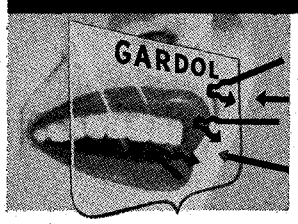
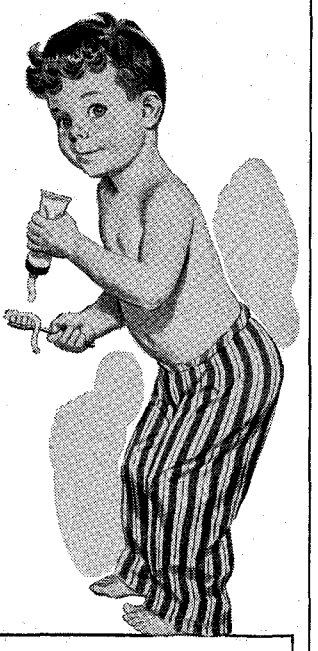




Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate Dental Cream forms an invisible, protective shield around teeth that fights decay all day! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours—or more!

Colgate's with Gardol helps stop bad breath all day for most people with just one brushing! *Instantly* sweeps away bacteria that cause bad breath originating in the mouth . . . gives you a cleaner, fresher breath all day! And Colgate's famous flavor is preferred the world over!

Colgate's with Gardol is safe—even for children under six. No other leading toothpaste* can give you long-lasting Gardol protection, with such complete safety for every member of your family! No other company can match Colgate's 79 years of dentifrice research!

SAFE for Children of All Ages!
SAFE to Use in All Water Areas!
Makes teeth whiter—cannot stain or discolor!

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

(*Continued from Page 51*) brassy blue sky and giving enough light and air to make things bearable.

It was getting terribly hot, though. She opened her bag and found a handkerchief and wiped the sweat away from her face and neck. A shafting band of sunlight from the ventilator above her caught the other wall, just above the huddled shape on the other bunk, twisting and muttering as it plucked at the webbing straps. Thank God for those straps, and thank God Denise had had a shot of morphine to keep her under. But those straps weren't very strong; they were only meant to keep the wounded from falling off in rough going, not to hold down a strong, half-demented girl. She wondered how long either they or the morphine would last.

She looked without emotion at the flushed, swollen face. *You don't look so pretty, do you, Denise?* she thought. *Not like you always were at the hospital, flaunting that lovely face and body of yours at us in derision, and at the men for very different reasons. There aren't any men for you to chase here, Denise. They're not that type, and they're playing with death to get us out of this mess—the mess you got us into.* There was no pity, only irritation and contempt.

She thought for a moment of the men—the two she had seen, the other one she had only heard talking. Captain Anson and the sergeant major—they had been kind and patient with her, and she knew how tired and desperate they must be. There was a vision of the captain's drawn white face, the twitching of those hands. He would break soon.

The sergeant major—she had met him first last night down at the hospital when he had brought the ambulance. She had liked his slow, calm movements, the graying hair and the crinkly blue eyes, his soft Devon voice. It had amused her—the way he always called her "Miss." And when she had seen them together, she noticed how, all the time, he was watching the captain. There was more than affection in it. Possession. In a strange way, she had resented it.

Opposite her, Denise tried to sit up, shouting, "No! No! No!" before relaxing back to her former muttering.

Matron should never have sent Denise into Tobruk, she thought. It was a punishment, she knew; matron had told her so when she was put in charge of her—a punishment before being posted home, after that business of being caught in the sergeant's quarters. But she wasn't the type, not for an emergency trip like that—not in that improvised transport, without the protection of the Red Cross. But it was her own fault, she supposed, that she had let Denise come ashore to help in the loading of the wounded. She had not dreamed there would be a raid like that one, a concentrated fury that rained on the harbor with a suddenness she had never known in the London Blitz. And as the bombs crashed down and the guns thundered and tracer and flames made their horrid pattern across the sky, Denise had started shaking, then screaming, running round in circles like a chicken with its head cut off. And they had lost her in the flickering darkness.

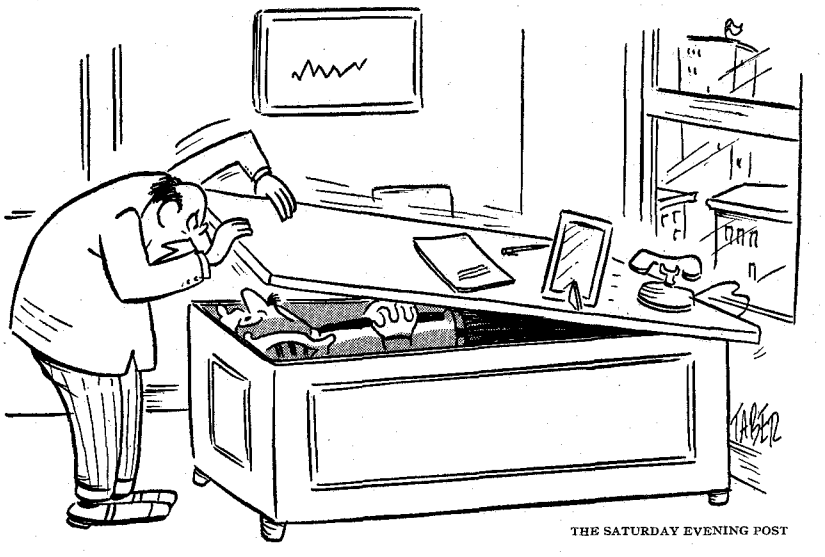
They could spare her only two men for the search. It was a horrible job, groping in the unknown shadows, but they had found her at last, down by the lagoon. They had had to carry her back and had arrived at the quay just in time to see the dark blur of the transport sliding out of the harbor. It was a question of the moon coming up, they told her later. Without Red Cross markings, they had not dared to stay.

It had been the close confines of this square white box since then; a little sleep snatched after the colonel had put Denise out with an injection; trying to cope with her when she came round, always seeming to be moving, not knowing what was happening, not being able to see. It had been irritating, more than anything else, this blind unending journey, fed only with scraps of information as shouted by Captain Anson or the sergeant major as they opened the door at the back. Certainly she had not been frightened; she had had plenty of it before. It was only after they had been turned back from the perimeter, when they had been dive-bombed at the roadside and she had had to use the last of her morphine to keep Denise quiet, when she had gone into the front to sit between them because she could stand it no longer, that she had seen something new and horrible that had made her afraid. The first sign of the abyss that lay in front of them. The looting.

She had heard of Captain Anson's desperate plan to try to break out to the south, and had agreed to it, because there was no other way. He had talked about getting on extra food and they were just pulling in to the supply depot to get it when she saw the beginning.

There was a drive-in to the group of tents that was the main office; they were just turning into it, and she, sitting between them on the floor of the cab, had seen the crowd of British uniforms erupting from the trampled side wall of a swaying marquee.

Four separate figures had broken from it, running toward them, staggering under the weight of the rum jars they were



"Purvis, you are fired."

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carrying; one tripped and fell, and there was the moment's sight of the bloody mask of his face as he lifted it from the fragments, the brown ooze of the rum as it spilled and soaked into the sand. Then there was an officer running, revolver drawn, a pick handle flashing, and the whole dissolved into a dark, heaving mass that flashed away into the dust behind them as they swerved back onto the road. She heard the captain shout, "Keep moving, Tom!" Then sharply, to her, "Get in the back, sister!"

She had gone without a word, to find that her knees were shaking when she sat down in the swaying back of the car, listening to the snarl of the tires on the road. She had not come out even when they stopped and she heard their voices calling to each other and the crash of cases being thrown on the cabin floor; not even later, when they stopped again and the sergeant major came through to the back, carrying tins of water. He looked worried as he told her that the captain was taking on another passenger, and it was then that she heard that guttural, clipped accent coming through the open door. She had not bothered to go and look at him; she was afraid now—afraid of what she had seen, afraid for them all in what was coming. She had sat there, glad to obey the captain's instructions not to leave the back when they got in the minefield, to stow all the blankets she could find under them. But the crawling, not knowing, was worse than anything. She looked once more at Denise, still muttering, still plucking at the straps and then got up and went out into the cab.

Tom Pugh did not look round when he sensed her kneeling like that, close beside him, but there was comfort in having someone there. He could feel her presence, the feeling of dependability. He remembered how she had looked the night before in the moonlight—tall and shapely and somehow serene. For a moment, his thoughts went back to Ann, the wife he would never see again; and how he had heard about the house destroyed in a raid on Plymouth—the one bomb dropped by a raider with fighters on his tail, scared, trying to lighten the load to make speed to get home. The captain had told him, without frills; had sent him in the same sentence on a three-day trip to the south to look for a problematic well. And he had had three days of sand and sky and loneliness to get to grips with the news.

That was another thing in his score with the captain that mattered; another thing he would never forget. He gripped the steering wheel tighter, giving everything he had to the slim back ahead, marching on through the heaving heat of the wadi. He did not look at the girl.

She said, "How are we doing?"

"In the middle of it, miss. You'd best get back. The captain will be livid."

"I wish you wouldn't call me that. It's Diana. Isn't there anything I can do?"

He didn't say anything for a moment. Then: "The sweat—it's in my eyes. I can't see. There was a handkerchief in my pocket. Can you get it out and wipe my face?"

She said, "I've got one here; only yours may be bigger."

He felt her hand groping down his leg, and then the relief came with the mopping of his forehead. He said, "Thanks. I wouldn't like to muck the whole thing up, on account of a little sweat, after all he's done."

"I think they're both doing wonders."

There was silence for a moment. "Too good to last," he said.

She was close beside him now; wiping gently, steadily. He knew that she was looking from him to the figures walking out there in front of them. The sweat was still flowing—he could feel the trickle of it between his shoulder blades—but it did not matter any more.

"You love that man, don't you?" It was very soft. When he did not answer, she said, "Sorry; I'm putting you off."

"No, I like you talking. It's just a bit difficult to answer at the tricky bits." Silence again, and then he said suddenly, "It was at Sidi Rezegh. We were with ambulances then. One dawn we got overrun by Jerry tanks. I think it was a mistake—they couldn't see what we were in that light. Anyway, we got shot to hell, and in the confusion of trying to get clear, I got left, without my truck ——"

Another pause while he swung the wheel a little, eyes intent on the slim figure walking in front; then he said, "I just stood there, with the stuff cracking all round me, when the captain swans up in his truck, as cool as a cucumber. All he said was 'Good morning, Mr. Pugh. Want a lift?' And he hauls me in, just about a hundred yards in front of the leading Mark Four, and we go likkerty-split after the rest of the unit, with bullets clanging into the back of us all the time. Then he said, 'How careless of you not to arrange transport, sergeant major.' And a bit later, when we had a bad burst from them, 'Do you think we are showing them the most ladylike view of our rear?' That's the sort of man he is. I wish I had a son like him."

It's My Turn to Snooze in the Hammock

Our garden plot requires no toil;
We ply no hoe or spade there—
The seeds we put beneath the soil
Stayed there.

By William W. Pratt

"And you have no son, Tom?" It was the first time she had called him by name, and it seemed to come quite naturally.

Silence. Another sharp turn to the right, and then the last short leg to the tattered rusty wire that marked the edge of the field.

"No. And it's too late now. I'm rather glad."

"You're married?"

"Was. Plymouth Blitz. She was only there for one day, visiting her sister."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"No need," he said. "I don't mind talking about it now."

There was a dreamlike quality of the move over the last few yards. They were through the wire and moving up over harder stony ground to where the walkers were waiting for them. No one spoke as they turned to look back at the silent yellow sea behind them.

Anson broke the silence. "Captain Zimmerman, this is Sister Murdoch." Then he turned to the girl. "I thought I told you to stay in the back. . . . How is she?"

Zimmerman, leaning against the front mudguard, wiping the back of his arm across his face, had nodded at the girl. Now he said, "There's another one?" Then: "Man, but I'm sweating! What about a drink?"

Tom Pugh sat still at the wheel, watching the captain. He saw the convulsive jerk of his throat. He sat there, cursing the South African, trying to throw his mind with all its force the other way.

The girl said, "She's all right. I'll go in with her again. I'm sorry."

And Anson, shading his eyes, looking up the steep gray slope ahead, said, "It's too quiet up there. I don't like it. Let's leave the celebration until there's something to celebrate. . . . You drive on, sergeant major. Take it diagonal until we can see if there's anything on top."

The girl went into the back, and the other two piled in beside him. The South African was on the outside, and just before they started he leaned outside the cab, looking back. "I don't believe there was a filthy mine in it," he said.

Anson looked down at the floor in front of him. "There were—plenty."

It was fairly long and steep to the top, and there was no chance of seeing what lay beyond until they reached the crest. They were about halfway up when the noise came breaking over the sound of their engine and the rumble of the tires on the rocks. It came falling down on them in a high, rising scream, and the captain shouted, "Dive bombers! Hold it, Tom! Get those girls out and scatter!"

He knew, the moment he was down from the cab and could see the glint of their wings as they came diving vertically, that they were not the target. He shouted, "It's all right!" and stood shading his eyes to watch back down the wadi far to the west of them. The bombs were there in the air, like a cluster of black eggs, before they vanished in their speed, and then the ocher fountains from them spewed up across the field in the yellow sand; the smaller blobs rippling out from their bases as the mines went off in strings from the concussion.

The noise of it came like thunder, and when it had died there was just churned-up sand and a haze where the minefield had been.

Tom looked at the South African. "The captain was right. Plenty of mines still alive in there."

Anson was shouting, "Come on, for heaven's sake! If that's the way they're going to get through, they'll be sending their tanks in soon!"

He started, and they accelerated up the slope, the engine snarling under full power in third gear, the stones rattling away from beneath the wheels.

Zimmerman had started to say, "Man, I take that back; it was a wonderful piece of navigation," when his voice died, and they were all staring at the sight opening up on the plain before them as they came over the crest.

The sun was high now and the mirage had started, but whether they showed as thin black rods far to the south or sprawled like fat slugs on the nearer fringe, there was no mistaking what they were.

Lying there widely dispersed, with the white crosses showing plainly on the nearest square turrets, they saw that they were running at an angle toward a laager of German tanks, lying hidden there, waiting to go into the attack. The range was about a thousand yards.

Anson swore horribly and shouted, "Turn east—and give her the gun!" The engine snarled a higher note as Pugh put his foot down hard. The going was better now; firm gravel and clumps of camel thorn replacing the rock. They ran diagonally, like a hare before the guns at a corner of a field, jerking and swaying as he cut in and out of the patches of green. He could not see the tanks now; eyes only for the way ahead, with an occasional flick toward the speedometer needle. It hovered at forty now, and when the captain shouted, "Faster, for heaven's sake, man!" even at this time the engineer came to the fore, "No. Holes. Think of the springs. We'll ruin the lot."

Zimmerman, crouching between them, trying to peer round him, called, "They're coming to cut us off!"

Behind in the back of the car, he could hear screaming. He looked over his shoulder, and there, to the right of them, were the plumes of dust trailing out behind two trucks that had appeared from behind the tanks. Something whined over their heads and then came the cracking of giant whips all around, and he knew that the fire was coming straight at them.

TO BE CONTINUED

For larger cuts, burns, abrasions...

use the dressing your doctor uses...

sterile—sealed in individual envelopes

Johnson & Johnson

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What airline connects all these cities?

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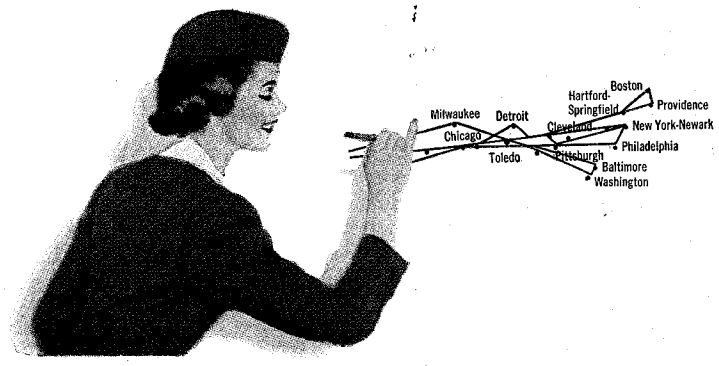
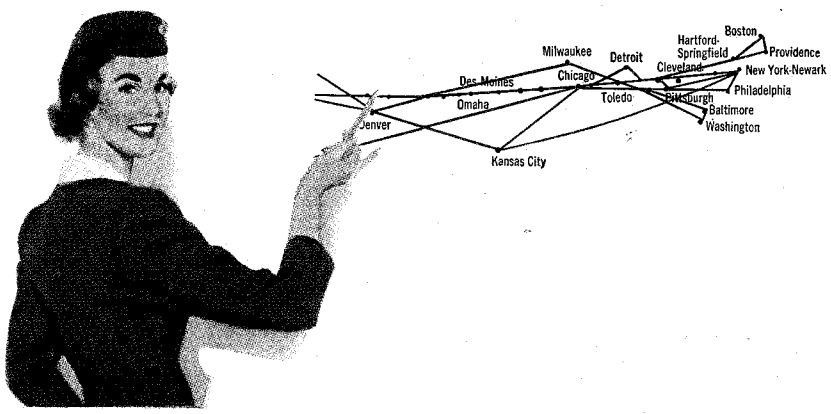
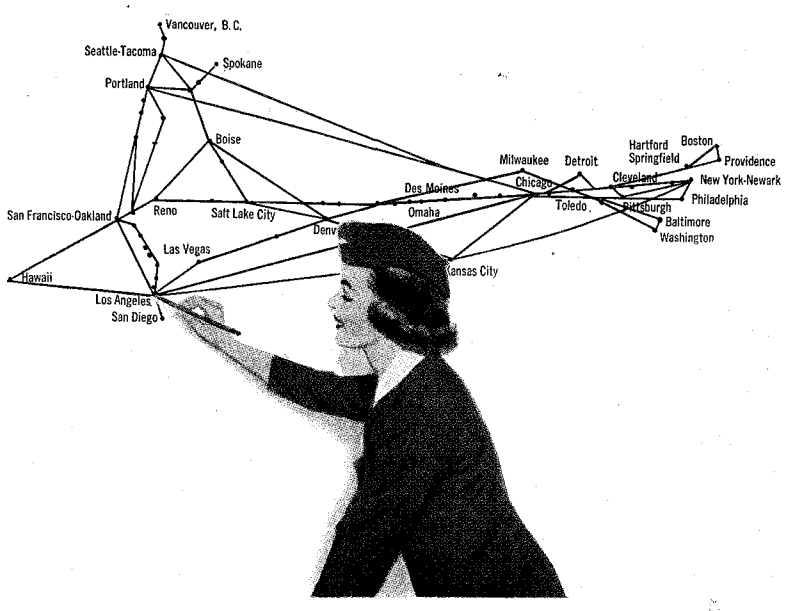
United Air Lines



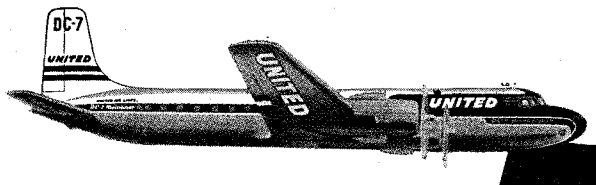
the only airline that links the East



with the great Midwest



all the Pacific Coast and Hawaii!



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Hong Kong (Continued from Page 23)

Kong before he went home is shared by most American servicemen stationed in the Far East. Unofficial polls taken by our Pacific fleet show that nine out of ten American sailors have elected Hong Kong as their favorite leave city in the Orient.

This growing American interest in Hong Kong is viewed with mixed feelings by the few thousand Britons who govern the crown colony. On the one hand, they welcome the tourist dollars which pour into Hong Kong at the rate of about 12,000,000 a year. This helps to compensate for the postwar drop in trade with China. Resident Americans spend freely, while the tourist trade is unusually steady because so many thousands of Americans are based across the Pacific nowadays, and our Navy rotates the ships it sends to Hong Kong for leaves. Many Americans find Hong Kong's varied attractions so agreeable that they return again and again.

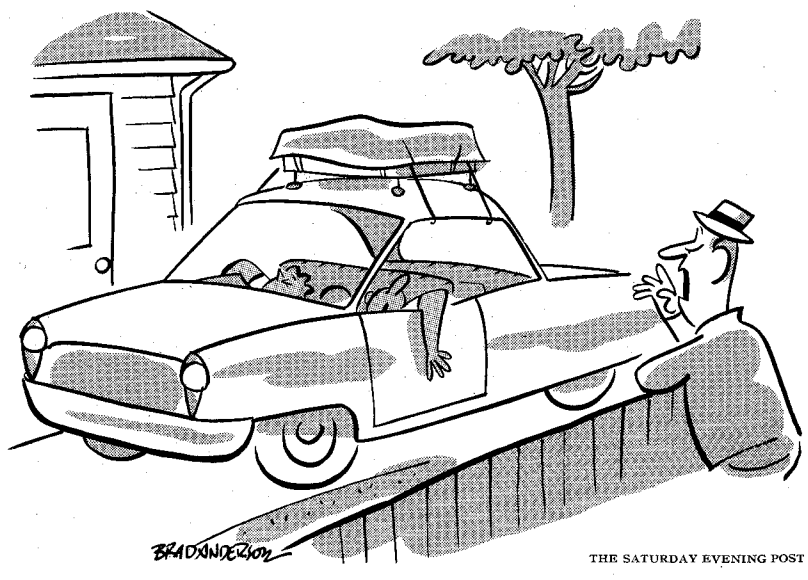
Hong Kong's latest Chinese arrivals—almost a million newcomers since 1949—benefit from the activities of American missionary societies and relief organizations. Here these organizations have established a sizable number of schools and hospitals, orphanages and nurseries. There are nine so-called refugee colleges in Hong Kong, as well as scores of lesser Chinese-language schools.

On the other hand, old-time British residents shake their heads about certain features of the American influx. They complain that some of the newcomers behave as if they were taking over the place. A Hong Kong newspaper recently published an indignant letter which protested: "There is evidence that U.S. Government personnel has interfered in the private affairs of this colony to an extent wholly at variance with the formal functioning of a consular body." Hong Kong officials particularly look askance at the activities of a few mysterious Americans who circulate in the colony and are popularly supposed to have ample funds at their disposal. Hong Kong has become the Asiatic base for professional free-lance spies, just as postwar Vienna was for several years in Europe. These men and women claim to have all sorts of secret information about Red China, and offer their dubious wares to the highest bidder.

When a Hong Kong immigration officer noted that I was a journalist, he asked me to explain why so many American "hack writers" who, he said, "cannot even spell," had arrived recently in Hong Kong with the avowed intention of writing books about it. I suspected he was slyly referring to the rumor, widely circulated, that one American intelligence agency has tried to disguise its representatives as roving writers.

That much-abused word "unique" is the precise word for Hong Kong. Only since the Red conquest of China has the outside world begun to appreciate what a remarkable synthesis between East and West has been achieved here. British rulers contribute their talent for orderly administration and sound business principles. The Chinese residents contribute everything else. While Hong Kong is classified as a crown colony, it is actually just a good-sized metropolitan area which has been spread over 198 large and small islands and a sizable chunk of the Chinese mainland. Its 391 square miles are smaller than Los Angeles, with an area of more than 450 square miles. The name "Hong Kong," first used to describe the single mountainous island upon which the first British seaside town of Victoria was built in 1842, is now used to designate the entire metropolitan area. The magnificent harbor, with its seventeen square miles of sheltered anchorage and openings at both ends, is surrounded by British-controlled territory. Facing each other across the harbor, seven minutes apart by the ferries which scurry back and forth every few minutes, are the twin cities of Victoria—on the original island—and Kowloon—on the mainland. Between them they share most of Hong Kong's 2,400,000 inhabitants. Suburbs have sprung up in all directions, some on islands and some on the mainland.

This self-possessed metropolis, with its cool, unperturbed administrators, presents a welcome contrast to neighboring Asiatic states still suffering from nationalist resentments and amateur government. Holiday-seeking Americans find in Hong Kong all the attractions of the biggest "Chinatown" outside of China itself, plus a Western government which keeps things clean, healthy and orderly. The visitor can find here any kind of holiday he prefers. If he wants peace and quiet, Hong Kong has it. This semitropical setting offers dazzling vistas of blue sea and green-clad mountain peaks rising steeply as high as 1800 feet above the ocean on several of its islands. The best roads in Asia wind around the peaks to numerous sandy beaches. Scores of soothing island retreats or picturesque fishing villages, which existed before Columbus discovered America, are reached quickly and cheaply by ferries, launches



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"How was the vacation?"

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or the curious little Chinese craft called sampans. Nowhere else in Asia are there more pleasant walks and agreeable sails. Nowhere else is it possible to operate a small boat more cheaply. A boatman can be hired full time for sixty cents a day. Boats are the best means of escape from the enervating heat of Hong Kong's worst season—May through September. Boats also provide floating homes permanently for 200,000 Chinese residents of Hong Kong. These are mostly fishermen—the flamboyant Chinese gypsies called *Haklo*.

Tourists used to consider Hong Kong a rather stuffy town, but no longer. The fact is the dazzling night life of Shanghai has emigrated *en masse* to Hong Kong, bringing along many of the pretty Chinese hostesses for whom Shanghai was famous, as well as restaurants serving the varied dishes of every Chinese province. When I first visited Hong Kong in the 1920's most of the Chinese food here was Cantonese, and the only world-famous eating places were the floating fish restaurants in the suburb of Aberdeen, which are still there. But today the colony has attracted famous restaurateurs and chefs from all over China, while first-rate French and English food is offered in such grill rooms as Jimmy's Kitchen and the Parisian Grill—universally known as the P.G.—in which the experienced Landau brothers compete with each other. Because Hong Kong is a free port, it is also a shopper's paradise. Customs duties are confined to a few luxury items, and goods from all over the world sell from 10 to 20 per cent cheaper than in the countries of their manufacture. Chinese merchants operate on narrow profit margins, and American servicemen can take advantage of their Navy's Purchasing Office to get wholesale prices for guaranteed goods of all kinds. The American Women's Association here, in co-operation with Catholic and Protestant churches, has organized a center for visiting sailors, which maintains rooms on the Navy's landing pier. There, American women volunteers greet the sailors and give them sound advice about shopping and holiday making.

More serious-minded visitors also get interested in Hong Kong's extraordinary government, which challenges in many ways American notions of what is right and proper. This is one of the few places left where nineteenth-century British imperialism survives in an undiluted form. There is not even a pretense of practicing what Americans call democracy, or any kind of local representative government. The present British governor, appointed by the Queen of England, has powers as absolute as did the first governor assigned to rule the original rocky island. The government established then has endured with amazingly few changes. The remarkable flexibility which it has shown during the past critical decade has upset some of the pet theories of political scientists.

This government is a kind of museum piece, a relic of the days when few Englishmen doubted their divine right to govern other races. Moreover, Hong Kong is perched precariously on the edge of Red China, the most aggressive revolutionary government in Asia. Peking's communist rulers insist—as did Chiang Kai-shek, when he was in the saddle—that Hong Kong really belongs to China. Yet the British crown colony not only has managed to survive during years when many more modern governments were being toppled but it also has done more to provide tolerable living conditions for its Asiatic population than most of its Asian neighbors.

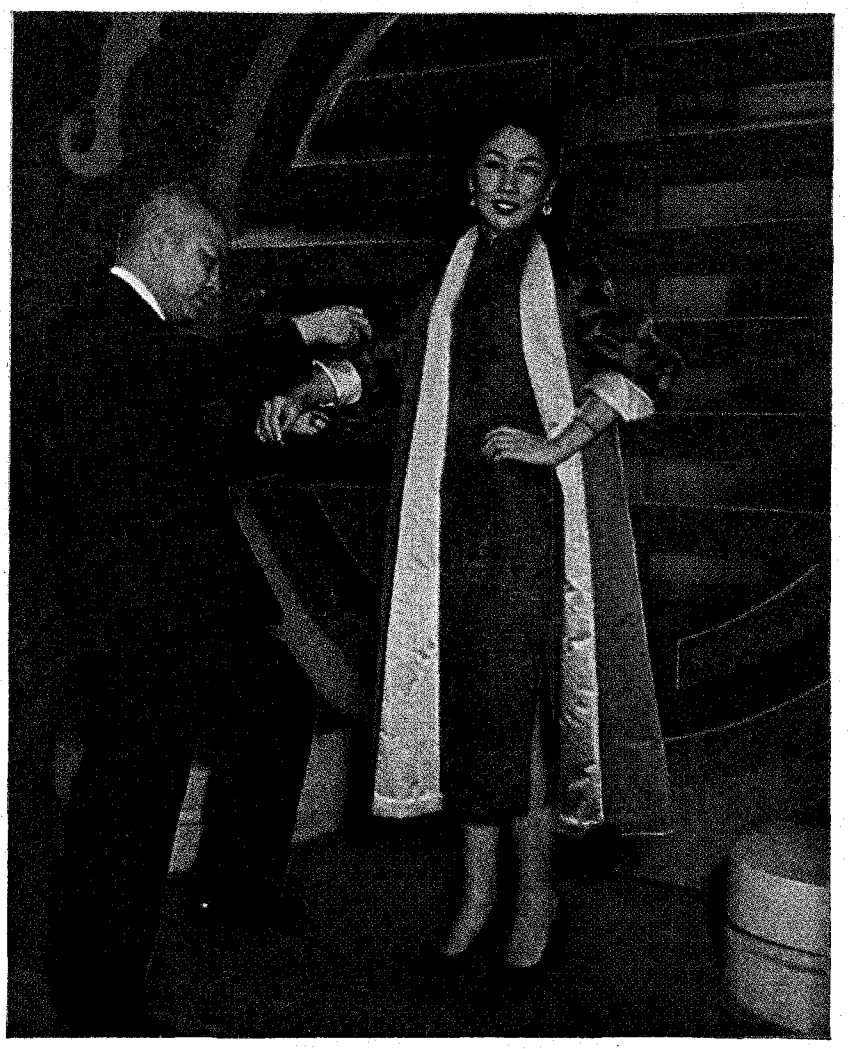
No metropolis anywhere has been confronted with more perplexing adjustments. Before the war, almost all Chinese residents of Hong Kong were natives of neighboring Kwangtung Province. They came to Hong Kong to make money for a few years or to escape the chaos of wars and rebellions in China. Then they went home to retire, when things got better there. The colonial government long ago got accustomed to swarms of refugees pouring in and squatting on government-owned vacant land, where they erected crude tar-paper shacks for themselves. During chaotic periods in China thousands always have slept in Hong Kong's streets. Charitable organizations have been maintained permanently to provide relief for the destitute, until they slip back into China. That was an old story in Hong Kong. After the Sino-Japanese war started in 1937, the city's population fluctuated even more wildly. Between 1937 and 1940 it leaped from about 800,000 to 1,600,000. Then, during Japan's wartime occupation of Hong Kong, in World War II, the population plunged to its lowest point in modern times, 600,000. But 1,000,000 additional Chinese poured in soon after the British rulers came back in 1945, although the city was badly damaged by bombing and looting. After the Red conquest of China in 1949, Hong Kong began growing still more, until it reached today's figure of 2,400,000—jammed into a space not suited to accommodate more than half that number.

For the first time in its history, Hong Kong's Chinese community has become a true cross-section of China. Since 1949, families have made their way here from all of China's eighteen provinces, speaking all sorts of dialects. Many Chinese cannot understand one another, and use English as a common language. The newcomers include many of China's most distinguished citizens as well as humble peasants and workers.

The colonial government at first noted the refugee flood calmly, expecting it to recede again, as it always had done in the past. But this time the recent arrivals have stayed put. They refused to return to the austerities and uncertainties of Red rule in China, even after a series of disastrous fires wiped out flimsy squatters' colonies. During one night—Christmas of 1953—more than 50,000 men, women and children were made homeless by one fire. That was a turning point in the Hong Kong government's official policy toward refugees. A few months after that great fire, in 1954, the government embarked upon an ambitious program to provide permanent housing, schools and hospitals for the present population.

This program must overcome several unique handicaps. Because so much of Hong Kong's land consists of rocky hills and cliffs, new building sites must literally be made to order at great cost. The usual method is to cut the top off a rocky hill and drop the debris into shallow nearby waters. The smoothed-over hilltop becomes one building site and the debris reclaims another site from the sea. Hong Kong officialdom calls this process "site formation." Great new communities of multistoried tenements, accommodating up to 30,000 people each, are being erected with government assistance on such sites. When the Hong Kong airport ran out of land for extending its runways, the government commissioned a French firm to "manufacture" the necessary land by filling in a portion of the harbor.

A perpetual water shortage presents an even greater problem. Hong Kong has been struggling for generations to provide its fluctuating population with fresh water. The government not only must anticipate erratic ups and downs of population, but also freakish distribution of rainfall. An elaborate series of dams, reservoirs and catchments for rain water has been constructed, and still the demand always exceeds the supply. One great new dam now under construction was intended to provide the colony's needs for many years to come, but it is already clear that more dams will be needed. Meanwhile, Hong Kong residents long since learned how to plan a daily routine in which they have running water only three or four hours a day.



Actress Molly Oong models a reversible satin coat at Hong Kong's American-owned Mandarin Textiles factory. Most of the firm's output goes to America.

Hong Kong's British rulers give the impression that they are trying to show the world—and especially Americans who distrust all types of colonial rule—that nineteenth-century British imperialism deserved a better reputation than it got. The semiautonomous colonial government has firmly resisted efforts to change its status, despite pressure from many directions. During World War II, President Roosevelt and Gen. Chiang Kai-shek joined forces in efforts to persuade Winston Churchill to hand Hong Kong over to the Chinese Government, but Churchill refused. Nobody here doubts that if he had agreed, Red China would today rule Hong Kong.

That is one reason why "old hands" still watch American activities affecting the colony very closely, and insist upon keeping all the top official posts and everything else as firmly under their own control as possible. Not one influential official ever has been elected in Hong Kong, nor are plans being made to elect any in future. When Britain had a socialist government in 1946 and 1947, London approved a plan for an elected Municipal Council. But Chinese residents of Hong Kong joined with Britons to persuade London that any such reforms would merely give Chinese politicians, including communists, an opportunity to make trouble. The project was quietly dropped in 1948. There has been no agitation for it since.

How has the Hong Kong government managed to confound its critics, who considered it one of the weakest links in Britain's world-wide empire? I have discussed that question with dozens of residents—Chinese, British and American—and most of them attribute the colony's durability to one kind of Englishman and two kinds of Chinese. The Englishman is Sir Alexander Grantham, governor of Hong Kong since 1947, who seems to be a throwback to the British Empire's golden age. Sir Alexander is a convinced imperialist of the old school, who believes that British imperialism still can give more to the world than it takes. Like the imperialists of older days, such as Raffles of Singapore, Sir Alexander has devoted many years to study of the languages of the people he governs. He came to China as a boy and has been a keen student of the country's history, customs and politics ever since. The standard maximum term for governor in Hong Kong is five years, but Sir Alexander already has served nine years and has been reappointed until 1958. He has never lost confidence in Britain's ability to hang on to this last imperial outpost in the Far East for several more decades.

But Sir Alexander would be the first to admit that the British crown colony could hardly have survived in its present form without powerful Chinese support, both positive and negative. The positive support has come from the great majority of Hong Kong's 2,300,000 Chinese residents, who are desperately anxious to keep the metropolis noncommunist. That can be done only so long as it remains British. As a result, there is less agitation against colonialism in this ancient stronghold of colonialism than in almost any other part of Asia. The communist rulers in Peking have given (*Continued on Page 60*)

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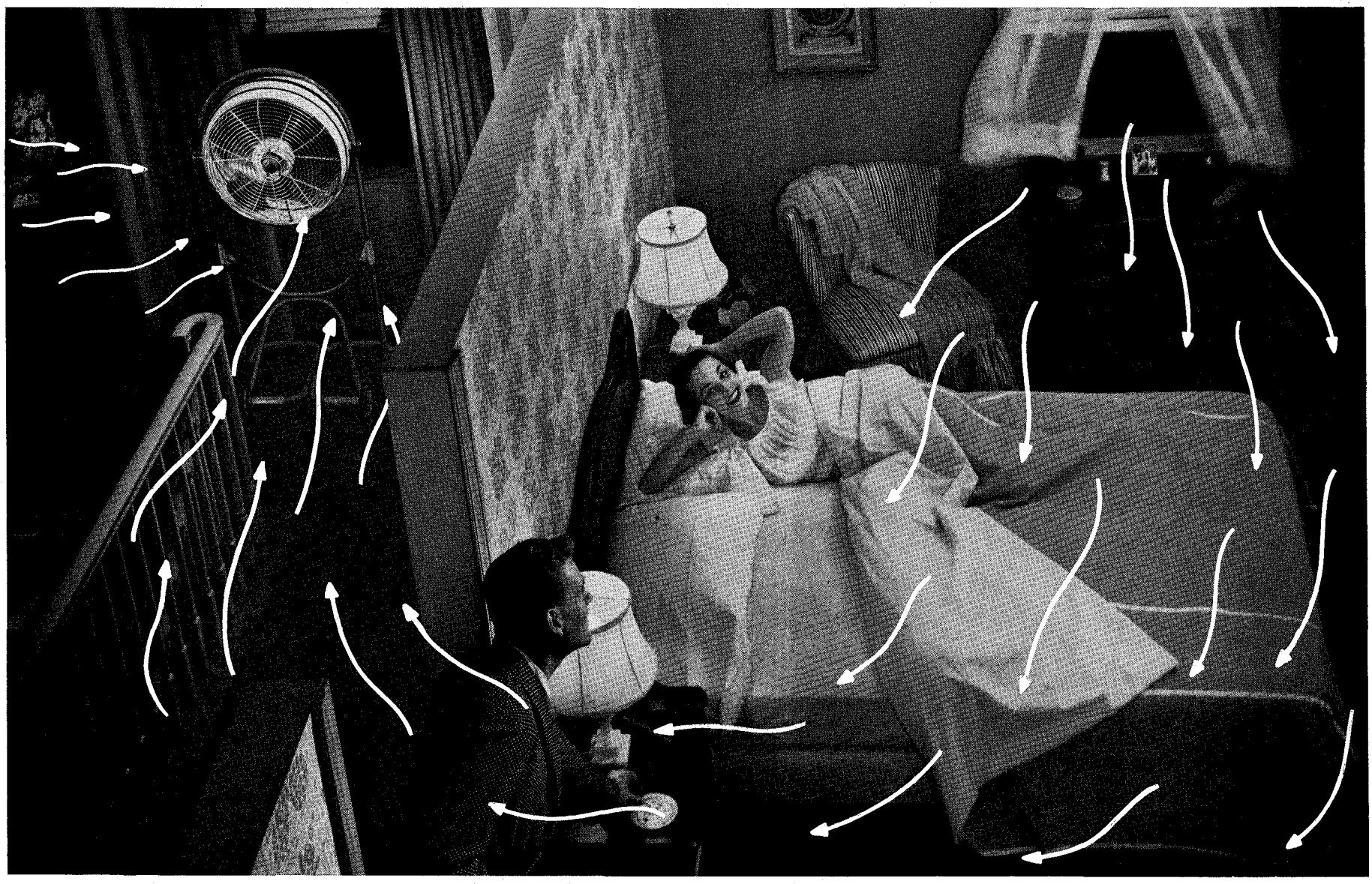

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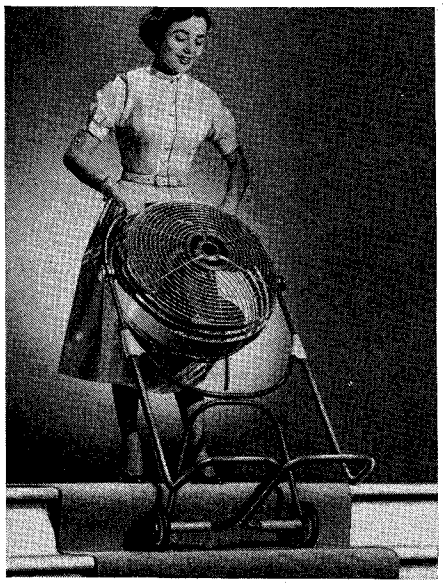

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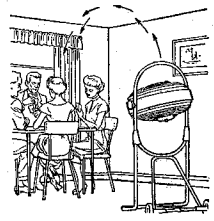

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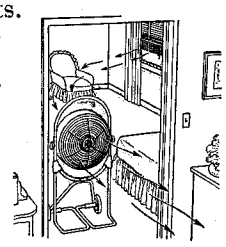

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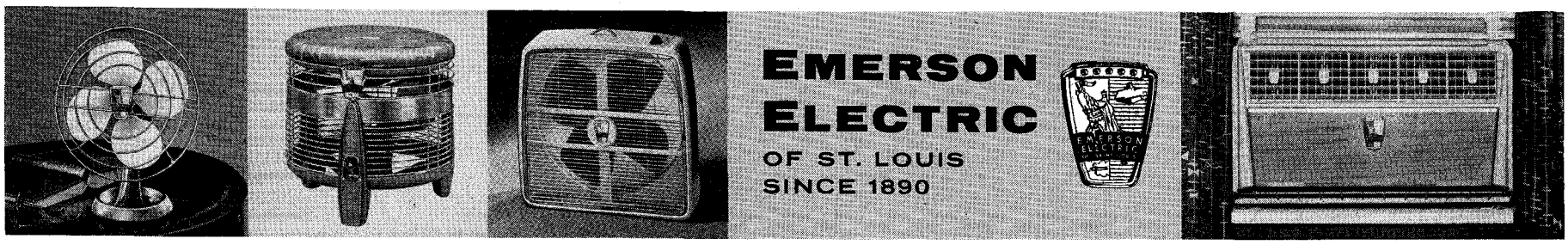

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(*Continued from Page 58*) negative support to Hong Kong by leaving it alone. Nobody doubts they could make the colony's existence extremely disagreeable, if they chose to do so. The Hong Kong government has never even considered outlawing Chinese communists, who operate openly. They publish newspapers, organize trade-unions, penetrate teaching staffs and even the police. They constitute a fifth column big and strong enough to create serious internal disorders whenever ordered to do by Peking.

But months and years have passed and the word has not come from Peking. Some of the old residents, who hastily liquidated their possessions and fled from Hong Kong after communist armies reached its borders in 1949, now have shamefacedly returned. Aware of what had happened in Peking and Shanghai, Americans were particularly nervous about the communists, and at one time Washington ordered women and children of its officials to leave Hong Kong. Some American concerns, including the Chase National Bank's branch, closed down.

Of course, Americans are not the only persons who make bad guesses. The British residents of Shanghai sadly misjudged what would happen to them. Although their government quickly recognized the Red regime, Shanghai Britons got the same treatment Americans did. Why was Hong Kong's fate different? British officials here explain: "Hong Kong has been British territory for more than a century, and that was never true of Shanghai or any other Chinese city. The Peking government knew Britons would fight to protect their own territory."

When I returned to Hong Kong recently I ran into an old friend of prewar China days, as one does frequently here—old China hands find Hong Kong a more congenial habitat than any other place. My friend said, "There is a very big news story here if you can get it. The entire British community in Hong Kong, inside and outside the government, is behaving as if it had positive assurances that Red Peking will not upset this crown colony for many years to come. It looks as if the British have made some kind of definite deal with Peking."

Naturally I followed up my friend's tip and questioned numerous Hong Kong officials and other informed residents. I then concluded that there has been no definite deal with Peking. But I also concluded that the Hong Kong government has taken a leaf out of the communist book and adopted a very specific plan. The communists prefer Five-Year Plans, but Hong Kong's rulers have outbid them. They have drawn up a Forty-One-Year Plan, ending in 1997. That is the year when the lease expires upon 356 of Hong Kong's 391 square miles. This British colonial metropolis was put together in three stages. The original mountainous island, covering thirty-two square miles, was ceded outright to Britain in 1842. At that time it was inhabited only by a few poor fishermen. The second stage came in 1860, when the Chinese Government ceded another sizable island in the harbor—called Stonecutters' Island—together with a three-square-mile chunk of the mainland peninsula called Kowloon. The last addition, and by far the largest, came in 1898, when the Chinese Government agreed to lease for ninety-nine years—but not to cede outright—the 356 square miles on the mainland which has been known ever since as the New Territories.

Those territories are not new any more; they have been a part of Hong Kong for fifty-eight years. The lease on them has just forty-one more years to run, and I have found nobody here who expects that lease ever will be renewed by a Chinese government, regardless of what kind of government rules China in 1997. Meanwhile the New Territories have been made such a vital part of the communal body of the colony that most experts agree the loss of the New Territories would make British rule in Hong Kong impracticable. That means, in effect, that a clear terminal date has been set for Britain's last Far Eastern outpost. By 1997, at the latest, this British colony is almost certain to be automatically liquidated.

For that very reason Hong Kong's shrewd and cool British rulers count upon Red Peking not to attempt to take by force a place which, with a little patience, will fall to them without fuss or effort. If these calculations prove to be sound, Hong Kong will, during the next forty-odd years, remain one of the world's most fascinating experiments, as well as one of the world's top ten beauty spots. One of the most antiquated governments on earth is undertaking to demonstrate here that it can do a better job for its people than its huge communist neighbor.

Thus far the Hong Kong government has succeeded altogether too well. Every Chinese resident is free to return to China at any time, and the colonial government has done its best to encourage an exodus to China to relieve overcrowding. Thousands of Chinese have gone back recently to visit relatives and have a look at conditions in China. But the great majority of them have decided to come back to the frantic competition of bursting Hong Kong. A surprising amount of private capital also is still being invested in Hong Kong, mostly by Chinese. Everywhere one turns, one sees new office buildings, apartment houses, housing developments and businesses. But all these investments have one common characteristic. They assure a complete return of capital, plus adequate interest, within about five years, sometimes even three. In all cases capital return is assured before 1997.

For Americans with every kind of interest, Hong Kong will continue to serve as a magnet, at least so long as Washington refuses to recognize the Red regime in China and Hong Kong remains a crown colony. In the Asiatic metropolis' good season, October through April, Hong Kong offers extraordinary natural beauty. The picturesque setting is spiced for American tourists by the fact that everybody does live a little dangerously. Perhaps Hong Kong will be permitted to carry out its Forty-One-Year Plan, but there is always the chance that it will not.

Most visiting Americans make the trip by train or bus or in limousines over smooth roads to the border between Hong Kong and Red China. They may, if they wish, touch the soil of Red China with outstretched fingers while Chinese communist soldiers impassively look on. Some of them return from the border shaking their heads, as they notice again how serenely Hong Kong's residents go about their affairs. The visitors exclaim, "Well, these Hong Kong people are amazing, whether or not they are living in a fool's paradise."

Reunion With Terror

(Continued from Page 41)

stretching from wall to wall, and he asked himself what impression Holm would have made on him if he had come here first instead of to the Stadelheim prison.

"My grandfather left him part of his library," Lisa said. "He was very fond of him. And Doctor Scholle, in whose office he worked, gave him the carpet when he got the job with Security. Mamma found the prints quite by chance, and some of the furniture used to be ours. But the trinkets and the Chinese collection and everything else he bought himself." She sounded proud and gay. "I like people with a sense of beauty, people who care. Of course, he should buy himself a decent suit rather than flowers."

"You do love him," Ward said, walking around the room as if he were not looking for something special, but merely interested in the furniture.

"Of course, I do," said Lisa. "I couldn't love him more if he were my real brother. And just like an only sister, I'm already afraid of the day I'll lose him to some pretty girl."

Ward stopped walking abruptly, and Lisa, noticing it, looked up, saw the expression on his face and laughed. "Oh, did you think I was so concerned about him because I am in love with him?" The thought seemed to amuse her. She chuckled. "I don't think I want to know my husband so intimately. From the start, I mean. No sense of curiosity left, not even the adventure of exploring the other person's mind."

"You didn't tell me that." Ward, seeing her in an entirely new light, shook his head. And for a moment he was completely unaware that now he no longer needed to restrain himself, that he would neither be taking advantage of Holm's situation nor be violating his pride if he told her about his feelings. Intent only on his job, he merely kept looking at Lisa.

She didn't realize, he thought, how much more weight her words in Holm's defense carried if one didn't think of her as a girl in love, blinded by emotions. Then his own reflection made him comprehend the new situation and he felt suddenly lightheaded, as if something wonderful had happened.

"You certainly don't give the impression of a sister when one hears you talk about him. Is your father aware that you regard Holm only as a brother?"

"No," said Lisa. "Maybe I made a mistake. I can see now what you mean. You think because papa is so eager to protect me, he refuses to discuss Holm with me?"

"What was the mistake?"

"Oh, I don't know." She bent to pick some wilted flowers out of the bunch of red chrysanthemums next to her. "I did want him to accept Holm, to take him sort of for granted, and somehow it didn't seem quite right to make him look upon Holm as the son he had always wanted and couldn't have. I discussed it with mamma the day before papa came back, and we both thought it would be better to let him think of Holm, for a while at least, as a possible husband." She rose and, rising, her eyes grew wide. "Oh look, look!" she cried. "The beautiful Tang horse. Where is it?"

"I kept the recordings in my room," Holm had said, "hidden in a big white horse." No wonder he had missed it, thought Ward, staring at the solid wooden block, empty except for a little bowl of fruit, in the corner, where Lisa was kneeling now. She was picking up some broken pieces from behind the stand. He knelt down beside her. Above them, a little to the left, a window stood open.

"The cats," she said. "I forgot his cats. Holm always leaves a window open so that they can come and go. But they've never ——" She hesitated and looked at Ward. "Do you think the room has been searched?"

"Possible."

"I see. Yes," she said. "So it's rather stupid, isn't it? To assume that Holm, if he were guilty, would leave anything that might prove his guilt in the very place the police had access to any time."

If the recordings of Holm's conversation with Picco had been there, thought Ward, they wouldn't have been absolute proof for anything. Talks could still have taken place between the two that had not been recorded. But that they were gone—what did that prove? Nothing more or less than that somebody had known about them and removed them.

"When were you in this apartment last, Lisa?"

"Yesterday morning," she said. "I came up after I knew he had left, to measure the space over there for the chest I plan to give him for Christmas."

"And the horse was not broken then?"

"Of course not, or I would have noticed it."

"Who cleans up for him?"

"Nobody," she said, looking at him tensely. "He always does it himself. He's too afraid somebody might break something. Why do you ask?"

"Lisa," he said, "you'd better not mention the broken horse to anybody."

Still kneeling, she looked up at him, her breath coming quickly. "You mean ——"

"Never mind," he said quickly, harshly. "I may be wrong. Entirely wrong. Give me time. I can't explain now. And don't come back here by yourself. Don't do anything without letting me know first."

He pulled her up from the floor and for a moment felt her shoulders tremble under his hands. "We'll go to my apartment, now," he said. "You look all done in. You can rest there for a while."

Of course, he was crazy. Ward lay on his untidy bed, arms crossed behind his head, and stared through the half-drawn curtain of the alcove at the illuminated aquarium. Crazy, he said to himself, crazy. But the germ of the idea that had formed in his mind at Holm's apartment had matured during the day. He had nothing to go by but his conviction that Holm was innocent. And the fact that he could not accept failure. Never mind what others said; somewhere he had failed. He had been content to have got Nemec out and let the German police watch him. He had gone home to sleep when, perhaps, he should have sat up in his room. Then there was Lisa. He didn't know her yet, but he trusted her judgment. And her mother, her grandfather, Doctor Scholle, his first boss—they all seemed to like him. And Scholle was a judge, used to dealing with human beings. But with that kind of past, with everyone who knew him well dead, except Lisa, he certainly came in handy for a frame-up.

Then there was Holm himself, Ward thought. Why did he believe in him when everything spoke against it? The recordings, if they existed, might have been only little help. But Holm's panic, when he had anticipated that they might be gone, had been real.

But how did he know how good an actor Holm (*Continued on Page 62*)

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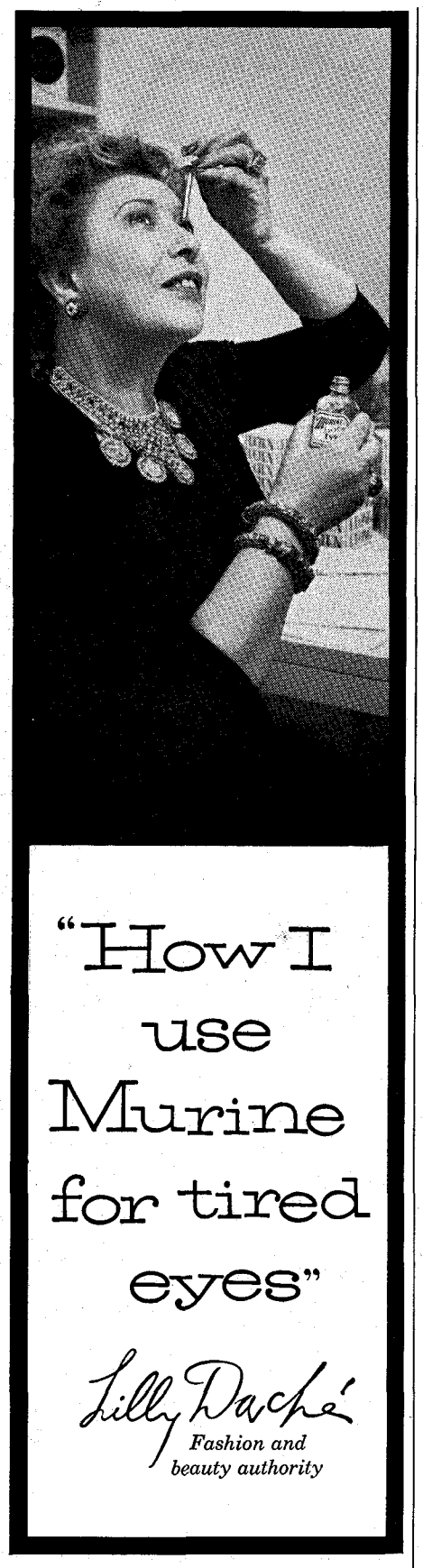

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(*Continued from Page 60*) might be, Ward asked himself. The only thing he could base anything on was that the whole case was too neat, the solution had come too quickly. Nemec's abduction, and already they had the traitor—Holm, the agent—Picco, who had notified his people, and Herman, a trusted witness against Holm. Ward sighed. But Linden, even as a young man, had had a reputation for efficiency.

Ward tried again. The police, examining the staff and guests of the Hotel Hof, had found nothing in Nemec's room, not even fingerprints. He himself had gone to Marie Maurer, pretending to be the son of an old admirer. She was beyond suspicion. So was Professor Vanner. Nothing in the reports of the detectives checking Vanner's nurse and Marie Maurer's maid had led to any possible trace.

But he had to start somewhere, Ward thought. And if he started with the assumption that Holm had been framed, that the records had existed and been removed, he came to the same conclusion again and again. Only one man had the power to do it—Dr. Franz Linden.

That was mad, thought Ward. He should not give it another thought. But he closed his eyes and back came the memory of the gray, snowy dawn in Eisenstein. Again he saw Tilly Linden's horrified face, heard her say, "He hasn't recognized me," saw her break away and run after Linden.

Sixteen years, he thought. Sixteen years. Linden had been a child during the first World War. As a young man he had seen the German republic fail, had suffered under the Nazis and gone from one terror to another. But had Russia meant terror to him? Had he perhaps seen in that country a new way of life? Had he been made to see and feel and believe that communism was the right solution? Brain-washed?

A voice in his mind that sounded surprisingly like Harrison's dry, throaty croak said, "But he's been checked again and again. You don't suppose Bonn hands out a job like his to somebody they're not a thousand per cent sure of?"

Of course not. Unless Linden had fooled them. He could have, couldn't he? He was the last to have spoken to Nemec. Why hadn't Nemec been seized after leaving Linden's house in the Maria Theresia Strasse? Ward frowned, annoyed with himself. He must be crazy to have forgotten the plain-clothes men watching Nemec. His abductors wouldn't have risked being seen and possibly caught. But they had risked transporting Nemec from balcony to balcony around the hotel. Naturally, if they had been discovered, they could have pushed Nemec down into the street and at least rendered him harmless.

He wasn't thinking clearly any longer, was he? Ward got up. He felt chilly. He put the kettle with water on the stove. And while he waited for it to boil, he strode up and down the room, clapping his arms around his shoulders to warm the blood in his body. Brain-washed, he thought. That would explain everything.

He heard a little noise below and opened the door to peer down the stairs. The small house was absolutely quiet. It must have been the wind or a door banging in the cellar. He took the boiling water and carried it over to the alcove where he had left the teapot. He took another swig of rum and lay down again.

Linden alone was in a position to delete Holm's statement that he had made recordings of every word he had exchanged with Picco. Why had he done it? Could Linden be involved? Linden? Dr. Franz Linden, chief of Security, the abductor of Nemec, a traitor, a spy for the Russians? Impossible. He must be mad.

Ward turned toward the wall. He was beginning to feel drowsy. "Try again," he said aloud. "Now, let's suppose ——"

He never heard the footsteps coming up the stairs, coming to a stop in front of his door.

The man who stood outside Ward's door was of such slight build that, seen from afar, one could have taken him for a child. To the people for whom he worked he was known as "The Squirrel" and, like a squirrel, he had sharp little teeth, and eyes that never looked still, but darted from side to side, furtively, attentively, missing nothing and always on guard.

Without making a sound, he entered Ward's room and at once slipped behind the screen that hid the little kitchen. With carefully gloved hands, he turned on two gas jets. Two would do, he thought. The room was quite small.

For a couple of minutes he waited, smelling the sweet, foul odor of the escaping gas; then tiptoed out of the room, down the steep, narrow steps and out onto the street. There, looking about him quickly, he took off the rags he had wound around his shoes so as not to leave any footprints, then walked on up the street to where he had left his push-cart. . . .

As a child and as a youngster, Ward had often been plagued by dreams. Now he dreamed that two men were attacking him. One of them sitting on his chest, while the other put his hands on Ward's throat from behind, trying to strangle him. He could no longer breathe. Breathe deeply, Ward told himself. But he could only cough, and cough again, and the cough hurt his lungs and woke him. A dream, he thought, and tried to inhale slowly. And then he knew that something was wrong; he wanted to sit up and couldn't. His body simply refused the orders of his mind.

His limbs seemed to be made of lead. He couldn't lift them. There was a dizziness—a ringing, noisy dizziness in his head that made it impossible to think clearly. Then, suddenly he knew that he couldn't die without clearing up the Nemec case, without finding out exactly to what extent he was to blame for Nemec's abduction, and he made himself roll off his bed, hitting the floor hard, and crawled along it, pushing himself forward inch by inch.

The window seemed a mile away, but when he reached it he had no strength left to pull himself up and open it. For a moment he just sat there, staring blindly about him. Then, with enormous effort, he made one hand move, and knew by his touch that he had found the rusty horseshoe which he used to weigh down papers. It took another couple of minutes and again great effort to lift it, to hurl it in the direction of the window. He heard the sound of splintering glass before he fainted again.

After a while, the rush of ice-cold air revived him. This time he could lift himself on his knees, and he stuck his head against the hole the horseshoe had made. One of the sharp points struck his forehead and he could feel the blood dribble, warm and comforting, over his face. He paid no attention to it, but went on breathing deeply and, as his lungs received oxygen, his brain started to function again.

He opened the windows wide; then he went to the door and locked it. He got his pistol from under his pillow and uncocked the safety latch; then he went to the stove and turned off the two open jets. Had he forgotten to turn off the gas last night? He looked back toward his bed, where the tray with his cup and the teakettle still stood. Then he went to the bathroom and was violently sick.

Harrison had taken to skiing only during the last few years. There was something about snow-covered mountains and the exhilaration of his own speed which, just because it demanded intense concentration, made him forget the emptiness inside him. In spite of his age, he was rather good at it; quite often he took risks he should have avoided, not caring if he fell and hurt himself. There was very little he cared about. And of all the people he knew, Ward was perhaps the only one for whom he had a feeling of kinship.

He was already dressed for a day's outing when Ward rang the bell to the apartment where he lived with the quiet, depressed woman his wife had become after the death of their children. He put the skis back into the rack in the entrance hall, but absent-mindedly took his sticks with him into the living room. Ward looked pale and excited, and Harrison didn't like that particular look. He couldn't have found out anything yet, he thought, wondering about the gash on Ward's forehead, and nodded to Ward.

Quickly, Ward told him and, when he had finished without being interrupted once, Harrison said precisely what Ward had feared he would say, only he said it more sharply, because he was deeply concerned. "Why don't you take a leave of absence? Go on a vacation for a while?"

He saw Ward swallow hard. "You think I'm mad?"

"I think you are overwrought. I think you're not yourself."

"That happens to be correct," said Ward. "I am Nemec, a brave old man with a weak heart who has a right to think that the books on him aren't closed, that at least his betrayer will be found, so that what happened to him can be prevented in the future. I am Holm, accused of high treason which I haven't committed, without a chance to get out of prison and clear myself. And just now I am trying to be Linden, a brain-washed man."

Harrison felt very tired suddenly. He didn't feel like skiing any more. And then he looked at the pale, serious, compassionate face of Kenneth Ward and said with infinite patience what he had said before, "Nemec's abduction is unfortunate, but we have to accept it. If Holm is guilty, the trial will prove it. As far as Linden is concerned ——" He could only shake his head. "A man known as a patriot, as a democrat, as an anti-Nazi who suffered hell for his convictions. Few could be fitter for his post than a man with his past. Bonn knows what it is doing."

He tried to get through to Ward, but saw by the expression on the other's face that he was not succeeding. "Think of it, how we would react if, let's say, the French in America would decide to investigate the head of the FBI."

Ward said hotly that that was a silly comparison. Besides, no man he knew had ever been so many years in Russian hands, and what about the obviously stolen records? What about Lisa Linden's knowledge of Holm? What about the neatness of the whole affair? The agent, Picco, deciding from one minute to the other to turn state witness; the man, Herman, who had been a communist until a couple of weeks ago, turning up just at the most convenient moment? To all of which, Harrison shook his head, and at Ward's last remark he raised an eyebrow as if he wanted to ask Ward if he didn't remember that it was mostly ex-communists from whom the world got information about Russia.

"And what about me?" said Ward, pointing to the gash on his forhead. He

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started to pace the room, but had to sit down again, weak and perspiring. "I have no doubt that an attempt was made to murder me. And the fact that I have not been clunked over the head or stabbed or shot proves that whoever came into my room—the room occupied by a reporter, Martin, over whom no cock would crow—knew that I was Intelligence, connected with Nemec. An Intelligence officer is never murdered openly, but, if possible, made to meet with an accident."

"But you are not even sure that you didn't leave on the gas yourself."

"I couldn't swear to it," said Ward, "but ——"

"It seems more probable to you that the chief of Security turned it on."

In the state of mind he was in, Ward could not take sarcasm. He answered hotly, "So I'm a nuisance! But back me up just once more, and if I'm wrong I'll quit altogether."

James Harrison thought that Ward did not understand the situation, that he seemed to have forgotten that Germany was once more a sovereign power and that anything like what he proposed could lead to a definite danger in the relationship between Bonn and Washington.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I can't go along with you. I have to refuse any part of this," and he sighed. But his orders were to avoid any clash with high German officials. "Your leave of absence starts today."

If he decided to carry on without Harrison's O.K., Ward knew, he would be entirely on his own. Harrison would neither cover him nor come to his aid, nor would he have any facilities at his disposal.

"Why don't you really go skiing for a couple of weeks?" said Harrison, offering him his cigarettes. "Holm's case won't come up for quite a time, anyhow. I mean it, Ward. Why don't you take a rest?" . . .

The first thing he did after leaving Harrison was to look for a different place to live. What he had said to Harrison about not having been killed, when it would have been so easy to kill him in his sleep, showed him not only that his enemies were aware of his dual personality but raised the question: How could they possibly have found out, when, for years, his cover as a newspaperman had not been penetrated?

It took only a short process of addition and elimination to arrive at the conclusion that his true identity could have been discovered only through Lisa Linden. Harrison or anybody might have told Linden that Kenneth Ward had been responsible for Nemec's escape, but none of them, despite the best relationship, would have given away the fact that Ward and the reporter, Martin, were identical. So Lisa must have mentioned him to her father. Again he heard her voice, asking him anxiously if she shouldn't mention him to Linden.

Lisa. Ward looked at his watch. He had almost forgotten that he was to meet her at eleven-thirty. For a moment he wondered if it was wise to see her now under such different circumstances. The next moment he knew that the only chance he had of finding out anything about Linden was through her.

If he had been trailed before, it was unlikely that he would be followed now when his enemies must believe him dead. They wouldn't trail him again until they had found out that their plan hadn't worked. Still he moved with great caution. He sent a wire to his landlady saying that he had gone away for a week, and to please feed the fish; then he rented a car from a garage he had not dealt with before; then he went to the station, where he kept a locker with some luggage, met the man from the garage, but took a taxi to the Platzl.

The courtyard of the Hofbrauhaus was almost deserted. Inside, though, there was the usual picture—people milling about like ants, sitting along the trestle tables, standing at the buffet or leaning against pillars and windows. Waitresses rushed back and forth from the larders that contained only sausages, hanging like streamers from iron hooks. Toasts echoed, orders were shouted, a guitar twanged, dogs barked, and the woman selling the little *Münchner Kindl* dolls kept shrieking her wares in a high, shrill voice.

It was at her stand where he finally saw Lisa. Again she was wearing a stocking cap, and she still had on her dark glasses, which gave her a serious look. Now she took them off.

"You're late," she said. "I thought it was the privilege of a woman not to be on time."

She noticed the nasty gash on his forehead and pointed at it, her voice suddenly concerned. "What's that?"

"I got drunk last night," he said, "and ran against a lamppost." He took her arm and led her to a table in the next room.

Third Generation

Above my sleeping grandchild's
crib I linger,
Finding her year-old beauty
irresistible.
Ah, woman! Twisting man
around her finger!
Ah, grandsires! Of all mortal
men most twistable!

By Richard F. Armknecht

"You don't look like someone who gets so high, he hurts himself," she said soberly. "Why don't you tell me?"

"Curiosity, thy name is ——"

"I won't ask any more." From a paper plate she had bought earlier, she picked up a white radish, cut so skillfully in one piece that one could pull the whole thing apart, like a tiny white accordion and offered him some. "Only I was afraid you might be in some sort of trouble."

He pretended not to have heard her. "How lovely you look," he said, feeling sad that what he meant so seriously might one day be misconstrued as bait.

"I have been told that." She smiled a little impatiently, as though flattery was the last thing she wanted at this moment.

"Of course."

He had forgotten that she was mixing daily with a student crowd. It had also not occurred to him that there might be a man besides Holm who was important in her life. But when he asked her, she shook her head.

"I really don't know why. It just happened that we were so close—mamma, Holm and I—that nobody else managed to become a part of our little circle. And my studies always seemed to take up all my free time. I used to work so hard while gramp was still alive that mamma worried. But I had no other idea then but to work under gramp, to learn the ropes, so as to be able to help him. I still want to be able to take my place in the factory as soon as possible." She smiled again, but this time her smile was serious. "And when I wanted an escort, there was always Holm." She paused, then said, "He's always loved me, even when I annoyed him, and that makes it all the more important that I help him. It's being loved that puts one under much greater obligation than what one might feel oneself, isn't it?"

The obligation that arose from allowing somebody to love one? Yes, thought Ward, and suddenly he knew that he had been ready to love, but not to be loved, because it meant too much responsibility.

She waited until he had ordered beer and *Weisswürstel* before she added, "Ever since we left Holm's apartment —— I couldn't sleep all night. I kept thinking about what you didn't tell me. Holm hid something in that Chinese horse and told you about it. That's why you wanted to see how he lived. Whatever he hid was gone, wasn't it?"

Ward didn't answer. Carefully, like a real Bavarian, he started to blow on his beer gently, just enough to make the foam move and show the color of the beer.

"Until then, I thought Holm had been arrested because somewhere, somehow, a mistake had been made; now I can't believe in a mistake any more. Somebody willfully, deliberately, made it look as if Holm were the guilty one and stole whatever might have helped prove his innocence."

When Ward had made the date to meet her, he had hoped for a very personal talk; now he had to strive for even more intimacy, but for a different purpose. No time for love, he thought, watching her sip her beer slowly, wondering what he should answer.

She put down her stein and looked straight at him. "It's what you think or am I wrong?"

"That's what I think, and I shall do my best to help." And to cut her short, to satisfy the nagging curiosity which was part of the reason he was here, he asked abruptly, "Lisa, did you by any chance tell your father about me, after all?"

She blushed deeply, as if caught in a forbidden act. "I would have if he had given me a chance."

"But you are certain you didn't?"

"I just told you. No."

Such utter surprise showed on her face that he realized sharply that she was not used to having her word doubted. But then, how had Linden found out about his dual personality?"

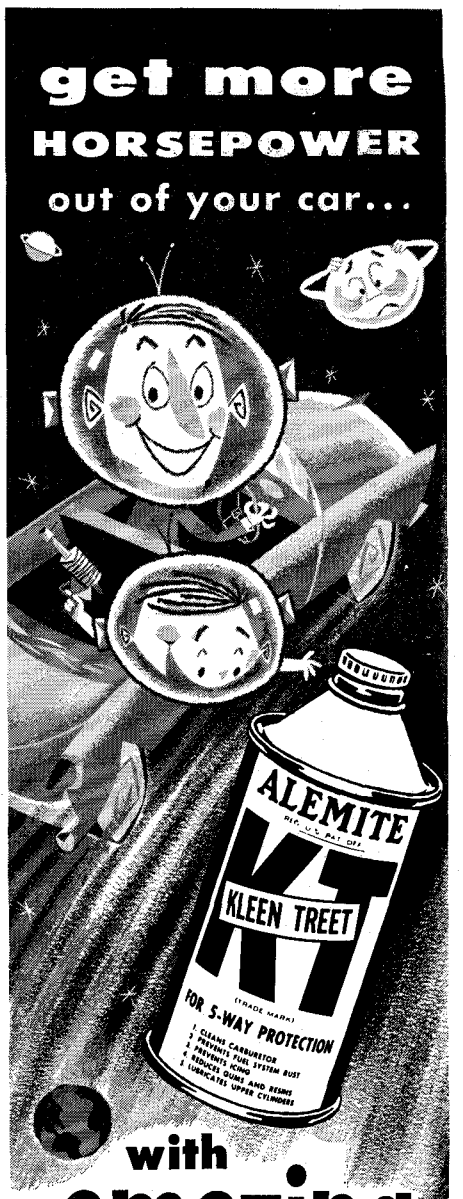
It took him a second to grasp that Lisa had just given him the opening he wanted. "What do you mean, your father didn't give you a chance?"

"Well, of course, I kept on trying to change his mind about Holm. He simply forbade me to mention him, as if he had no respect for anybody's opinion but his own."

One of the old radish women came by their table again, and Ward bought another plate before he said casually, "And yet he has the reputation of being such a kind and understanding man."

"Kind, yes," said Lisa. "He's very kind. Just as mamma said. But he isn't warm, you know. How can I describe it? He kisses me and strokes my head and takes me in his arms, but somehow"—she looked at him, at a loss for words—"some people exude warmth; like Holm, for instance, or you. Yes, you do. I shall never forget the way you held me when mamma ——"

This time it was he who took her hand, and she let it rest in his. "I know, of course, that he suffered enormously and mamma's death didn't help. It must make him bitter and hard. How could he be otherwise than hard after all he's gone through? But sometimes he seems just like a marionette, going through all the actions, but moved by somebody else—not really feeling them. I try to make it easy for him. Really, I do try. Poor papa. I feel so sorry for him."



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Ward did not interrupt her, but sat listening quietly to the flow of her words. Like a marionette, he thought, repeating in his mind what she had just said—going through all the actions, but moved by somebody else. Moved by whom?

Sharply he warned himself not to weigh her words on his side of the scale. He remembered the night a few weeks ago when she had sat in his car and told him the story of her parents. She seemed to remember it at the same moment. She turned to him.

"I always seem to be talking to you about papa. Maybe you remember the night when we waited for him to return. You don't know what you did for me then, just letting me rattle on. I was so scared."

"Of what were you scared?"

"Of what he would be like in reality. Mostly I was scared for mamma, that he wouldn't live up to her expectations. In a way, mamma never grew up in her relationship with him. She thought because her feelings hadn't changed, his couldn't have, either. That they would simply start where they had left off. We all tried to warn her, told her she must prepare herself to find him completely changed. She just laughed at us."

"Is he so different from what your mother told you about him?"

Lisa stared pensively at her plate. "Yes and no. I can't put my finger on it. I never knew him. Almost everything I know about him I've been told. Maybe mamma exaggerated his good qualities and forgot some of his faults."

He leaned back in his chair. "And what do you call faults?"

"They're not really faults; just things mamma may have forgotten to mention. For instance, he's vain; something I didn't expect. He looks at himself in the mirror ever so often. And he's careless. I mean, he doesn't seem to care. There's very little sentiment in him. The other day something quite valuable broke, an heirloom. He just shrugged. And he's rude to the servants, as though it bothered him to have them around. And he never jokes. He has no sense of humor. Maybe he never had one. But most of all, he can't stand an argument."

Small, unimportant things, thought Ward, and yet —— "Any man who has endured what he has might no longer attach any value to trinkets or even more valuable things, might have grown so used to being alone that any person could seem like an intruder. His nerves could be so shot that the slightest opposition to his views might seem a major obstacle." Listening to his own words, he knew that he was speaking as Harrison would have spoken.

"That's what I keep telling myself," said Lisa, and her voice sounded strangely relieved, as if she had expected a different, less favorable reaction from him; "give him time to fit into a normal life again. I know I must stop comparing him to the ideal mamma built up. It's not fair to criticize anybody because he doesn't live up to an illusion. Maybe I'm not the daughter he dreamed of, either. But I had hoped that somehow he would be very close, make up for the time we missed. But then, what girl my age gets on with her father all the time?"

How much of her disappointment was she revealing, how much did she keep secret? "All fathers are a little jealous of their daughters."

She laughed. "Yes, jealous he is. Of everything. Of my work, of the time I spent in gramp's factory, of Doctor Windl, our old doctor. And from the first moment, he was jealous of Holm. I guess that's what really bothered me."

Jealous, Ward wondered. Jealous? Or preparing the way for a long-range plan?

"But I never knew he actually disliked Holm until the day of his arrest." She looked up. "That brought it all to a head. I always thought of my father as a man dedicated to justice, risking his neck to be fair, to give people a chance, but he ——"

"If I had been in Linden's place," Harrison had said, "I would have had Holm arrested, too, immediately, instead of taking any chances." But Harrison hadn't known the boy the way Linden had, for several weeks of almost daily contact.

He phrased his words with utmost caution. "Lisa," he said, "your father may have become hard. After all the injustice he suffered, he may no longer think in the same terms as you and I."

At once he saw he had gone too far. She spoke sharply. "What exactly do you mean?"

"Isn't it possible for a man to change his mind? Maybe he has come to believe that the end justifies all means."

She didn't catch the full meaning of his words. Hotly, she answered, "My father was sent to Dachau because he despised just that theory." Then she grew very pale, the color draining from her eyes. "What are you trying to say?"

"Your father might no longer share Holm's view that Germany is a Western power, but think that a closer collaboration between Russia and ——"

She did not let him finish. "In other words, you want to tell me papa is aware that Holm's arrest is a mistake and won't stand up for him because ——" She stopped. "Preposterous! There is a vast difference between not sticking out your neck for someone you dislike or distrust, and willfully ruining him. How dare you even think such a foul thing?"

"I'm sorry," he said. "It was merely theoretical. I just wanted to find out how far you yourself are interested in seeing justice done. Now I know that if it came to a choice between your father and Holm, you, too, would decide that it is Holm who is the guilty one."

For a long time, Lisa said nothing. She sat motionless, except for the slight gesturing of her right hand.

When she finally spoke, her voice was very quiet. "I know we both think Holm has been framed. I remember that it was I who asked you if you agreed that something Holm had hidden in the Chinese horse had been stolen. But what gives you the right to suspect my father of having anything to do with it?"

"I have no right," he said, taking her hand in both his; "not even the slightest base for suspicion. I am merely trying to figure out how Holm could have been arrested innocently. It was you who asked me to do everything I could to help him."

"And you can't think of any other way than flinging the most fantastic accusation at the only person left of my family. Make no mistake, regardless of whatever I may have said about papa, all those silly little complaints, I love him. I will never believe that he could be changed to such an extent that one could not trust his conscience."

"It might not be his fault at all."

But she did not understand what he didn't dare phrase. Great heaven, he thought, watching her pale, sad face, what was he doing to her? If he was wrong, she would never forgive him. And if he was right, what right did he have, while he was still groping in the dark, to burden her with thoughts like these?

Her hand was still in his, cold, lifeless. She seemed unaware of it. But when he raised it to his lips, she withdrew it quickly. All warmth had left her voice when she turned, smiling at him conventionally. "I'll have to go in a minute. I want to look at some stamps I'm going to give papa for a Christmas present. He's got quite a collection, you know. Mamma kept it up, and I'm glad he's taking such an interest in it. Men should have a hobby, shouldn't they?" She was putting on her gloves. "I guess I'd better make an appointment with gramp's lawyer. Don't you think a good lawyer would serve Holm's interests best?"

Of course, he should have expected such a reaction on her part. He had been too rash, too inconsiderate, too intent on solving his own problems. "The best man I can think of is a man called Clements."

"Thank you." She looked at him coldly. "And where should I telephone you, just in case? The News or your home?"

"I quit my job," Ward said, and Lisa sat down again.

"You quit your job? You weren't fired, Martin, were you?"

Ward shrugged.

She took her gloves off again. "Because of me?" she asked. "Because I made you go to see Holm? Did anybody find out?"

"No, no," he said. Then, at a table near the passage to the other room, he saw the man he had been noticing for quite a while now, and who had got up when Lisa rose, come back to his table, glance at them, hesitate and sit down again. Somewhere he had seen that man before. But he could not recall when and where.

"Lisa," he said, "don't look now, but there's a woman with a red hat, and next to her a man, fumbling with his beer warmer and reading a paper. Do you know him?"

She shook her head. "Why?"

And then Ward knew where he had seen him. That morning—when he had left Holm. At a corner of the Stadelheimer Strasse he had been bumped into by this man.

Simultaneously with his thoughts, Lisa said, "Oh, he does look familiar, and I know why. He was at the prison, waiting, like me, for someone inside to look out."

"Will you do me a favor?" Ward said. "Get up, buy a little doll, anything, at the stand; then come back here."

"Martin, you are really quite mad." But she did as he asked her, and she was not twenty steps away when the man put down his newspaper and ambled up the aisle between a row of tables. Not he but Lisa was being watched. She came back to him, holding out a tiny flag with Munich's emblem of a monk.

"Lisa," he said, "I think you're being followed. Can you think of any reason why you should be followed?"

"By that man? Only the obvious one." She turned. "I have to go. You can always find me at the university if there's anything you want me to know"—and she was gone before he could stop her.

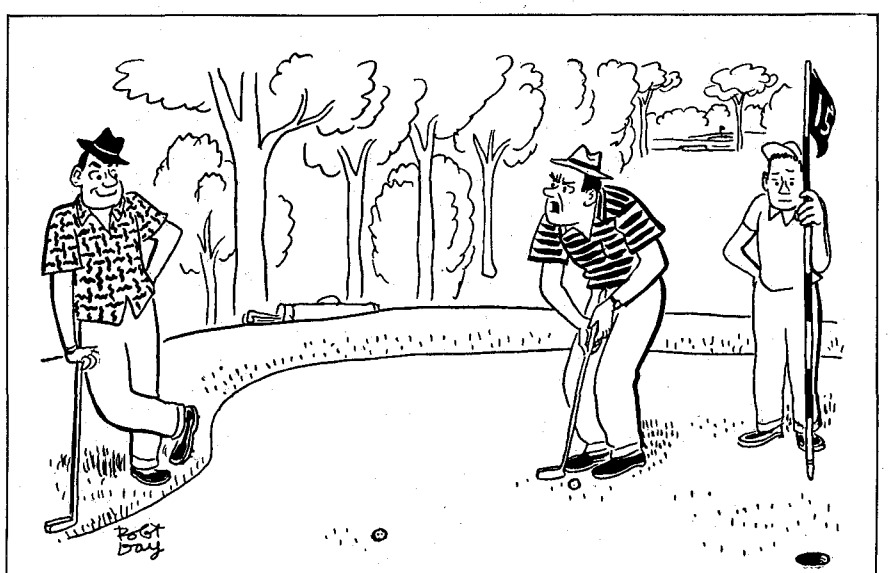
For a long time Ward remained seated, his face as bland as a poker player's, his right hand in the pocket of his jacket, tight around the little Mauser that fitted it perfectly, his left holding the heavy blue stein, his mind spinning. If only he had noticed the man before; if only, before they had started talking, he could have proved to Lisa that she was being followed, and their whole painful conversation might have taken a very different course. He might have been able to prove that her father's mind did not work like other people's fathers; that, somehow, Linden was sick, and gradually worked up to his suspicions from there. There was no doubt in his mind that only Linden could have ordered Lisa watched. She knew nothing of Nemec, of Picco or Herman; of any of the things that had led to Holm's arrest. Nobody could have any interest whatsoever in having an innocent, twenty-year-old girl trailed, except a man who had to fear the actions of that girl, to whom it was of vital concern to know what this human being, living so closely to him that she could become a threat, was doing, whom she was seeing, to whom she was talking. No, Lisa had not mentioned him to Linden. She had been seen with him. Thus his cover as the reporter, Martin, had been disclosed.

A brain-washed man, thought Ward, trying to do the job he had been released to do, a man who took every precaution to guard himself against any possibilities. Brain-washed.

Ward put down his stein and, highly irritated, scratched his head. He knew so little of the process of brain-washing, but somewhere he had heard or read that it all started with invoking the deepest possible feeling of guilt in a man. And was there a man who did not know guilt? Highly intellectual, highly sensitive, a man like Linden could have been the most desirable object, worth working on for years. And with his knowledge, his intelligence intact, functioning perfectly, he could fool everyone. Everyone, thought Ward. That was what the book said; or had some psychiatrist told him? Everyone, including his family, except for one person who would notice a certain frigidity—his wife.

Slowly, Ward lighted a cigarette. Except his wife. Once more he saw the scene at the border, Tilly Linden running along the narrow highway after her husband. The truck had run her down before she could reach him.

TO BE CONTINUED



"Kindly stop fixing me with that wide, unblinking stare!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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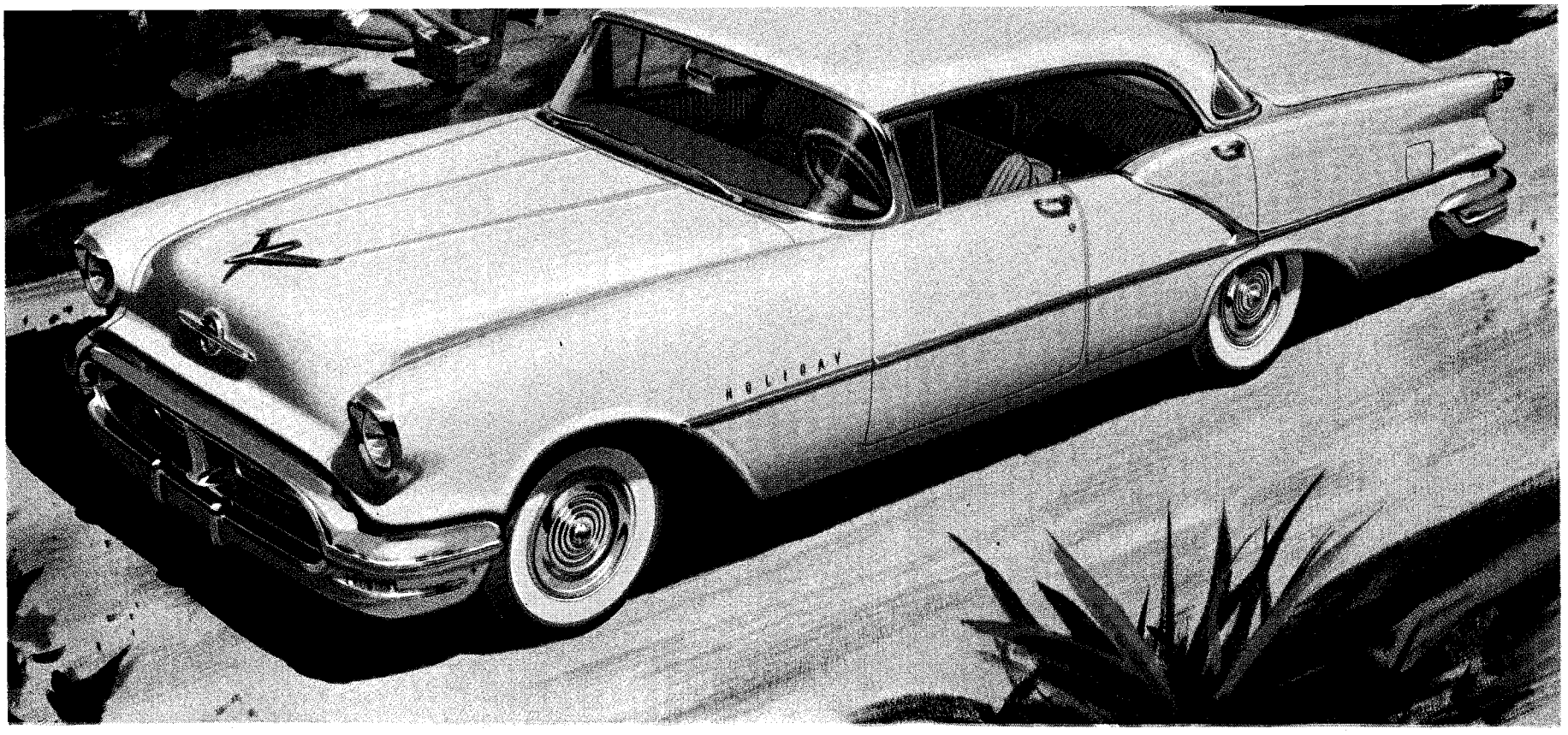

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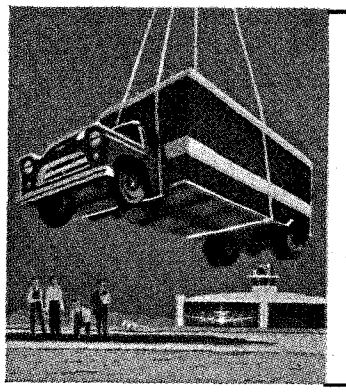

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Be sure you ride on RAYON—world's leading tire cord

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Candidate Bubbling With Charm

(Continued from Page 27)

Symington's relations with the former President, incidentally, have often been interpreted as a feud. The two certainly have disagreed at times on policy matters, but persons very close to both are vigorously insistent that there is no personal ill feeling. The senator still speaks affectionately of Mr. Truman as "the boss" and the former President was in a friendly mood recently when he went out of his way to give Symington a neighborly lift on his airplane when both were en route to St. Louis.

So far, Symington has rigorously—and wisely, his friends believe—put down efforts to start an organized presidential boom for him. But his name has been discussed with increasing frequency in the Democratic hierarchy and one of the party's ablest pulse takers recently made a quiet series of probing trips through key sections of the country that impressed him with Symington's potentialities at the grass-roots level.

Such straws in the wind do not capture a presidential nomination. They merely indicate strong or weak points or what might happen, when and if. For example, Symington as a compromise candidate has been the subject of much favorable comment in the Southern and, more recently, the border states. His influential friends include Sen. Richard B. Russell, of Georgia, and Sen. George A. Smathers, of Florida; and his moderate stand on civil-rights problems has seemed acceptable to all but extremists on both sides of the integration controversy.

But the Missouri senator's prospects would be destroyed if he were inaccurately regarded as a candidate of the South. He has diligently avoided being linked with the Southern bloc in Congress, while assiduously cultivating the ground for a future yield of votes in other areas. For example, he is generally regarded with favor and, in some instances, with enthusiasm among the nation's top labor leaders. His contacts in the business world are probably broader than any other potential candidate's and his business experience has varied from manual labor in the shops to top executive posts in big companies. He has a background of effective administrative service in no less than six important Government jobs. He represents a Midwestern farming state and he was strongly supported by Negro voters in his only election contest so far.

"Perhaps," a prominent Democrat said recently, "the important point is that Stu, as a compromise candidate, doesn't start out with any major political group already set against him. Furthermore, he was born in Massachusetts, grew up in Maryland, spent most of his business career in New York State and then moved to Missouri. So far as I know, he never prospected for gold in California, but that may show up, too, one of these days. Anyway, there's another important factor—he's lucky, and always has been. For instance, the fact that his Senate subcommittee is investigating air power this summer was not his decision, but with a little bit of luck it can keep him prominently in the news right up toward convention time. Of course, he's likely to keep on saying he's not a candidate, but if he hears a thunderclap at the Chicago convention, he's not going to duck under a chair to escape the lightning bolt."

Symington never has been much inclined toward ducking. When he first joined the Truman Administration as Surplus Property Administrator in 1945, his direct approach and his pleasant disdain for red tape amazed, delighted and sometimes dismayed the war-weary national capital. He worked hard and expected others to do the same. He frankly told congressmen that certain early mistakes in his department were even worse than they suspected. He chewed gum and carelessly draped himself over the lectern when addressing his staff. He was a good listener, especially with his feet perched on a desk. He smiled easily and his temper flared just as easily. He played fiercely to win in everything he did, and he had an uncanny instinct for ignoring unimportant details in order to plunge straight to the kernel of a problem.

Once when his desk was piled eyebrow high with important official papers a top-echelon staff member brought him still another handful of documents labeled "urgent." Symington gave him a half-quizzical, half-hostile glance.

"What happens," he asked sardonically, "if I refuse to look at these immediately?"

"Oh, no! The routine of the whole department would be disrupted."

Symington held the documents above the pile of papers on his desk, tore them in two, tossed them in the wastebasket and went back to work. The department survived.

Frequently, Symington and his staff worked late. One morning on arriving at his office he pressed the squawk-box buzzer to talk to an aide—"You can always tell when he presses the button," an associate once said, "because it sounds sharper"—but got no answer. He pressed all the buttons on the box at once, but only one man showed up on time. Later he called everybody in.

"Gentlemen," he said, "let's get this straight. In this office, we arrive at eight-thirty because that is official regulations. And we stay late when necessary because we love our work. That's all."

Symington impressed Washington as honest and direct; as an able administrator who could collect a top-notch staff and get things done under difficult conditions. "During the Berlin air lift, when he was Air Force secretary, a strike in the Midwest threatened to ground our planes for lack of parts," a former aide recalled. "Symington sent planes to collect the plant managers and the union leaders, brought them to Washington, put them in an office suite with plenty of food and coffee, and kept them there until they reached an agreement the next day."

He was usually in a hurry, but he demanded thoroughness from his staff. "He's like an electronic scanner," an ex-associate said. "He's always reaching out instinctively, probing for soft spots and sensing them where you think there are none. He made us all feel he knew everything that was going on all the time. He didn't, by a long shot, but he made everybody realize who was the boss." He demonstrated that he could make friends—he played poker at the White House and got advice from Bernard Baruch—in the right places during his first years in Washington. "He also," one close observer added, "irritated hell out of some influential persons in Government and out."

In general, however, the Symington charm is little short of amazing. It has not only fluttered the hearts of feminine voters but impressed the rugged males of the Missouri countryside. Six feet, two inches tall and a slim 185 pounds, the senator has light, almost reddish-brown hair, blue eyes and a frame that could, if necessary, make a bargain-basement suit look like a London tailor's product. This despite a slightly stiff left elbow that has had a piece of silver in the joint since a childhood accident changed him from left-handed to ambidexterous. He speaks in a semi-drawl, has a quiet sense of humor and a smile boyish enough to make him appear younger than his fifty-five years. He plays golf right-handed in the seventies, used to play excellent tennis left-handed, shoots, fishes, and is a pleasantly entertaining social companion.

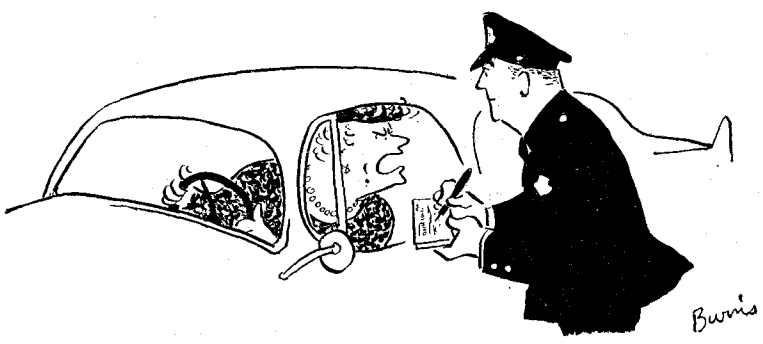
On the other hand, Symington at work has had a difficult if reasonably successful struggle to curb a tendency toward impatience and irritability that, in the past, has impressed some people as tinged with arrogance and a disregard for others. His impatience was obvious at times when he was on the committee investigating the famous televised feud between Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy and the Army. Symington lacks the training of most senators in courtroom tactics and his friends strongly warned him that he was too inexperienced and too thin-skinned to take on a master of roughhouse debate like McCarthy. Nevertheless, Symington often seemed hardly able to restrain himself when the Wisconsin senator baited him as "Sanctimonious Stu" and made vicious attacks on top military leaders. Frequently, Sen. Henry M. Jackson, of Washington, was seen putting a restraining hand on Symington's arm or whispering a word of caution. In the end, however, Symington felt he had to speak out in defense of the Army. He also advised McCarthy to see a psychiatrist. The hearings were a triumph for nobody, including Symington, and there is still a sharp difference of opinion whether he helped or hurt himself politically. He received some 4000 letters a day for a time, rather evenly divided between criticism and praise.

The fact that Symington once suffered from high blood pressure and severe headaches may have contributed to his quick temper. In 1947, however, he underwent a rather risky operation in which the sympathetic nerves leading to the spine were severed. It was a complete success. Today his health is excellent. He seldom takes more than a social drink, and he hasn't smoked for years. But, more important, the operation and the passage of years seem to have steadied and smoothed his temperament, taken the edge off his abrasive tongue and enabled him to subdue if not eliminate his tendency to flare up like a Roman candle.

Nobody is likely to mistake Symington for an egghead, but his mind works precisely and with great agility, and his power of concentration enables him to shift with lightning speed from one problem to another. He may be deep in conversation on one subject and suddenly pick up the telephone to call someone on an entirely different problem, about which he obviously had been thinking as he talked. He is persuasive without being a skilled orator and he is a tremendous salesman of ideas, whether speaking in short, punchy sentences to a crowd or just leaning forward across his desk—his body tensely crouched and his finger jabbing the air—to make a point to a visitor. "See?" he asks repeatedly. "See what I mean?"

It is highly unlikely that anyone has ever failed to see what Symington meant in regard to an issue in which he is interested. Once he has made up his mind, he is likely to become an indefatigable advocate, without much interest in compromise. His persistence has from time to time brought him into policy disagreement with such figures as Secretaries of State George C. Marshall and Dean Acheson, Defense Secretaries James Forrestal and Louis A. Johnson, Treasury Secretary John W. Snyder, President Truman and, more recently, Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson and President Eisenhower.

Most of these conflicts have concerned Symington's advocacy of a bigger and better Air Force, a subject on which his persistent thrusts from the floor of the Senate have frequently needled the President and Wilson into making indirect replies. Briefly, he believes the Administration has done a "wrecking job" on the Air Force, of which he was the first secretary, and has tried to draw a "curtain of silence" over the wreckage by unnecessary censorship. He believes that failure to keep ahead of the Soviet Union in certain phases of air strength—intercontinental ballistic missiles, for instance—represents a foolhardy risk of national security; that unification of the armed



The Perfect Squelch

A police officer stopped an offending vehicle and explained to the indignant matron behind the wheel that she had wandered over the double line three times, ignored a boulevard stop and executed an illegal left turn. As he wrote the ticket, he listened politely to the woman's vehement protest.

"The trouble with you policemen," she concluded bitterly, "you spend all your time picking on respectable citizens. Why don't you catch some of these drunk drivers for a change?"

"Madam," was the soft reply, "I thought I had one."

Joe Grenzeback

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forces is a myth and that the nation could get better and more modern national defense for about $5,000,000,000 less a year by cleaning up the wasteful "mess" in the Pentagon.

So intense is Symington's long-standing interest in national defense that his position, by a considerable stretch of the imagination, has sometimes been compared to that of Winston Churchill when Churchill was called a warmonger in the 1930's because he futilely pestered the British Conservative government to keep up with Hitler's rearmament program. Any such comparison obviously raises some big and controversial "if's" about the trend of world affairs, problems of safeguarding the national economy and the requirements of an adequately balanced defense force—questions which Symington's critics feel he does not give proper consideration.

The senator's sincerity in his own viewpoint, however, was emphasized this summer when he made a valiant effort to keep speculation on the impending presidential election separated from his subcommittee's air-power investigation. Needless to say, he has not escaped the charge of playing politics, but he has acted with such circumspection that even Pentagon officials acknowledged the honesty of his motives if not the justice of his charges against the Administration.

William Stuart Symington, 3rd—he signed his name W. Stuart Symington until a few years ago, when he dropped the "W."—was born on June 26, 1901, at Amherst, Massachusetts, where his father was a poorly paid college professor of Romance languages. Much later he became a lawyer, then municipal judge, in Baltimore.

The Symington family had come from Scotland in 1790 and prospered. Stuart's grandfather was on Lee's staff. His mother, a deeply religious woman with a keen interest in public affairs, belonged to the plantation aristocracy of the South. But after the Civil War both families lost their wealth and in Stuart's boyhood they were genteel middle class with an income that varied from modest to very low.

Young Stuart was a handsome boy with thick blond hair. He attended public schools and a couple of private schools where he had scholarships, enlisted in the Army at seventeen and, after attending a junior training camp at Plattsburg, New York, was commissioned a second lieutenant in the field artillery in 1919. After being discharged, he went to summer school at Johns Hopkins University and then, the family fortunes having improved, he was enrolled at Yale.

He was popular at Yale, edited the college newspaper and took part in dramatics. While visiting his roommate in Washington, he met Miss Evelyn Wadsworth, daughter of Republican Sen. James W. Wadsworth, a wealthy landowner in New York's Genesee Valley. Miss Wadsworth was socially prominent, beautiful, tactful, witty, a delightful songstress and a girl to fall in love with. Symington fell. They were married in 1924 at a glittering society wedding attended by President and Mrs. Coolidge. Symington was lucky in love. His wife has been an important stabilizing factor in his career, and his father-in-law, whom he greatly admired, was a wise political mentor. The Symingtons have two sons, James and Stuart.

Symington had worked after school and during vacations as an office boy, machine-shop apprentice, newspaper cub and as a molder in shops owned by his uncles, who had grown wealthy with the T. H. Symington Company, makers of freight-car accessories in Rochester, New York. During the 1920's he rose rapidly in association with his uncles, who had acquired other companies. Young, ambitious and with an eye open for new markets, he shifted one of the Symington companies to making radio loud-speakers and had built a flourishing business by the time of the 1929 crash. In 1930, he merged with and became president of Colonial Radio Company, of Rochester, which he nursed through the depression. The company was prospering when it was later sold to Sylvania Electric Products.

By 1934 Symington had begun to win a reputation as a "doctor" of sick corporations and had moved to New York City, where he and his wife became well-known figures in café society. Their prominence in the city's night life was largely due to the fact that Eve had made such a hit singing at a charity affair that she was promptly hired as a "society singer" at a swank night club. Thereafter, she was featured at such spots as the Plaza and The Waldorf-Astoria at a weekly salary up to $1500.

Meantime, Symington had spent two years as president of Rustless Iron and Steel Company, and was then asked by New York investors, in 1938, to take over the floundering Emerson Electric Manufacturing Company, in St. Louis. His wife dropped her career, they bought a nine-room house on three acres in suburban Creve Coeur, learned to shoot wild turkey, and led an active social life in a way that some St. Louisans described as "rather stuffy."

The Emerson company had suffered a crippling fifty-three-day sit-down strike, but St. Louis' conservative business community complained that Symington was "coddling the union" when he moved directly to reach an agreement with the local union boss. Taking the position that he wanted a strong rather than a weak union, Symington installed a profit-sharing plan and the check-off system to deduct union dues from pay checks. He soon convinced St. Louis he knew what he was doing when steady production netted a profit of $117,000 in the first year. Emerson hasn't had a strike since.

The European war brought rich contracts for Emerson and started Symington's interest in air power. War-production officials asked him to go to England in 1941 to study the sensational new British airplane gun turret. Upon his return, he started building a $15,000,000 plant addition to make turrets for American planes. This involved many adjustments, production headaches and delays which on occasion were criticized by Government investigators, who, in turn, were addressed by Symington in highly undiplomatic language. Finally, Sen. Harry S. Truman's committee investigating war expenditures took a hard look at Emerson and decided all was well. By the end of the war, Symington was turning out $100,000,000 worth of turrets a year.

When, in 1945, Congress created the Surplus Property Administration to dispose of war matériel and installations, President Truman tapped Symington for the job with the remark "I'm dropping a ton of coal on you, Stu." Most of Symington's friends agreed it was a job to keep away from, but he sold out his holdings—more than $1,000,000 of stock that was still going up in value—and headed for Washington. A few days later he was so infuriated because a columnist called him a monopolist in connection with a parking-meter business in which he was briefly interested in 1938 that he talked about going right back home.

Symington carried his troubles to the White House, where Mr. Truman promised him "200 per cent co-operation," and Sen. Joseph O'Mahoney, whose committee was considering his confirmation as administrator, urged him to stick around after he had been persuaded that Symington was a firm foe of monopoly. That Symington meant what he said was later demonstrated when he set policy against selling the huge Government-built wartime aluminum plants to the Aluminum Corporation of America, which owned patents that were essential to operation of the plants. After a bitterly fought controversy, the company finally gave ground and offered to release the patents for a fee.

"Oh, why not give them to the Government for nothing?" Symington replied in pressing his victory. The next day Alcoa agreed and the plants were sold to others who became competitors in the industry. Later, during the Korean conflict, Symington also fought the foreign tin cartel somewhat to the embarrassment of the State Department. He angered the Bolivian and other tin merchants, but got the price down enough to save, according to a Senate committee's estimate, about $500,000,000 in defense expenditures.

When the War Assets Administration replaced Surplus Property in 1946 Symington felt the whole setup should be under the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, but Treasury Secretary Snyder, with Mr. Truman's support, blocked that idea. The President offered Symington another job, however, giving him his choice of the State, War or Navy department where assistant secretaryships were open. Symington became Assistant Secretary of War for Air with the difficult task of monitoring the Armed Forces Unification Bill through Congress. This was one of Washington's bitterest fights, with the Navy leading resistance to unification, and nobody was very proud of the result. It did, however, lead to appointment of Symington as the first Secretary of the Air Force, where his "cost-control" methods pleased Congress and his aggressive partisanship was highly important in getting a separate Air Force established.

Since then, Symington, often in close teamwork with Gen. Carl Spaatz, has been fighting economy-minded budget balancers in behalf of what he considers the necessities of national security, especially in air power. This isn't to suggest that he opposes budget balancing, but, he likes to ask, "What the hell good is it to be the richest man in the graveyard?"

When Mr. Truman was busy at budget balancing in 1947–48 he ordered a cutback in defense funds and Secretary of Defense Forrestal proposed to spread the slash evenly among the three services. But Symington came up fighting for an increase from fifty-five to seventy air groups, on the ground that future wars would be fought mostly in the air. Forrestal refused to recommend such an increase, but irritably agreed that Symington might state his own views, which were already on the record, before the appropriations committees. Symington then carried the battle for more B-36 bombers—as opposed to big aircraft carriers—to Congress and won approval of funds for a seventy-group Air Force. Mr. Truman, however, impounded the money and refused to spend it.

If the President, as reported, felt that Symington had been "insubordinate" in opposing his superiors, he didn't mention it to the Air Force Secretary. But in 1949 he proposed further defense cuts and told Symington to agree or resign. Symington reluctantly agreed. Then Louis A. Johnson became Defense Secretary and announced still deeper cuts. Symington told Mr. Truman that he could not go along on further reductions. The President bluntly backed Johnson, and Symington, in 1950, agreed to Mr. Truman's request that he take a new job as head of the National Security Resources Board, theoretically a post of Cabinet level that carried sweeping authority.

At the NSRB, Symington had hardly started planning for a national emergency when the Korean war broke in 1950. By then, the Air Force had been cut back to the point where it took months to put only 125 F-86 Sabre jet fighters into the air against an estimated 500 Russian-built MIG-15's, a dire circumstance that Symington regarded as vindicating his past demands for more air power. His immediate problem at NSRB, however, was mobilization of the national economy to meet the (*Continued on Page 70*)

"Keep them all! Keep mine too!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Is it getting louder—*night after night?*

In the stillness of the night you lie there . . . it's been this way for hours. You've been asleep—yet you *haven't.*

You can't exactly say *why* you can't relax. You keep telling yourself that nothing is wrong. BUT, as you are about to doze off, there's that squeak *again*—like someone trying to open the door . . . someone tiptoeing across the floorboards.

You've had these restless nights before. Too many.

As you lie there, all tense and rigid—listening to squeaks and noises made by an *imaginary* intruder—you try not to fret about the problems and tasks that you must face come morning. And when the morning light does appear, you wish with all your heart that you didn't have to get up. But somehow you do.

Some of your days are just as trying, and perhaps when you're alone, you sometimes find yourself brooding or even sobbing quietly.

What woman doesn't have troubles!

"Oh, bosh!" you say, "I've had bad spells from time to time, but what woman doesn't? *After all, caring for a husband and family is no picnic.* It's only normal that I concern myself with troubles every woman has."

You may be able to convince yourself that these excuses are reasonable at times, but let's look at the problem coldly, sensibly. *Certainly it is NOT normal for a woman to feel tense, irritable day after day.*

What's *happened* to your easygoing nature? Why *are* you so easily upset, so tense?

Well, if you've been bothered by nerves, indigestion or headaches . . . perhaps you've been the victim of a seemingly innocent habit . . . the habit of relying on the caffein in coffee or tea for a quick pick-up.

Your doctor would tell you . . .

Your doctor would be the first to tell you that, for some people, one of the worst offenders against the human nervous system is caffein.

The use of this strong stimulant day after day, week after week, may make you jumpy, nervous, irritable, hard to live with. However, if you're addicted to this habit, there's no reason in the world why you can't get yourself in tune again, begin to feel as you'd like to.

You replace a *bad* habit with a *good* one.

You switch from caffein-heavy drinks to a wonderful hot beverage—*Instant Postum.*

There isn't a taut nerve, a sleepless hour or a headache in Postum. It can't make you nervous, irritable. It can't keep you awake at night because there isn't a single grain, speck or fleck of caffein in it.

New! Tastes like coffee

Now available for the first time is a new, delicious Instant Postum—Imitation Coffee Flavor.

What a rich aroma this new beverage has! And it tastes so full-bodied, so satisfying.

You make Postum instantly, right in the cup. Just add boiling water and stir. You can enjoy it straight or with cream and sugar, all day long, without fear.

Your grocer has both new Imitation Coffee Flavor Instant Postum and regular Instant Postum with a distinctive flavor that millions have enjoyed for years.

You owe it to yourself and to your family to try this satisfying, caffein-free beverage not just once, but for 30 consecutive days. After all, you can't expect to free yourself from the accumulated effect of a habit of years in two or three days or even a week.

Costs half as much as most coffees

Whether you choose new Imitation Coffee Flavor Instant Postum (red label) or regular Instant Postum (blue label), you'll get up to 100 cups from the 8-oz. jar and up to 50 cups from the 4-oz. jar—*for less than a cent a cup!* Both are so low-priced, compared with ground, instant or decaffeinated coffees. Cup for cup, Postum costs only *half as much.*

So, try Instant Postum for at least 30 days—take this one step that may make a real difference in your life . . . give you zest to renew friendships . . . make *every* day so very worth while!

Don't let another day go by without giving caffein-free Postum a fair trial. Start the 30-day test *today.* See if you don't feel better! Act better! Look better! Postum is a registered trade-mark of General Foods.

Frostiest, most refreshing drink you'll taste all summer! It's the Postum milk shake—made with cold milk and Instant Postum. See easy directions on jars. You'll enjoy iced Instant Postum, too—and Instant Postum is always delicious hot. Have some today—*any* way!

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No matter what shaving machine you use...

get a better shave with ...

Old Spice
PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE LOTION
1.00 NO FED. TAX
SHULTON NEW YORK • TORONTO

(*Continued from Page 68*) crisis, and he favored more rapid and more drastic measures than Mr. Truman would approve. When Charles E. Wilson, of the General Electric Company, was appointed director of the Office of Defense Mobilization, which overlapped the NSRB in certain fields, Symington resigned.

Once again, Mr. Truman asked him to do "just one more job"—clean up the "mink-coat scandals" then racking the RFC. Symington took over and generally succeeded in the assignment after firing a number of employees, including the wife of the President's adviser on patronage. Whether or not he offended the President, as some suspected, he was through as an Administration official. He resigned early in 1952 after making an oral commitment to return to private business, but, instead, he listened to the urging of Jacob M. Lashly, a St. Louis lawyer, that he seek a Senate seat. At first Symington wasn't interested, but when a noted country editor, Jack Blanton, and Mayor William Kemp, of Kansas City, joined in the appeal, he decided to run. In the primary, Mr. Truman endorsed J. E. Taylor, to whom he had earlier pledged his support, but Symington won handily.

In the general election, he was an underdog against Sen. James P. Kem, a right-wing Republican, but he campaigned in characteristic play-to-win fashion. Accompanied by his wife and preceded by his son, Jim, in a loud-speaker truck, Symington covered the state on a 27,000-mile tour that hardly missed a village. Jim, who had volunteered to "erase the mustaches that people will draw on your posters," played the guitar and sang The Letter Edged in Black to draw street-corner crowds. Then Symington would arrive, make a short speech and, with his wife, go from store to store, shaking hands and asking for votes. One day they covered twenty-two towns. "Sometimes it was so hot," Mrs. Symington recalls, "that there wouldn't be a soul on Main Street but us—and maybe a stray cat."

In what one newspaper called the worst mudslinging in the state's history, Symington was attacked as a New York "playboy" and a "carpetbagger," and accused, sometimes in anonymous leaflets, of practically everything from war profiteering to "gypping" the Government on aviation contracts, from dealing with communists in labor matters to spending wildly to "buy" the election. Even a youthful escapade in which he accompanied two boys on an unauthorized "joy ride" in a neighbor's automobile was dredged up for display until the former neighbor came to his defense. These charges Symington bitingly refuted to the satisfaction of a majority of the voters. He defeated Kem by 1,008,521 votes to 858,170, but, more significantly, he ran almost 50,000 votes ahead of President Eisenhower, who carried Missouri by only 29,599. In all, it was an impressive political debut.

As a senator, Symington has generally followed the Democratic line. He voted against both the tidelands-oil bill and the natural-gas bill. He has favored 90 per cent of parity support for farm prices, although he refreshingly acknowledged that he didn't know all the answers to the problems of agriculture—a subject he has studied intensively in recent months. He believes that prosperity of the country must rest on an economy that is expanding at the base and he denounces what he calls the Eisenhower policy of "giantism"—the favoring of big corporations at the expense of small business.

Although Symington once had a signed photograph of Mr. Eisenhower in his home and remarked that he could "work with him," his friends are now convinced that he would relish an opportunity to slug it out with the President in a political campaign. They are also convinced that Symington, who fights best when the odds are greatest, would be characteristically confident of winning. He believes that the Eisenhower concept of government will prove vulnerable if a strongly aggressive campaign is waged against it.

Barring some sudden change, many political pundits may be inclined to file Symington's view of a contest with the President under the heading of "wishful thinking." But if the Democrats do get around to the junior senator from Missouri when they are making up their collective mind at Chicago, they will at least be assured of plenty of action against the titleholder. And if they don't, there is always 1960. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It so happens I have some with me."

TUNE-UP when you GAS-UP

A pint in the crankcase . . . a pint through the air intake . . . restores pep and performance—frees sticky valves and rings—keeps your engine clean or *Double-Your-Money-Back!*

HASTINGS MANUFACTURING CO., HASTINGS, MICH.

CASITE

Buy these Hastings Products with confidence:
Casite, Wear Reducer, Piston Rings, Oil Filters, Spark Plugs

Stop his scratching misery

Is your dog frantic from scratching? It's a sign of fleas or summer eczema. Stop his itching torture *quick* — with Sergeant's Scratch Powder. Kills fleas, ticks, lice. Checks fungus and doggy odor. 49¢ and 79¢ at any drug or pet counter.

Sergeant's®
SCRATCH POWDER

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A New Kind of Inside Story

(Continued from Page 25)

infested with pigeons, and one Sunday two of them came in and joined the congregation. During the sermon the birds flew the length of the church, using the minister in the pulpit for a pylon. He tried to continue talking, but at each swoop of the pigeons his sense of humor threatened to upset his decorum. Finally, he gave up, and laughed aloud. Quoting a Bible verse, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove! For then I would fly away, and be at rest," he announced the last hymn.

The organ postlude ends the morning service, and as the early congregation leaves, the later one comes in. Then we go through everything a second time—or, on festival days, a third.

Sunday is not the only day I work, of course. In addition to the regular Sunday-morning services, I play at choir rehearsals and at special concerts, weddings and funerals.

There are four choir rehearsals every Thursday. The Junior High gang practices from 3:30 to 4:30, and the Junior Choir from 4:30 to 5:30. I have time to eat, practice my own numbers or work with soloists between 5:30 and 7:00 o'clock, when the High School crowd arrives. And the Adult Choir sings from 8:00 to 10:00. It may sound pretty strenuous, but these six hours of concentrated playing seem the shortest six hours of my week. The choir members work hard, but they have fun too. And all of them are amazingly faithful.

In between the Sunday services and Thursday rehearsals, my position as organist permits me to share in the joys and sorrows of the congregation I serve. I rejoice at baptisms, congratulate bridal couples, and feel that my comforting music helps assuage grief when death comes.

During prenuptial organ recitals I usually play favorite music of the bride and groom. Bach's Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring is the selection most often requested, but I once received a note from a bride asking if I would play a song from her fiancé's fraternity: The Sweetheart of Sig McKay. I have never been able to decide whether or not she was kidding me.

From my vantage point on the organ bench, I see many stories of true love: the war bride who leaves home and family to come halfway around the world to be married; the couple who waited for years for the man to recover from a serious illness; the plain girl who found love in middle age, after she thought it had passed her by—and wasn't plain at all on her wedding day.

One year, on the first Saturday after school closed for summer vacation, four solemn, brown-eyed children sat in the front pew on the "groom's side" of the church, watching their widowed father marry the attractive schoolteacher who was the ideal and idol of the oldest daughter. She had arranged the first "blind date" to a P.T.A. affair for her father and her teacher. Newly married couples usually kiss in the vestibule following their wedding, but this groom had to wait his turn. His children reached the bride first smothering her with kisses.

In all the weddings I've played for I don't remember that a bride has ever fainted. The men often do.

The ring causes more problems than anything else. Though it was comfortably loose when chosen, nervousness and excitement may make it very snug. One determined groom nearly broke his bride's finger in his anxiety to be sure they were properly married. And I recall one cautious fellow, years ago, who put the ring in his shoe for safekeeping and forgot to take it out. Instead of pretending to have it and going on with the wedding, he stood on one leg like a sand-hill crane and fished it out of his shoe.

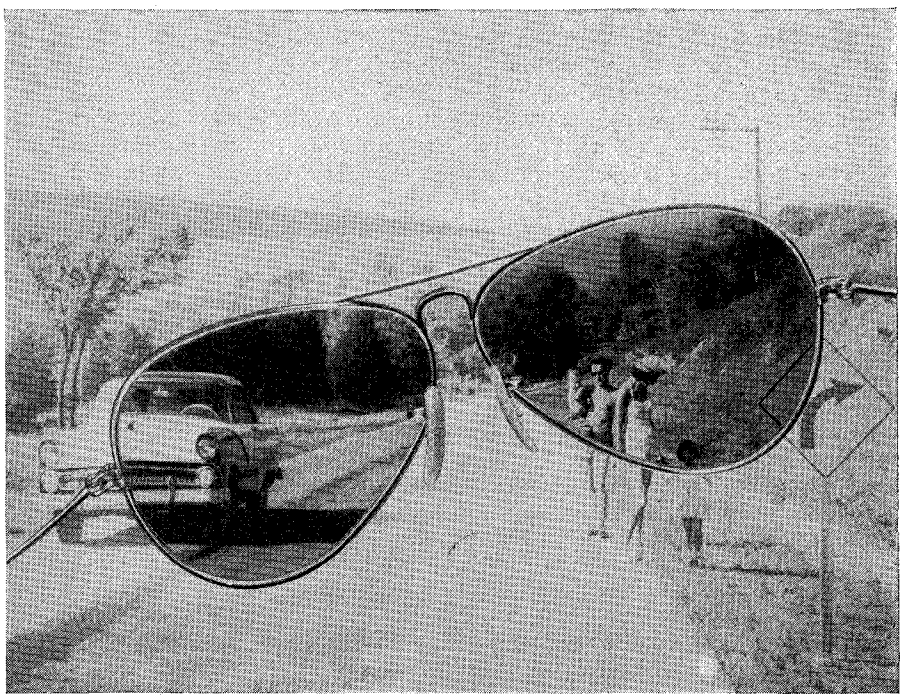
As weddings are happy occasions, funerals are sad ones—and the saddest of all to me are those of children who will never grow old. But perhaps the funeral that depressed me most was one at which there were no mourners. The wealthy elderly lady who had died had relatives in our city, but the pages of the book where friends register were completely blank. Not a soul came to see her or to attend her funeral. She had left instructions for the way the service was to be conducted. I played and Doctor Lyter talked, but the only people in the room were the six strangers hired by a funeral home to be her pallbearers. How sad, I thought, to live in such a way that no one mourned your passing.

It is at times like these—fortunately there are few—when I come closest to wondering why I ever wanted to be an organist. Yet that has been my ambition ever since I was a little girl clutching a penny for the church collection in my fist. My brother and I used to spend a month every summer visiting our grandparents in a small Wisconsin town. The door in the front of the church we attended was kept open on hot Sundays, and I could look out through it and see the horses tethered in the shade, switching their tails impatiently during the long service. A stained-glass window above our heads bore the inscription, Watch and Pray, and the sun shining through it made Cousin Tim's white hair purple and red and gold. A few blue flies buzzed lazily, competing with the drone of the preacher's voice and the measured tick of the wall clock. In the front pew sat elderly Hosea Rood, veteran of Vicksburg, leaning forward, listening through an ear trumpet. If the minister didn't speak distinctly, Mr. Rood would interrupt with, "A little louder, please." Sometimes, part way through the sermon, he would put his trumpet in his lap and stare stonily off into space, thus expressing his opinion of that week's sermon.

I loved to go to church, and I loved the pipe organ. It was back of the pulpit, and the organist was more exciting to watch than a Tom Mix epic. She slid up and down the bench, playing on two keyboards, manipulating the stops, turning pages, giving quick urgent glances into a rear-view mirror, for her back was turned toward the congregation. Since organists seldom wore robes in those days, I could observe her lively footwork as she operated the pedals. She played with immense energy and dramatic flourishes, and I was thrilled watching her.

Almost as good as the organist was the boy who pumped the air which gave life to the organ. He stood back of a screen, and only his head and shoulders were visible as he pushed a big handle up and down. During the prelude and offertory he used a slow, easygoing rhythm, but during the hymns, when the organist pulled out all the stops, his head bobbed up and down, faster and faster, and his face became red from his exertion. Sometimes he got a little lazy, and the organ would begin to wheeze and whine like a company of bagpipers, and then he would start pumping furiously again.

During the sermon, the organist and pumper sat in back of the pulpit staring at the people below. The boys who occupied the last two rows of seats in the



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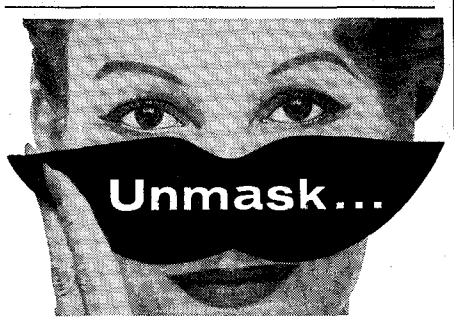

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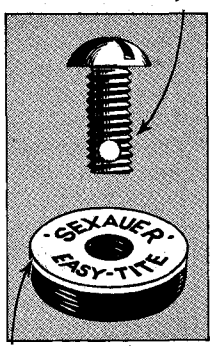

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church, reading their Sunday-school papers, always tried to make the pumper laugh, but he never lost his solemnity.

When I was a high-school girl and began to take organ lessons, I encountered a problem most organ students have. I asked for, and was denied, permission to practice on the organ in our church and in every other Protestant church in our community. As a result, every day after school I rode an hour on the bus to the conservatory, where I practiced an hour and then had another long bus ride home. My school work suffered.

My father spent his life working with boys and girls, and through his work he became a firm friend of the priest at a nearby Catholic church. At a committee meeting they both attended, dad mentioned how difficult it was for me to practice my organ lesson.

Father Burbach was interested. "Do you mean to say your church won't allow your daughter to practice?" he asked. "Tell her she is welcome to use our new organ as often and as long as she likes."

Dad was almost tearfully grateful and wanted to discuss payment for this privilege. Father Burbach would have none of it. "Not a cent," he insisted. "The only pay we want is for your daughter to become a good organist." That is how it happened that I, whose family had been Protestant for 300 years, practically lived at Holy Assumption Church during the next year. I learned to love the plain song and the sweet voices of the nuns. I had always secretly pitied them when I saw them walking in pairs, looking rather like drab sparrows. It seemed to me they had given up everything necessary for happiness. During that year I grew to envy their peace, serenity and contentment.

The organ at Holy Assumption Church was on a balcony, and it could whisper or make the windows tremble when all the stops spoke at the same time. The sound of the sturdy diapasons, rumbling bourdon and the brassy tuba came from pipes in the front of the church, a long distance from where I sat. There was a delay in this sound's reaching me, and it was a curious sensation. I didn't hear the music I was playing, but the music I had just finished playing. It was like watching fireworks: first the bursting rocket, then the sound. I had to learn the trick of not listening—of turning off my hearing, so to speak. I have found this ability very useful, especially during long-winded after-dinner speeches, and on evenings when I want to read and my teen-age daughter's radio is blaring rock-and-roll.

As I practiced I faced a beautiful stained-glass window depicting Saint Cecilia and a choir of angels. When I played a fugue she seemed to smile at this contrapuntal game of tag, the tunes chasing one another until they all got caught in the grand finale. I used to picture myself saintly and wan, becoming a famous organist, my music, like Saint Cecilia's, a foretaste of heaven. When I was sixteen and was offered a dollar a Sunday to play regularly at a Methodist church near my home, I felt that I was on the way toward fulfilling this ambition.

After my marriage, eight years later, I decided to give up the pipe organ forever, but forever lasted only until I was asked to accept a new church position. I played until the younger of our two daughters became seriously ill with rheumatic fever.

During the three years of her recovery I did substitute work for the American Guild of Organists. I had the pleasure of playing whenever I was needed, without any regular responsibility. I might play a High Church Episcopal service one Sunday, and the next the syncopated rhythms of gospel hymns at a church which made up in zeal and enthusiasm what it may have lacked in dignity. My favorites were the Armenian church, where the pungent incense kept me sneezing, and the German church, where I celebrated *Weihnachten.* Like most Milwaukeeans who grew up a generation ago, I know some German, so I was able to follow the liturgy and all thirteen verses of jawbreaking German words.

I liked all the churches where I substituted—all except one. I was quite pleased when I was asked to play for a month at a church with many wealthy members while their organist enjoyed a Florida vacation, and I managed to drop this fact into every conversation. I found the atmosphere in this church like that of a well-run club. The sermons were like quotations from a financial journal and nothing was ever said that might disturb anyone's complacency. I recall that one

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Moment of Alarm

By LOLA INGRES RUSSO

You pot-bellied demon
with voice of brass,
Who squeeze my sleep to
your miser mold,
With galloping hands, a
face of glass
And twelve eyes glaring,
green and cold:
At midnight you fold your
hands and pray
Like a sanctimonious
hypocrite
For the minute when all
the world is gray
And I lie warm in a
sprawling trance,
Rapt in delicious ignorance
Of the shuffle and creak of
impending day,
When my down-and-satin
dream will be split
By your curdled epilectric fit.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

matron in mink and jewels said to me, "My dear, it must be a real treat for you to have this opportunity to come and play for us." I decided that the religion of the very rich was not my cup of tea.

Half the fun of substituting was discovering the quirks and vagaries of each instrument, because organs have personalities just as people do. Some are dependable and honest, others are as raspy and shrill as a shopper in a store complaint department, while still others may be as sweet as angel-food cake covered with marshmallow frosting. All in all, substituting proved a challenge I enjoyed, but one of my friends, a singer, had a disastrous experience.

The regular tenor of a paid quartet became sick suddenly and my friend breezed in at the last minute to take his place. He had answered the emergency summons in such a hurry that he hadn't even eaten breakfast. Instead, he brought a bag of doughnuts to eat whenever he could find time. During the service he was assailed by hunger, and the thought of his snack only a few feet away tantalized him. Noticing that the quartet, when seated, was hidden from view by a velvet curtain, at the beginning of the sermon he quietly crawled out of the loft. Since it isn't easy to crawl while wearing a long choir robe, on the return trip he carried the bag of doughnuts between his teeth. Somehow, however, with his head down and in an unfamiliar church, he became confused and crawled in front of the curtain instead of behind it. Soft laughter and a sudden stop in the preaching told him the ghastly truth, that he, a dignified singer, was on all fours in front of a church full of people, and looking like a dog delivering the evening paper.

Seven years ago, when my child was well again, I answered an advertisement in the Milwaukee Journal and was hired for my present position at the Washington Park Presbyterian Church, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. This is one of the largest Presbyterian congregations in Wisconsin, with over 2000 members. Dr. Thomas Lyter, the senior pastor, outlined my duties and added, "You can play anything you like, as long as it is in good taste, but services in this church start at exactly nine-thirty and eleven o'clock, and I don't want the organ prelude to end at nine-thirty-three or eleven-four."

At choir practice the following Thursday I told one of the basses—who was also a member of the church session—about Doctor Lyter's admonition, and I mentioned that it was hard to look at my watch while I was playing. The next Sunday I was surprised and pleased to find a shiny new electric clock on the console, plugged in and running correctly. Unfortunately, I never thought about the alarm, and just as the choir began to sing the anthem, the alarm went off like Gabriel's trump. The singers faltered, then sang full voice. Playing with one hand, I tried madly, but vainly, to pull the plug from the socket. I fumbled with the unfamiliar levers on the back of the clock and managed to disengage the alarm, but the instant I released my fingers the impertinent buzzing began again, fortissimo. Clutching the clock between my knees, with the alarm in the "off" position, I finally finished playing the anthem. It seemed to take an hour, but actually the whole thing happened during four lines of music. I felt everyone in church looking at me, and wished I could crawl inside the console. After church, the janitor operated on the clock, and it will never buzz again.

Since—in the Washington Park Presbyterian Church, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, at least—punctuality is next to godliness, I usually arrive about the time the janitor comes to turn on the heat, but one Sunday I came as close as the flick of an eyelash to being late. Part way to church I found a barricade across the road and a detour sign. I had driven that way earlier in the week and the road was all right, so I blithely disregarded the sign and kept on going. Sure enough, on top of a hill the road was all torn up. I should have backed out, but instead I tried to turn around, and presently found myself crossways on the road, one steep ditch behind me and another only inches in front of me. It was a new car, and I was nervous. A road worker stood watching me, and he offered to turn the car around. Why I thought this stranger was a better driver than I, I don't know, but I got out and let him take the wheel. He shifted, and drove straight off the road and down into the ditch. "Thanks!" I said bitterly. "I could have done that well myself."

Fortunately the car wasn't stuck, so I careened across a plowed field and made my way back to the detour sign. It was late, but I wasn't far from church and I thought that I was going to make it when suddenly the car stopped. I flooded the engine trying to start it, and there I sat, trying to think what to do. Deciding to call the church and see if someone would come and get me, I ran to the nearest house. A grim woman in robe and hair curlers answered the doorbell, and when I asked if I could use the telephone, she snapped, "Absolutely not!" and slammed the door.

There was a filling station about a block away and I loped up the hill. I am five feet tall and an unsylphlike 130 pounds, and I wasn't in the best running form. Also, I didn't have a dime for the phone. But the filling-station operator, when he heard my predicament, said he would take me to church. As we sped off in the tow truck, I looked at my watch. Three minutes until church time; with screaming brakes and squealing tires we stopped at the church door. There stood Doctor Lyter, holding my black robe, the pleated ruff of his Scotch collar quivering. Like two racers at a track meet, we sped along the hall together, he helping me off with my coat and on with my robe, the two of us never missing a step. "I've told them to keep on ringing the bell until you're ready to play," he said.

I really felt I had earned my salary that Sunday, yet even such hectic experiences make up part of the reason I like my job. Of course, being a church organist does have its drawbacks. I don't suppose any occupation is completely free of them. I sometimes get tired of rising and shining before the sun does, for instance, and I would love to enjoy a leisurely Sunday-morning breakfast. Even Christmas is something my family and I sandwich in between church services. I leave home about eight o'clock on Christmas Eve, and we open our gifts when I come home after one o'clock in the morning. Then I get a few hours of sleep before it is time to leave for the Christmas Day services. I often grumble about the whimsical pipe organ and the trick of fate that separates me from my family. We are Lutheran, yet of all the wonderful churches I have played in during thirty years, none has been Lutheran. Once a year, on Mother's Day, my family spends the Sunday-morning worship with me. I wish we could be together more often.

But in the midst of my complaints along comes Christmas, my favorite season of the church year. It is time for the Sunday-school Christmas pageant to begin, and I hurry through the church to the choir loft. The choir room is crowded with children. The shepherds wear long, flowing scarves on their heads, and bright sashes bind the middles of what look rather like bathrobes. They are using their long shepherds' crooks to hook the ankles of unsuspecting passers-by or holding them lance-wise to duel among themselves. White-robed angels, their tinsel halos slightly askew, shuffle their feet on the thick carpet so they can give shocks to the carol singers. Over in a corner, the bearded wise men, who will have the responsibility of singing alone as they walk down the aisle to pay homage to the infant Jesus, are practicing their song, We Three Kings of Orien-Tar.

I go out to play the prelude, well satisfied. Everything is progressing normally. The congregation will see a serene and orderly church service, despite the hectic atmosphere behind the scenes. I know that in a few minutes the star, which whizzed down the wire like a meteor at rehearsal, will proceed sedately. Not a child will wave at his watching parents, although one of the wise men will probably waggle his eyebrows and beard to acknowledge the wave of a little sister. Mary and Joseph—two of our chief mischief-makers, offstage—will look so adoringly at the Baby in the little wooden crib that I will have difficulty swallowing, and sudden tears will sting my eyelids. At moments like this I wouldn't change places with anyone, and I hope that I will have many more years on the organ bench before I join my husband in the pew.

THE END

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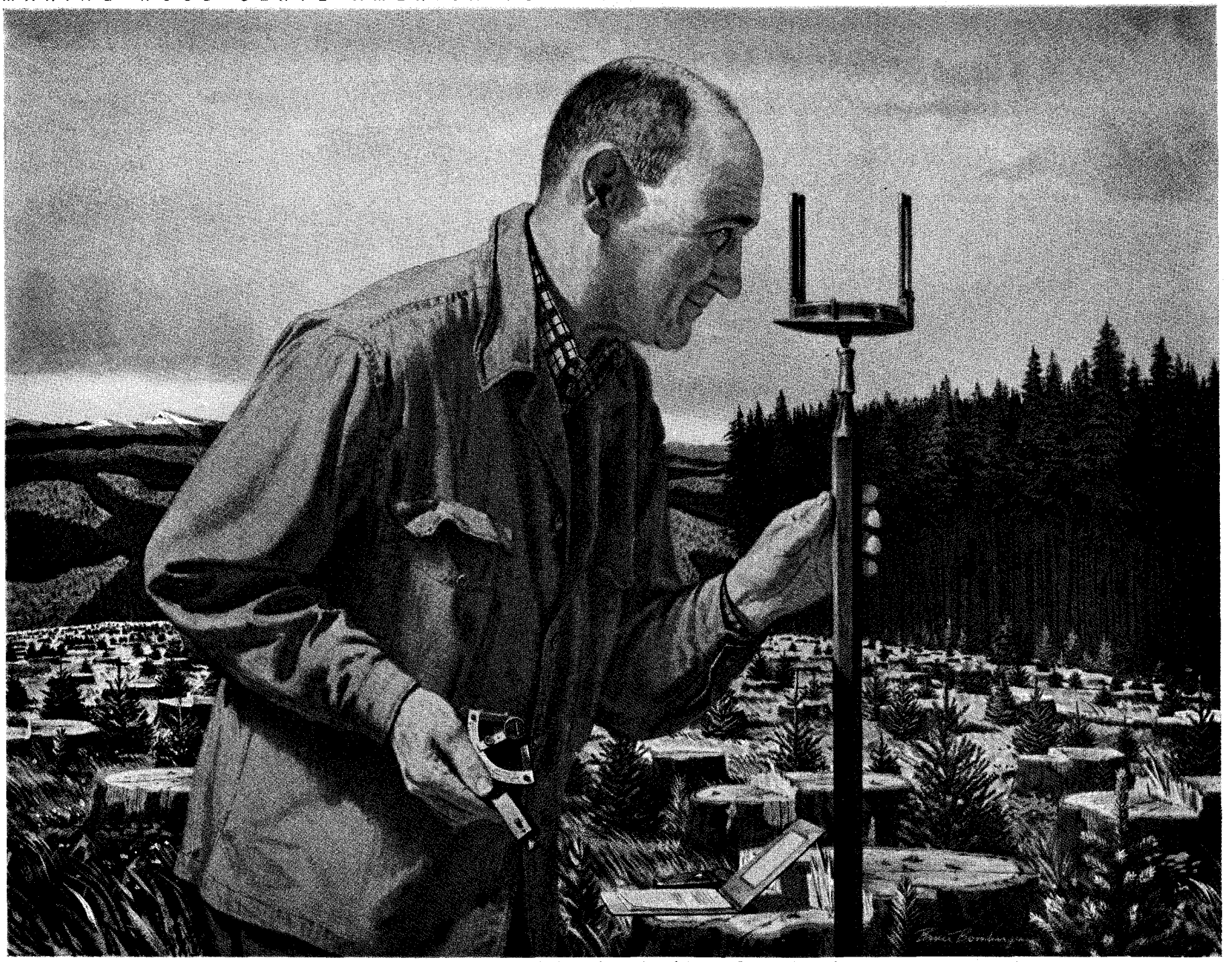

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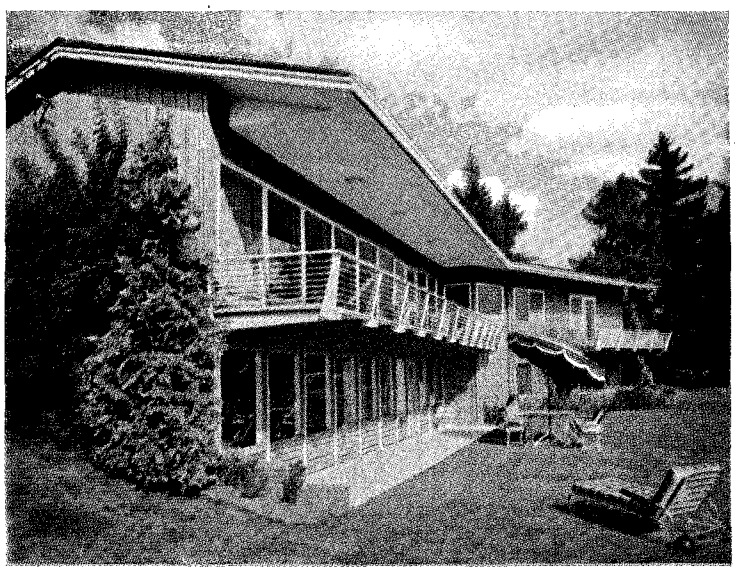

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Underwater Baby (Continued from Page 24)

that it had been a year since I had seen my daughter. She was growing up, even though I wasn't there to watch it. She would be a big girl, learning to walk, and definitely beyond her youthful two-o'clock bottle. Then, while I was sure I was awake, I heard that cry again. It came from the torpedo room. The last of the liberty party had upheld Helleri's tradition, as my investigation immediately disclosed.

"All right," I inquired, trying to regain some control over the situation. "Who brought this baby aboard?"

All eyes turned slowly toward the pharmacist's mate. "I did, sir," Finnegan asserted. "I had a three-day pass to Seoul, and I brought her back with me."

"You, Finnegan!" I interjected in surprise. "You know very well you can't get away with anything like this."

"I couldn't leave her where she was, Mr. Hadley," Finnegan retorted. I could see the muscles along his jaw stand out and I knew this wasn't a situation he had entered into lightly, but discreetly, reverently and in the fear of God.

The pharmacist's mate was a tall, black-haired Phi Beta Kappa graduate of a Midwestern college, serving out his military duty before entering medical school. Saving all his pay to piece out his GI bill entitlement when he went back to school, Finnegan practically never went ashore. The three-day pass to Seoul was a rare expedition to visit his brother, who was a doctor with the 1st Marine Division, then holding the line behind Panmunjom while the interminable negotiations went on. It was always a sure bet that Finnegan would return from any leave clean and sober, and three hours before his pass expired. But obviously completely sober sailors, returning from a conventional leave, didn't bring blond baby girls aboard a submarine.

"Tell me more," I demanded. The barrier between officer and enlisted man wasn't meant for this situation. It frequently wore a little thin between Finnegan and me anyway, but we carefully maintained it in public, for sake of the simplifying convention. The baby, still sleeping peacefully, had a strangle hold on Finnegan's thumb. Perhaps, without that firm support, he would not have been so assured and positive.

"Her name is Mary Inchon," he stated, as though that explained anything. Then realizing that it didn't, he started at the beginning and unfolded a story that, had it come from Frenchy Le Roi, the cook, we would have recognized immediately as fiction; except that Frenchy, as an expert, would have scorned to resort to such improbabilities.

The chaplain of the 1st Marine Division, making the rounds of the orphanages of Seoul, had discovered this blue-eyed, blond-haired, obviously Caucasian baby girl. The Korean superintendent of the orphanage insisted that she had been found deserted in a street of Inchon. The chaplain reported posthaste to his mess and called a council of war. The mess voted unanimously to send the chaplain back to get that baby, and be damned to the Marine Corps regulations or anything else that stood in the way.

There was a strange cross section of talent those days in any military organization. Finnegan's brother, the junior division medical officer, was a budding young pediatrician in civilian life. In sick bay in the 1st Marine Division, Mary Inchon might have stayed until she grew up to be a marine, while the peace negotiations droned on. The corpsmen took turns baby-sitting. The consumption of canned milk in the officers' mess suffered a phenomenal increase. The junior officers subscribed to a secret fund to provide for Mary's support. For diplomatic reasons the colonel was kept in official ignorance of her existence, and somehow developed a mysterious blindness during routine inspection of sick bay. Then the Intelligence officer upset the apple cart.

"I think the North Koreans have found out about her," he reported. "It might be only a rumor, but we can't afford to take chances." It was rumored that the North Koreans were going to charge that Mary Inchon was a North Korean, and that she had been kidnaped and was being held against her will in a dastardly capitalistic plot. It may sound farfetched now, but considering the things that went on every day at the peace conference, the marines knew that it had to be taken seriously.

"They will demand her return to North Korea, and then what will happen?" the Intelligence officer inquired. As if he didn't know. Every man jack of the 1st Marine Division would have gone back to war, declared or undeclared, before they gave up Mary Inchon to the communists. A full-fledged international incident was in the making. Then our Finnegan arrived with the solution.

"When I told them that Helleri was sailing for Japan tomorrow," the pharmacist's mate continued, "they all agreed that the thing to do was to get Mary out of Korea as soon as possible." Everyone could see that a submarine was the safest way to do it without risking complications at embarkation.

"So the Navy is left holding the baby for the marines again," I remarked.

Although Finnegan tried to give the impression that all this had been forced on him, I was under no illusion that he had been reluctant. He had a fertile mind and he would not be inclined to stand on the side lines in a situation like this. He was always a little vague about who thought up the idea of using Helleri to smuggle her out of the country. The marines equipped him with all the documents from the orphanage, detailing the very little that was known concerning Mary's origin. They cut an official-looking set of orders for his protection on the trip down, directing him to proceed with the baby from Seoul to Pusan. So here he was aboard a submarine, apparently with complete confidence that Helleri would see him through.

"Look, Finnegan," I cautioned; "let's not get emotional about this. You realize as well as I do that a submarine is no place for a baby. You simply can't keep her."

Her hair felt like silk. She squirmed a little as I just lightly caressed her head, and she clutched Finnegan's thumb more tightly.

"If doc has to take her ashore, I go with her," Dave Edwards growled behind me.

"Me, too," said a torpedoman, agreeing with the taciturn boatswain's mate.

I chose to ignore this threat of mutiny and desertion aboard a United States man-of-war; the United States then being in a state of war.

"I'll talk to the captain in the morning," I told them. "Maybe he can figure out what can be done with her. You had better keep her where she is tonight."

"Will you ask the captain to let us take her to Sasebo in Helleri, Mr. Hadley?" Finnegan pleaded.

"What do you think?" I retorted as gruffly as I could muster. What did he want—a capitulation signed and sealed? He knew very well that I would mutiny, too, before that baby was marooned again in Korea. . . .

I lingered over breakfast until the captain came in. Taking his seat at the head of the table, he commenced reading the morning dispatches. Finnegan went by outside the wardroom, on his way aft. The captain examined his breakfast apple carefully for worm holes, and went on reading dispatches. Finnegan went by again on his way forward to the torpedo room. He glanced questioningly at me as he went by.

"We had a new addition to Helleri's crew last night," I tried as an opening gambit.

Captain Garlan looked at me over the dispatches. "What do you mean, Hadley?" he inquired. "Get to the point."

Too late I realized that I had committed a tactless blunder by not waiting until he had first had his coffee. There wasn't anything to be gained by more maneuvering with the captain.

"Finnegan brought a baby aboard last night," I confessed. "He wants to take it to Sasebo with us."

"Have you lost your mind, Hadley?" the captain demanded, carefully laying down the sheaf of dispatches he had been reading. "You can't take a baby to sea in a submarine. Where is he—up in the torpedo room?"

"Yes, sir," I admitted, and didn't have time for further explanation before the captain continued his ultimatum.

"No submarine I command will have its torpedo room turned into a nursery," he asserted. "You will have to get him out of there immediately."

"Captain," I confessed, "it isn't a him. It's a girl baby."

"My heaven!" the captain prayed, and just then Mary Inchon demanded her breakfast.

"Finnegan!" the captain roared, and the pharmacist's answering "Yes, sir" came from right outside the wardroom pantry.

"Bring that baby in here"—and the promptness with which Finnegan appeared with Mary told me that he had been expecting just such a summons. Brown, the steward's mate, was right behind him, holding a bottle which he tested expertly for temperature against his arm.

The baby avidly attacked the bottle, rolling her big blue eyes around to examine the lights in the wardroom.

"She's blond and blue-eyed," the captain whispered in awe.

Mary released the nipple with a wail of frustration. Finnegan examined the bottle ruefully and tried again, with the same results.

"Here, let me see that bottle," the captain insisted authoritatively. "I thought so," he announced triumphantly, after a brief examination. "Don't you know, Finnegan," he accused, "that new nipples have to have the holes reamed out? Here, give that baby to me and go punch through the hole in that nipple with a hot needle."

In a very short time Mary Inchon was making rapid and contented progress with her breakfast. The Old Man beamed at her while he finished his breakfast. I felt that the time had come to strike.

"If we are going to put her ashore before we sail," I suggested blandly, "we had better get busy making arrangements."

"Have you lost your mind, Hadley?" the captain snorted. "I was just remarking to the exec," he went on to explain to Finnegan, "that we can't let her stay down in that torpedo room. It's too damp and cold down there, and there are too many people to distract her."

The old hypocrite. He knew and I knew that it wasn't just moving her out of the torpedo room that he had had in mind.

"Brown," the captain ordered the steward's mate, "tell the chief of the boat to rig up some kind of a bassinet for her right here in the wardroom. This is the best place for her. It's the chief's job to see that everybody on board is properly billeted. Why isn't he on the job?"

"Yes, sir," Brown responded, and was off at the quickest pace he had displayed since he came aboard Helleri.

"And, Hadley," the captain added as he pushed back his chair. "Stations for getting under way. Let's get out of here before anything else happens."

I had thought that when we arrived in Sasebo everything would work out all right and we would be able to make some satisfactory provision to turn the baby over to someone who could be responsible for her. But by the time we arrived in port, Mary Inchon was definitely a member of Helleri's crew. She spent a day in the chiefs' mess, and then the gang in the after torpedo room was her host for a while. When I came up on the bridge for the morning star sight, the quartermaster (*Continued on Page 76*)

"I'm afraid Wilson is slipping."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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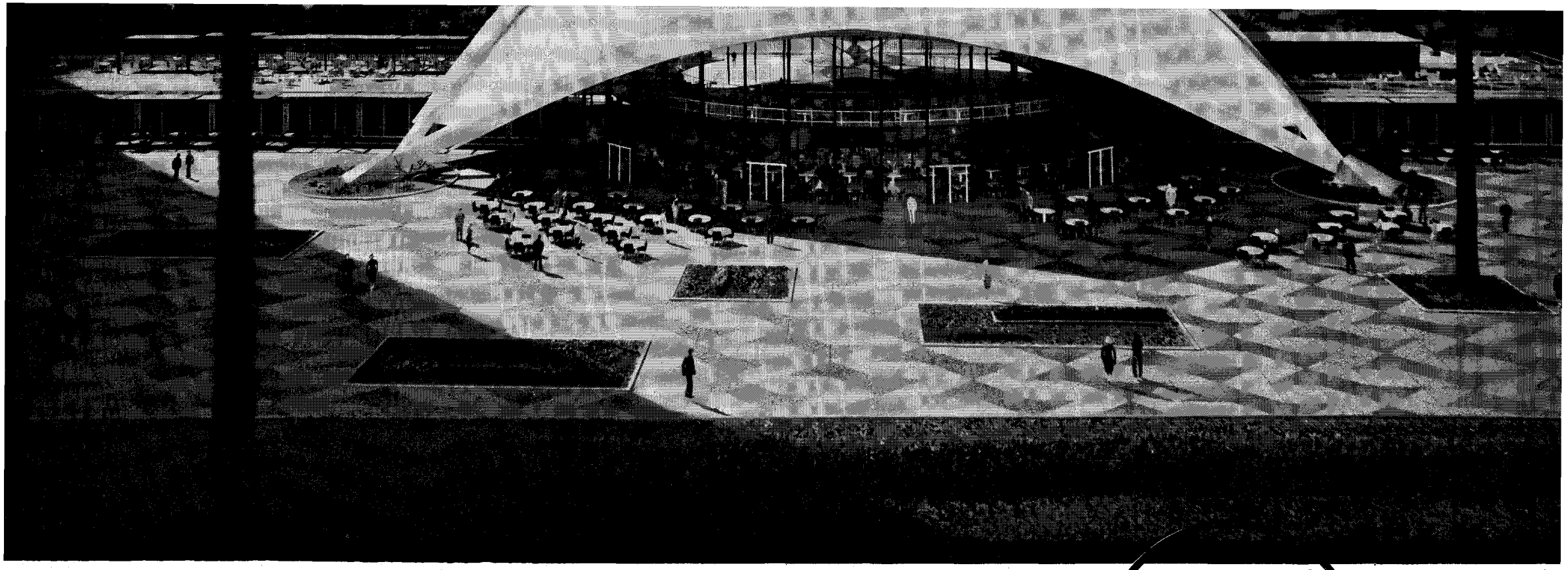

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CORN'S GONE GETS-IT GOT IT! GETS-IT LIQUID CORN REMOVER

(*Continued from Page 74*) regaled me with stories of her cutest tricks.

Before the voyage was over, Mary Inchon was afflicted with seventy-four fathers, and she reveled in it. She thrived on love and affection and expert care. There was plenty of all three in Helleri. The percentage of married men in Helleri was high and it had been over a year since we had waved good-by to Point Loma. There were many more than I who were lonesome for babies left behind in San Diego.

There was no doubt that we should have made arrangements to move her ashore as soon as we got in. But somehow it never seemed convenient, and there was always the question of what attitude the division commander might take. By tacit agreement, we just kept her presence a secret and put off the evil day when we would be sure to lose her. Her laundry was hung in the motor room to dry, and when visitors came aboard, we quickly moved her to some part of the ship that the visitors would be most unlikely to visit. It was not a matter of definite arrangement. It just seemed to work out that way. But, of course, it couldn't go on forever.

"Mr. Hadley," Finnegan confessed one day, "Mary has got some kind of a rash that I can't seem to clear up."

I had visions of measles or maybe chicken pox or scarlet fever, and I could imagine what Helleri would be like with an epidemic of childhood diseases. Finnegan assured me that it wasn't anything like that. The captain made suggestions from the wealth of his experience with his four kids back home in San Diego, but when the rash didn't get any better, we agreed that professional help was necessary.

"I have a friend who is a nurse in the Repose," Finnegan suggested. "Maybe we could get her aboard Helleri and she could advise us."

Certainly we just couldn't march Mary Inchon over to the hospital ship without letting the cat completely out of the bag.

So it was agreed that Finnegan would pave the way and that Captain Garlan would invite Ens. Susan Wilson to lunch aboard Helleri. Miss Wilson was quite a girl, and nobody in the wardroom considered it at all an onerous duty to entertain her. We left it for Captain Garlan to explain the situation. But when Finnegan brought Mary Inchon into the wardroom on a prearranged signal from the captain, Miss Wilson took charge immediately.

"Men!" she sniffed accusingly, as Mary gravitated naturally into her arms. "Keeping this baby down in such a dark hole without sunlight!"

Somehow we all felt guilty of unspeakable cruelty. The instinctive way Mary Inchon cuddled up to Susan Wilson showed us immediately that seventy-four frustrated fathers weren't enough to take proper care of one baby girl.

Miss Wilson was shocked when she learned that the baby's laundry was being dried in the motor room.

"That smelly hole!" she exclaimed over the chief's spotless motor room. Before she left Helleri she had laid down new rules and regulations. Mary should have at least two hours in the sun each day. The laundry would have to be dried in the sunlight. She would bring over a soothing lotion the next day. Then we all knew that the secret couldn't keep much longer. That there had been no leak from seventy-four members of Helleri's crew was phenomenal. The sun bath could be arranged on the bridge, hiding the baby from the public view, but Helleri's peculiar laundry, hung out to dry on the afterdeck, would soon cause comment.

Next day Susan Wilson came back aboard to supervise the first sun bath. It seemed peculiar that both she and Finnegan were necessary for the whole two hours on the bridge, and stranger still that the crew left them there strictly alone.

Perhaps Helleri's crew suspected that Finnegan hadn't just picked Susan Wilson at random as a consultant. But it was only two or three days before the laundry attracted official attention. One morning Captain Garlan called me into his stateroom.

"Here it is," he announced. "The division commander wants me to come aboard the tender to explain what's going on in Helleri."

It had been longer coming than I had anticipated, but it was a crisis nevertheless. We discussed ways and means of handling the situation.

"Captain," I suggested, "why not have Finnegan go along with you and bring Mary Inchon? It might keep the discussion from maintaining too formal an atmosphere."

"Hadley," the captain accepted, "I think you've got something. And besides, it will give me an opportunity to ask that young man a few preliminary questions. Have him come up to the wardroom right away."

When Finnegan appeared, the Old Man quickly outlined the situation and Finnegan agreed that if Helleri was going to be accused of illegally harboring a baby aboard, it might be a good idea to produce the corpus delicti as a surprise maneuver. Then, when we were all agreed on a program, the captain rubbed his chin thoughtfully and threw Finnegan into confusion with a direct question.

"Finnegan," he inquired, "the first morning you brought Mary into the wardroom, how come you tried to feed her with a defective nipple? After all, you must have had some experience feeding her on the trip down from Seoul."

"Maybe it was just an accident, sir," Finnegan evaded.

"Accident, my eye," the captain countered. "You knew very well that I had four kids of my own at home, and if you could unload Mary, even for a minute, into my hands, she would be sure of passage to Japan in Helleri."

"Yes, sir," Finnegan confessed. "Maybe it was a trick, but, you see, sir, I couldn't afford to take any chances."

"Never mind now," the captain conceded. "The point is that it worked, and it worked even better with Hadley here, who probably hasn't realized yet that you must have had to change her pants more than once before he demonstrated his skill that night in the torpedo room."

"The division commander will be a pushover for you two and Mary Inchon," I predicted. "All you've got to do is to get him to hold the baby."

The crew of Helleri didn't share my confidence. They watched Mary leave the ship with apprehension. But for once I was right. When the captain got back he reported everything under control. The division commander had been drawn into the conspiracy. Moreover, the three of them had worked out a scheme that promised to be a permanent solution.

Finnegan's enlistment was about to expire. He would be ready to enter medical school in the fall. The division commander suggested that Finnegan be detached early. He felt that, given a little time for discreet wirepulling at headquarters, he could arrange for an early discharge for the pharmacist's mate and air transportation for both of them back home. Of course, it would be necessary for Finnegan formally to adopt the baby to make her legally a military dependent, but that was a step the pharmacist was willing and anxious to undertake.

Without anyone definitely approving, Mary Inchon came back aboard Helleri to live while arrangements were being made. Susan Wilson continued her visits to make sure that her environment wasn't entirely masculine. I heard her arguing with Finnegan while they waited for the boat to take her back to Repose.

"Mary Inchon indeed," she scoffed. "What a name for a lot of men to inflict on such a dainty little girl. Bob, when the adoption papers go through promise me you will change her name to something more feminine."

Then the adoption proceedings hit a snag. The embassy, it seemed, had qualms about approving the adoption of a girl baby by a bachelor pharmacist's mate soon to be completely involved in first-year medical studies. Oddly enough, it turned out Helleri's crew had the same misgivings. Helleri's crew developed very conservative views on anything affecting Mary Inchon. But unlike the diplomatic corps, Helleri's crew were used to taking direct action to back up their convictions.

I suppose as executive officer I should have noted an air of conspiracy whenever Ens. Susan Wilson came aboard. But plots are sometimes hatched out back aft and become full blown before the wardroom becomes aware of what is going on. So I was completely surprised one afternoon, when business called me to the bridge, to find the quartermaster on guard in the conning tower, barring anyone's way to the bridge hatch.

"The baby's up there for her sun bath, Mr. Hadley," he explained, in the meantime standing resolutely between me and the ladder.

"Good," I replied, all innocent. "It's a nice day for it," and made a move to go around him.

"Miss Wilson's up there with Finnegan," he added, making no move to step aside. "You see, sir," he was finally forced to explain, "the crew thinks that if we arrange that nobody disturbs them when they go up there on the bridge, that smart pharmacist's mate will stop being so dumb."

I looked him straight in the eye, and he had the grace to blush for all seventy-three of his scheming, match-making co-conspirators.

"Johnson," I conceded, "maybe you've got something. I guess I don't have to go up to the bridge right now, after all."

It's a tough job to arrange enough privacy on a submarine for a whirlwind courtship, but Helleri's crew are capable of anything, once they put their minds to it. There were two volunteer guards on deck, I discovered, blocking the other approach to the bridge. It was out-and-out conspiracy, but it worked.

Ens. Susan Wilson was married to Finnegan in the wardroom of Repose. The captain gave the bride away, but the division commander arranged the honeymoon. He wangled air transportation back home for them. I held the rechristened Mary Isabelle Finnegan during the ceremony. In solemn, big-eyed approval she witnessed the wedding of her parents.

"Susan," I warned the bride, as I gave her back the baby, "you will never be able to tell whether Finnegan is the victim of circumstance or circumstance is Finnegan's victim."

The Finnegans make periodic reports on Mary's progress, for Helleri's crew rightfully consider they still have a proprietary interest in her. There hasn't been a single diaper drying in the motor room since she left, but it was pretty lonesome for a while, at night, waiting for the liberty party to return. THE END

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Brief Enchantment (Continued from Page 29)

hours in the garden, idly rapping the earth with his stick and gazing at nothing. George was left much to himself.

He was satisfied to rest, sitting in a chair outdoors when the weather was fine and indoors when it was not. After a week or two, Jane lured him into bridge games with convalescent patients from the hospital wing. On occasional weekends Tony came down from his base in Wiltshire.

Tony was a youthful replica of the colonel, built like a whip, with harsh black hair and a brilliant smile. He took a proprietary interest in Harms, which he would inherit. He was also engaged to be married to the daughter of the family that had owned the place for centuries, until the colonel had bought it a few years before.

"Merely grand strategy to buttress my stewardship," Tony said. "The fact that the young lady is a gorgeous hunk of junk and helplessly mad about me is immaterial, although helpful."

"It's still a bit early to gloat, darling," Jane said. "She may come to her senses and throw you over yet."

"Not a chance; the curse would get her. The house is haunted," Tony said to George; "did you know?"

Jane said, "Tony, don't be stupid."

They were having tea on a rainy Sunday afternoon. The sky outside the long windows was black and the room was dark, except for a minuscule fire.

"The curse is only operative against the family of the ancient owners," Tony said. "Including, of course, my betrothed. It visits some quite ghastly disaster on any member of the Hart family—or at least on this branch of the Hart family—who violates his given word. If it works as advertised it will keep my wife beautifully in line. Genuine too. Has something to do with the upper gatehouse room."

"Tony, please," Jane said. "You've got it all frightfully muddled, and in any case it's such a tiresome legend, so pointless. Can't we be a bit brighter?"

George was interested by Jane's evident distress over the subject of the curse and the haunted room. He had noticed before that Britons accepted haunted houses with enthusiasm as long as the houses were not their own. He supposed it went to prove that their belief in ghosts was too real to be altogether comfortable if the ghosts were people one might meet. But no doubt Jane had only been afraid the story would get around and disturb her nursing-home people. He would have liked to have a look at the upper room, but he was still hobbling with two canes, and the steep flights of stairs were unquestionably beyond him. He forgot the whole thing after a few days, as he forgot in turn each wave of thought that came into his mind during this time of healing, while he floated in a nirvana where nothing mattered very much.

He paid no attention to the war news and was unmoved, although he tried to pretend otherwise, when, on a May Monday, Jane wakened him from an afternoon nap to announce with great excitement the end of the European war. However, as a symbolic concession to the general jubilation he gave up his canes and painfully made his way about thereafter clutching chairs and railings. By the following Sunday, when Jane called him into the little sitting room off the library to listen to the Prime Minister's formal victory broadcast, he was able to walk in, somewhat unsteadily, without any support at all.

He stopped in the doorway to rest, a hand against the casing, and heard the radio, in massive Churchillian tones: ". . . it became clear last week that things had worked out pretty well ——"

Jane said in a half voice over it, "Oh, but you and Nancy haven't met. Miss Hart, Mr. Morgan. Now do sit down quickly and listen."

He saw Nancy then for the first time. She was sitting in a deep chair beside the bank of windows. He crossed the room to her and took her hand. When he looked down at her he was swept by an eagerness to know her that he felt was callow and absurd, but he thought she met his eyes as if she was surprised by something of the same feeling, and that was enormously exhilarating and made him say foolishly, "Shouldn't we have met before?"

She smiled with mock gravity and said, "Perhaps we have."

"Yes. Maybe. We have now, anyway."

They laughed together. He gave up her hand and brought over a chair.

She said, "Everything's been so mixed up, with the war."

"Yes. It was a big war."

"I might have been in uniform."

"No, I'd know you in anything," he said seriously. Then that struck them as funny and they laughed again. She was dressed in tweeds and wore a white scarf pinned at her throat. The pin was blue, and looked like a flower. The girl herself looked like a flower, he thought. Her hands and her face were smooth and cleanly carved, like petals, and her eyes vivid with color. He said, "You're like a flower."

"Heavens, not ever. I assure you I'm all animal."

"I didn't mean it only as a compliment. I mean you're calm and waiting."

"It's very strange. I do feel calm and waiting. I never have before." Without any warning, her eyes filled with tears. Neither of them seemed to feel any embarrassment, and George took out his handkerchief and dried the tears from her cheeks. She smiled radiantly. "It's just because the war is over."

"Sure."

"I didn't really think it ever would be over. There are winters when you can't believe spring will ever come. Have you felt that? Now it is spring and it doesn't seem possible it can ever be winter again."

"Maybe it won't be." He considered, and said, "Maybe winter's only a state of mind. The winter here in Devon would seem like spring to someone in Scotland."

"I have known people who were always winter. And even some who were always summer."

He said earnestly, intrigued by the thought, "It could depend on the season inside your own life, instead of the season outside. You could have winter up to a point, and then something changes and you have spring forever."

"She shall have springtime wherever she goes," she said in delight. They looked at each other and smiled. "You know, I really feel that might be true."

George's father was the publisher of a small-town newspaper in California, and George, tall and rangy, with an open face and a casual manner, had the air of being a child of sunlight, who would have contentedly lived all the hours of his youth away by throwing a football on the beach. This was a false impression, for George was, in fact, introspective and given to an intensity of feeling that he seldom admitted to himself and never revealed. But he had done his best to live up to what he appeared to be, as people commonly do, and had so successfully dissimulated that whenever he was abstracted or lost in contemplation his family and friends said George was not himself.

When the war started, George, at the end of his second year at Stanford, had tried the air-cadet deal, but had washed out in Primary and eventually wound up as a gunner in a B-24 in the Pacific. His airplane ditched off an island called Funafuti, and George came out of it with a fast heart that sent him back to civilian life. After a year at home, he got a chance to go to Europe as a special correspondent for a string of Coast newspapers, and took it, over his family's anxious objections. He let them believe he was merely hot to return to the fray, but the truth was he found the wartime home front intolerable and wanted to escape from it.

He experienced his second ditching as a passenger in a Lancaster, of which Tony Bush was air commander. Tony saved his life in the best melodramatic tradition, taking considerable risks in re-entering the sinking airplane to haul George out and get him to a raft. George sustained fractures of both legs and, according to the doctors, as Tony cheerfully told him later, he should have been dead.

His legs mended, but George did not seem to mend satisfactorily along with them. He rested in silence, idly thinking, and made no effort to get back in touch with the world around him. He suspected Tony had arranged for him to go down to Harms more as an unofficial mental patient than as a guest, but this left him undisturbed. He was glad to be there.

But the appearance of Nancy brought a sudden change. In a sense, he came

Wabash Catfish

By Herbert Merrill

Here where the muddy Wabash
makes a slow
Curve between claybank and
grassy flat,
I'll sit awhile to watch the
bubbles flow
And, Heaven willing, catch a
yellow cat.

Below the river's coffee-colored
skin
That ripples in the sun, old
pussy feeds,
With whiskery antennae on his
chin
To help him tell my worms
from water weeds.

There! Have I hooked him now
or hooked the world?
Or have I caught the boundary of a state?
No, here he comes, his heavy
body curled
Against the strong, two-handed pull of fate.

Fate, did I say? Alas, the twisted
thread
Snaps like a foolish hope, and
down he shoulders,
With thrusting tail and wagging,
bearded head
To sulk among drowned logs
and bottom boulders.

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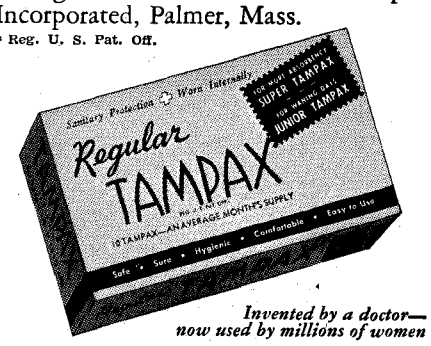

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back to life with a shock, as if he had burst above the surface of the sea after almost too long a time of holding his breath in the darkness deep beneath.

Sometimes walking, if the distance wasn't far, sometimes in the Bushes' pony cart, they wandered the narrow lanes, between high hedges banked with the flowers of spring, picnicked in heather on red cliffs that rose from the foaming breakers of the Channel, stopped for a lunch of pastries or a drink in a pub.

He had never known such a spring. He thought it was as beautiful in rain and mist as in sunlight. The cream-washed, thatched cottages and the landscape in soft focus gave him the same unguarded, ingenuous exaltation that pictures in a storybook brought to a child. It was easy to believe it was a time of enchantment. He accepted Nancy as the agent of this enchantment without a why or wherefore, as naturally as he now accepted green-streaked dawn for a time of eager awakening, without thought, only with feeling.

She had been there several days before he fully realized who she was. She said one noon, when they were walking in the meadow above the house, George keeping a hand on her shoulder to help himself along, "Do you know, you're so different from what I would have supposed."

He asked in surprise, "Supposed from what?"

"Tony's often spoken of you."

He let his hand drop from her shoulder and said with a doubtful grin, "I hadn't remembered you were Tony's girl." He was obscurely troubled. He tried to remember what Tony had said of this girl he was going to marry, but Tony seemed long ago and unsubstantial. He said, "Is Tony coming down?"

"He meant to, but his squadron is suddenly being moved to the Continent. He's most unhappy. Or at any rate, as unhappy as Tony can be."

He replaced his hand on her shoulder. They walked on. She was a slender girl, her hair was neatly brushed and shining, her eyes were long and darkly colored, her lips and the line of her cheek were modeled with a moving purity; she was very lovely, he thought, but there were many beautiful girls. And yet her presence was like a magic circle. When she smiled at him, he had the feeling that no one before her had ever quite recognized him. Their recognition filled and warmed the circle and nothing outside it existed.

She said, "Tony is such a happy person. One couldn't imagine unhappiness as his destiny. But then, he does speak of hidden fires."

The dim shade of Tony grew brighter. George stopped and faced her, his hands on her shoulders. "If you talk about him he'll be here."

She looked at him with parted lips. She said, "I know. But perhaps he should. We'd best be realistic."

"We're the only real reality. You and I."

"But the other kind of reality, outside us, it's still there."

"It's unconcerned with us. It's a million miles away."

He drew her to him and held her.

She said, "Sometimes I'm frightened, because it has gone so far away. What will happen when it comes back?"

"We won't have it back."

"It will rush in and turn us to ashes."

"It can't touch what we have now."

"That must really be immortality, to be happy for a time." She turned up her face and kissed him. "One actually does have hidden fires, of happiness as well as unhappiness. Like an uncut gem. Strike it the right way and what was dull blazes with light."

The flowered edges of the field were bright with sun and the many-gabled roof of the house below them gleamed like silver.

"Light," George said, "yes, it's like light."

They walked on in silence, bright with peace and well-being, remote in happiness. They walked to the end of the field and turned back.

Nancy said, "I've never seen so many primroses. There's a family tradition that Robert Herrick wrote 'Gather ye rosebuds while ye may' here at Harms. He used to visit here; his vicarage was just up near Ashburton. In fact, there's another family story that he took refuge here for a few days during the Civil War. . . . 'Old Time is still a-flying.'" She shivered. "Did you know Harms has a ghost story?"

Tony had said something. He couldn't quite remember.

"Wait, I'll find the right flower. Here's one." She ran to it and picked it and gave it to him. "Isn't it sweet? Doesn't it have an impudent expression? It's called heartsease, but an old name for it is love-in-idleness. Ages ago one of the ladies of the manor—no one is ever able to decide which one—made a rendezvous with her lover, and when he came he brought her a nosegay of love-in-idleness and the instant she accepted it she vanished. It's always been regarded as a just and awful punishment. The room where it happened is our haunted room."

"The upper gatehouse room," George said. "I remember. Tony told it."

"Yes. Tony loves the story."

"I expect the room's been given a wide berth since then."

"Supposedly. But I used to play up there when I was little. I imagine the children always have. It's easy to escape into there from the nursery, and it's a wonderful place to hide, full of massive old furniture and the most menacing skeleton of a canopy bed. I hope the Bushes haven't changed it. You must see it."

"I'll bring you love-in-idleness. In bunches."

"I think it might be rather wonderful if the charm could work, at just the right moment, of course."

"I don't know. Would it take both of us?"

They laughed and held their hands together.

She said, "If it shouldn't, don't ever let me go."

It didn't occur to them to disguise their amorousness, and there came a rainy evening when Jane and the colonel descended on them in the sitting room with an obvious intention to endure a highly disagreeable quarter of an hour in the interests of duty.

Jane began the proceedings by saying, "I do think we must all have a chat." She looked pointedly at the colonel, who turned red.

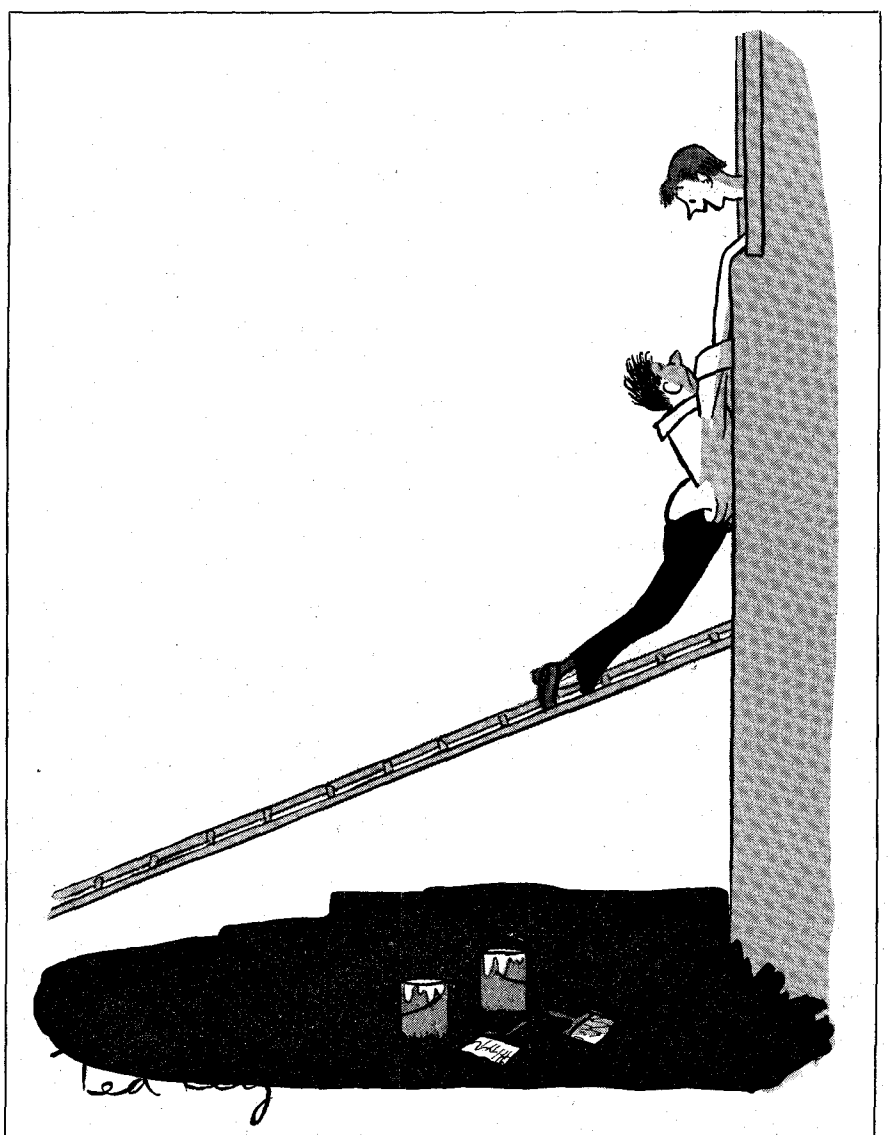
"Happens all the time," the colonel said.

"He means young people do get carried away," Jane said. "It is quite understandable. The war and all that." There was a long pause. Jane said brightly, "But it can be so dreadful in anything if one doesn't keep up appearances. Things simply can't be left to themselves, you know. They simply go smash." Again she looked to the colonel for help.

"Happens all the time," the colonel barked.

Jane said still more brightly, "Of course, we all do our best always to look on the bright side. But gossips will, that is to say, gossip. And one is left looking a fool."

"Happens all the time," the colonel said obediently, sitting at attention.



"You call?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now I'm sure we're all ever so much better off for such a frank little talk," Jane said. "But I did want to tell you—Tony has wired that he has leave and will be here tomorrow." She looked from George to Nancy with genuine pain and sadness, and said, "Well."

The colonel sprang up with great relief and went out with her.

Nancy said, "Oh, dear, we must be the talk of the South Hams."

George said, "Tony ——"

She looked at him, wide-eyed. "Yes, Tony. He really can be hurt, you know."

"We have to tell him the truth."

"It will be one thing to us and something else to him."

"That we love each other."

"That I've been unfaithful and you've been treacherous."

George looked down at his hands. He said, "Yes."

"It's rather a terrible price to make Tony pay for our happiness."

"I hadn't thought of it that way."

"And what will it do to us to make him pay it?"

"There's nothing else we can do."

"I know. Nothing." She rose from her place by the fire and leaned over his chair and hugged him for a moment and took his hands and drew him to his feet. She said suddenly, "How long have I been here, darling? I mean, here at Harms."

"Why, a week or so. Maybe two."

"I looked it out on a calendar today. It will be five weeks tomorrow."

They both laughed, but their laughter died as suddenly as it had begun, and she buried herself in his arms and hid her face against him.

She said in a whisper, "We've felt that the world has gradually receded all around us and that we alone were real, just you and I, and perhaps it has. But perhaps—perhaps it has been the other way."

He said in a troubled voice, "I don't understand."

"George, have you never felt something—something—as if we were not really here at all?"

A chill gripped his heart. He said nothing.

She said, "As if we know we can't stay? As if when we hear the clock tick we will —— But it's true, because of course we couldn't stay just the way we've been, nothing ever can. We can go on together, as people do, but we'll be different—after Tony comes tomorrow, we'll be back in reality. Reality won't even let us remember the way we are now, not after a while. We shall only be able to remember the cost to Tony—of changing us back. And that's all so wrong, when we don't want to inflict the cost and we don't want to be brought back."

He stroked her hair.

She whispered, "If only we could stop forever, just here. We have been so happy. I love you so much."

Presently they went out. Night had fallen and lingering drops of rain dripped from the black beeches. They climbed to the meadow. She searched for love-in-idleness, striking matches, and could find only one.

She said, "We should say good-by to ourselves, the ourselves we've been here."

He said restlessly, "Maybe Tony won't change anything. Maybe sometime we can come back again anyway, to being just as we are now. If we believe in it enough."

"When I was little I was told that unless I said good-by nicely I should never be invited back."

They returned to the house and she led him up the steep flights of stairs slowly, while George managed a step at a time,

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to the upper gatehouse room. Nancy found an end of candle in the corridor and brought it in with them.

The furniture looked gigantic and alive in the licking shadows. They went to the window and Nancy turned and faced him. George gravely presented her with the flower. She took it with a little smile. They stood a few moments without speaking, and then George picked up the candle and they left the room.

He never spoke of this, later, to anyone. When, the next morning, Nancy could not be found, he told the truth—that he had last seen her when they had said good night on the stairs. To speak of the upper room then would have seemed absurd and profane, like introducing levity into what was quickly recognized as tragedy. The only explanation that could be advanced was that Nancy had gone down to the Sands for an early-morning swim, as she sometimes did, and had been carried out by the tide. It had been low tide, and dangerous for swimming, an hour after sunrise. Eventually this explanation became official, and therefore inviolable truth.

George remembered very little of that period. His principal memory, of that day and the days following and all the time since, was of bleakness, and nothing more. And yet, as time went on, he grew less certain. Yes, of course, she had died and was gone, and the world would remain empty without her until the end of time, and yet —— He began to beguile himself with delusion that he recognized for delusion and yet nevertheless deliberately pursued—the delusion that their brief life together had been beyond the reach of time. What else could it have meant, the unearthly light of their happiness that they had both perceived so poignantly, if not the transforming presentiment of timelessness?

If that could be so, possibly there had, in fact, been magic in the upper room, possibly the charm had worked, possibly they had moved together to the outermost edges of time, until, in response to her longing, she had at last stepped across a mysterious line to remain forever outside the borders of its illusory empire. If that could be so, possibly then, after all, Nancy waited there for him still.

When he returned to Harms Barton after ten years, it was not so much to rid himself of troubled memories, as Jane thought, as it was to rid himself of far more troubling hopes.

Jane and the colonel were kind, but after they had spoken of Tony, who was in Kenya, and a few innocuous words of Nancy to prove that the subject was not taboo, they had nothing to talk about, and he felt a stranger. The feeling persisted until, on Sunday in the empty house, he went to the upper room.

In daylight the room was gray and dead, like a long-neglected attic. The furniture looked smaller. Damp spotted the walls. It was the light that was wrong, he thought, and he turned back to the window to close the curtains and saw a flower lying in the dust on the floor. It had been freshly picked. He knelt and touched it.

He had no idea how long afterward it was when he went downstairs. He heard Jane calling him from the little sitting room off the library and started in there, but at the doorway a sudden dizziness made him stop.

The room seemed to waver, and for a moment the richly carved paneling, the elaborate plaster ceiling, the dark furniture and the gleaming little-paned windows looked as flat as painted scenery. He closed his eyes and put his hand against the door casing, and when he opened his eyes the illusion had passed, but there remained an overpowering sense of something different, of inexplicable excitement, of impending revelation.

He heard the radio, in massive Churchillian tones: ". . . it became clear last week that things had worked out pretty well ——"

Jane said in a half voice over it, "Oh, but you and Nancy haven't met. Miss Hart, Mr. Morgan. Now do sit down quickly and listen."

He saw Nancy then for the first time. She was sitting in a deep chair beside the bank of windows.

The joy of recognition came like a shock. He crossed the room to her and took her hand and looked down into her eyes, unable to speak. Suddenly, as though an echo faded, he found himself puzzled and distraught and covered with confusion.

He said in bewilderment, "Shouldn't we have met before?"

She studied him with a fleeting perplexity and then smiled, a little gravely. "Perhaps we have."

"Yes," he replied. "Maybe. We have now, anyway."

They laughed together.

Jane said to the colonel in mystification, "He must have suddenly gone out. I thought I heard him on the stairs."

"Well, well," the colonel said. "He's still unsettled, you know."

"I found this at the foot of the stairway, where he must have dropped it," Jane said in a troubled voice. She showed him a flower, dried and withered beyond recognition.

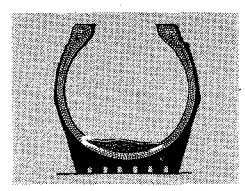
"Bit of grass," the colonel said.

THE END

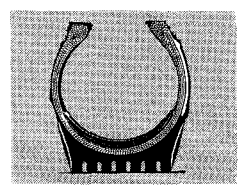
Smashing Rifle Shot

Proves The Puncture-Sealing Power of The Sensational New Seiberling Sealed-Aire Tire

Dan Carroll, famous rifle marksman and Remington Arms Company expert, fired shot after shot into the puncture-sealing Seiberling Sealed-Aire Tire at close range. *No loss of air!* All competitive puncture-sealing tires were subjected to this test—and failed. The secret is in Seiberling's exclusive "bulkhead" construction which makes it possible to use a "tackier" sealant and more of it. See your Seiberling Dealer for a set of Sealed-Aire Tires, proved by test to be America's finest, safest puncture-sealing tires.



Ordinary puncture-sealing tires can lose puncture protection—Centrifugal force and tire heat can cause the sealing gum to flow out of position losing puncture protection and causing out-of-balance.



Only Sealed-Aire has exclusive "Bulkhead" construction that keeps the sealing gum permanently in place for lifetime puncture protection and lifetime balance.

SEIBERLING Sealed-Aire, THE TIRE OF TOMORROW, Is Here—*TODAY!*

SEIBERLING

Makers of America's Finest Tires

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY • AKRON, OHIO • TORONTO, CANADA

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Beware of Home-Repair Racketeers

(Continued from Page 17)

home-improvement loans. "We also have good reason to believe organized gangs are operating in New York, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Atlanta and, for that matter, every large city."

People who answer bait ads for one phony product generally are approached by sharpshooters in other lines, a clear indication that shady outfits exchange sucker lists. During the Senate investigation of the FHA scandals in 1954, documentary evidence was presented proving that schools for training salesmen in fraudulent propositions had been set up in all sections of the country. "I have heard everything now," commented Sen. Homer E. Capehart, chairman of the committee.

It's small wonder the underworld has muscled into home improvements. This is no petty, two-bit shell game. Twelve billion dollars are spent annually for refurbishing and modernizing American homes, and the bulk of the money is poured out in large lump sums. A man who spends $500 to $2000 on home repairs must depend upon the manufacturer's reputation and the contractor's integrity, for he has no way of checking or testing adequately the quality of the products he buys.

But the uninformed customer is only one of the cushy angles working for the suède-shoe boys. They are virtually immune to jail sentences or even stiff fines because gathering iron-clad evidence of fraud is a long, difficult process. A roof guaranteed for twenty years may spring a leak after two weeks, and the first rainstorm may wash off a "lifetime" coat of paint, but by the time an indictment is drawn the defendant invariably is operating in another state. Even cease-and-desist orders issued by the Federal Trade Commission against manufacturers of phony products are not always effective. The culprits simply continue in business under new names.

For thirty years authorities in ten states have been trying to break up the notorious Williamson gang, a fantastic tribe of 100 families, all double first cousins. Like gypsies, the Williamsons never marry outsiders and instruct their children from infancy in shoplifting, con games, fake accident claims and palming off cheap domestic fabrics as expensive imports. When apprentices are ready for the big leagues, they are given post-graduate courses in home-repair rackets, the Williamsons' stock in trade.

The customary procedure is to "blitz" a town by saturating it with radio, TV and newspaper ads offering roofing, siding and painting jobs at prices far below the rates quoted by legitimate dealers. This gambit is followed up by aggressive door-to-door solicitation that frequently terrorizes housewives into hiring the cutthroats. Their materials and workmanship are so shoddy—they reroof a fair-sized house in an afternoon—that the property is turned into an eyesore.

A renegade Williamson, the first one ever known to turn square, revealed that two kinfolk cleaned up $28,000 in Iowa and Minnesota during the summer of 1954. Among other things, they made a profit of $700 on lightning rods that cost forty dollars. An elderly, half-blind couple paid $250 for a few pieces of metal worth three dollars.

In May, 1955, the Boston Better Business Bureau broadcast a bulletin, THE TERRIBLE WILLIAMSONS TO INVADE NEW ENGLAND, reminiscent of the alarms spread by vigilantes after the Civil War warning Middle Western towns of impending raids by the Jesse James gang. The alerted FBI and state and local police made two arrests, but were unable to secure convictions. That was one of the rare instances the Williamsons ever were inconvenienced by the law.

The suède-shoe boys' old, reliable meal ticket is the model-house scheme, which has been flourishing since man emerged from the cave. This is how it works: A homeowner is approached by an "executive" of a company manufacturing, let's say, a new plastic siding guaranteed against cracking and discoloration. The prospect is told the company is so impressed by his standing in the community and the location of his charming house that it has been selected to introduce the siding at a special offer of $795, $545 or whatever the gyp thinks the chump will go for. The price deliberately is pegged high to soften up the sucker for the lowering of the boom.

The owner says that kind of money is far beyond his reach. The gyp looks over his shoulder furtively and confides he is so eager to use the house as a model that he will make a deal which must be kept in strictest secrecy. He will pay fifty dollars for every prospect the owner refers to the company. Surely the man knows a dozen people who take pride in their homes. That's 600 bucks right there. Think of the inquiries from admiring passers-by. In no time at all the owner will get back his outlay and wind up with a nice profit. If the gyp encounters resistance, the bonus is hiked to seventy-five dollars or $100. Any figure mentioned is immaterial, of course. The owner never sees a red cent after he signs up for an outrageously overpriced job; he is stuck for the full bill.

If it is inconceivable to you that an adult possessing all his marbles can fall for such a brazen swindle, you're underestimating the persuasiveness of the peddler of spurious merchandise. He once worked side streets and carnivals, but today, as Broadcast Magazine points out, "television has brought the pitchman off the streets and into the parlor."

Edward S. Silver, district attorney of Brooklyn, sums up the situation more succinctly, "The bum hasn't got the guts of a burglar. He insinuates himself into your home instead of breaking in."

The current furor over misleading TV advertising stems mainly from the huckstering of combination storm windows, the suède-shoe boys' pin-up item today. The cheapest storm window on the market cannot be bought by a dealer and installed for less than twelve dollars, yet the gyps quote prices ranging from $7.50 to $8.95. Since they are not in the habit of losing money, it is obvious they have no intention of doing business at the advertised price.

A salesman responding to an inquiry leads off showing the cheap window—for which he gets no commission—then artfully switches the customer to a much more expensive product by plugging its superior quality. The difference between the advertised and switch prices is split down the middle by the promoter and the salesman. This is known in the trade as the "par deal," the basic setup for conniving in home repairs.

A fascinating wire recording of the shrewd psychological tricks used in storm-window switches was made recently by Walter J. Glennon, an investigator for the New York Better Business Bureau. Glennon had the recording device concealed on him—never mind how—when he posed as a switch specialist in applying for a job with a gyp outfit. Following are verbatim excerpts from his interview with the boss, whom we will call Mickey.

MICKEY: What have you sold before?

GLENNON: Ladies' shoes and vacuum cleaners. I started with a $29.95 machine and worked up to one that went for $139.

MICKEY: H'm'm—that's a pretty good jump. We advertise windows for $7.77 and $9.79 and our step-up is from $28 to $46. Besides getting half of everything you sell over the base price, you get a bonus of fifty bucks if you get rid of fifty windows a week, plus a dollar for each one over that.

GLENNON: What does the average sale come to?

MICKEY: You can figure on fifteen windows at $36 apiece. Last Saturday afternoon a guy made $370 on commissions. The law of averages says you got to find one mooch (sucker) a week in twelve or fourteen leads.

GLENNON: Is your product any good?

MICKEY (*sharply*): I'm surprised at an old switch man asking that.

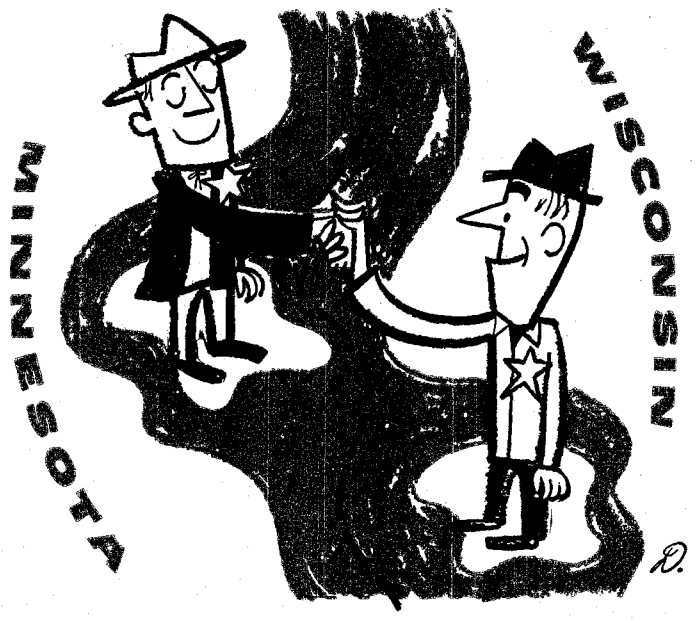
"I almost queered the show with that question," Glennon admits, "but I wanted to record the answer for possible legal action."

After the interview, Glennon went out with Al, an experienced salesman, on actual calls. "The trick is not to pull the switch too fast," Al explained. "The papers have raised such a stink about storm windows the last few months that everybody's suspicious. Sell the advertised item at first and give it a good build-up. After you've clinched the sale, show the better window, stress its good points, and the customers themselves will knock the window they've just bought."

The first call was on a family in Brooklyn. Al had the $7.77 window and a more expensive one in the car, but he took only the cheap item into the house. He gave a straightforward spiel and quickly sold ten windows, amounting to $80.03 with the city tax. As he pocketed the order, Al casually told the wife the aluminum frames of the windows had to be wiped with steel wool once a week to prevent pitting and blackening. The woman, visibly upset, protested to her husband that she would have to lean dangerously far out of the second story to reach all parts of the frames.

"I know it's an awful nuisance," Al nodded sympathetically. "I wouldn't have said anything about the steel wool if I just wanted to make a sale. But I can tell you keep a nice house and I know you don't want to spoil its appearance, especially with an outside fixture your neighbors can see."

Al gave Glennon the high sign to bring in the second window. "You've got a very good buy in the window you ordered. Of course, it isn't made with the high-grade, stainless aluminum in this one. You can't expect that at the price you paid. . . . No, madam, you never have to wipe this other window (*Continued on Page 82*)



Look at the State They're In!

If the rest of the world could solve its territorial problems in the way in which Minnesota and Wisconsin did, this old globe would be happier and more tranquil. What plagued the two states before World War I was island troubles. The boundary between them, the Mississippi River, in shifting its course back and forth, switched an island from each state almost over into the next. Now, an island can be a pleasant thing, but not when it sits just across from your hometown, harboring an array of honky-tonks going full blast.

One large island like that sprawled almost in the prim lap of Winona, Minnesota, and another not quite thirty miles downstream confronted La Crosse, Wisconsin. Both towns had cops with amphibious ideas on how to restore law and order, but without authority to invade islands which were technically in the state next door.

So the two state legislatures went into session and passed acts swapping the islands. Congress ratified the interstate deal, and the cops landed and soon had the situation fully in hand. Both islands are now used largely for public recreation of a wholesome sort. People in both cities are pleased at the trade.

When a new bridge was built over the Mississippi at La Crosse in 1939, Wisconsin found itself bearing the whole state cost of the 2600-foot span over the main channel to its island. Minnesota was stuck the same way for a new main bridge at Winona in 1942. But the two states shared costs of the secondary spans over the narrow back channels behind the islands, and all ended happily.

Fawcett Y. Gleason

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If you wear it . . . you know it reached you by truck!

The clothes you wear . . . the food you eat . . . the things you live with . . . they all travel by truck. Trucks take everything everywhere . . . delivering the goods to all corners of our country. They help bring better values to every one of us.

ATA FOUNDATION INC.

AMERICAN TRUCKING INDUSTRY

Washington 6, D. C.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

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(*Continued from Page 80*) after it's installed. The weatherproof frame is guaranteed not to pit or discolor. Apart from that, the window I sold you is perfectly satisfactory. It will serve your purpose almost as well as this more expensive article. Yes, the screen and glass in this one are better and the parts move easier, but you've got to pay more for those extra features."

For two hours Al stoked the debate between the husband and wife as they anxiously discussed the advisability of buying the better window. The upshot was that the couple went from a purchase of $80.03 to $279.44.

The next call was on a Puerto Rican supporting a wife and six children on seventy-six dollars a week. The man, embarrassed by his halting command of English, agreed with everything Al said and bought six windows for $48.02. He did not bite, though, at the steel-wool bait until Al played his ace as he was leaving.

"When are you selling the house?" Al asked.

The man was startled. He said the house was not up for sale.

"Oh, excuse me," Al blurted. "I thought you're fixing up the place to make it look a little nicer. Had I known your family was going to stay here, I would've shown you the window that belongs in a fine house."

Snob appeal is an irresistible lure in every income bracket. The poor Puerto Rican was stuck, but good, by Al for $249.86.

When the suède-shoe boys hawk services rather than tangible commodities, their tactics often are about as subtle as a section of lead pipe over the skull. An old trap certain to be sprung with the approach of cold weather is the tear-down-furnace racket, a vicious skin game that can cost the dupe a year's savings. A gyp posing as a city inspector gains entrance to a house while the husband is at work by telling the wife he is making a routine check on the safety of the furnace. The woman lets him in and attends to her chores, but an hour later she wonders what in the world can be keeping the man. She goes to the basement and is appalled to find the furnace dismantled, with parts strewn all over the floor.

Shaking his head gravely, the gyp reports he has found a very serious defect that can cause fire, explosion or carbon-monoxide poisoning. Fortunately, he knows a good repairman who can make the necessary adjustments immediately. The husband, informed by telephone of the emergency, tells his wife to sit tight until he comes home. By that time the frantic woman has visions of the family being burned to death, blown to bits or asphyxiated in their sleep. In the confusion, there is no heat or hot water, and roughing it no longer intrigues the kids. If the husband insists on calling in another consultant, the gyp refuses to reassemble the furnace on the ground that it is a fire or health hazard. Putting it together—and restoring strategic parts that have been swiped—runs into so much money that the husband may decide to replace a perfectly good heating unit with a new one.

The scare technique also is used by thieving electrical contractors. Again, a phony inspector casts a fishy eye over the wiring, outlets and fixtures, and scribbles furiously in a notebook. He has no trouble convincing the nervous wife, who believes every entry is a violation, the house is a firetrap. For an added fillip, the husband is told his insurance policy will not be valid if the faults are not corrected. By another happy coincidence, the inspector knows an electrician who can rewire the place. He neglects to mention that the house will be stripped practically to the foundations after his crony has finished tearing down walls and ceilings.

Another variation of this dodge is to inform a homeowner his chimney is giving off noxious fumes or is about to topple. A few months ago two elderly sisters in Boston paid $420 to a crew that went through the motions of poking poles down the chimney for two hours and slapping a little cement on it.

A prime example of the pitfalls confronting consumers with no technical knowledge for evaluating materials is the mastic-paint racket. Until storm windows shot up into first position, mastic paints had the dubious distinction of being the biggest headache in home repairs. Authorities estimate gullible customers were taken for $6,000,000 in Southern California alone during the first six months of 1954 on this new product developed in the last decade.

Mastic paint, which is made with a resin or plastic base, forms a coat four times thicker than ordinary paint and is guaranteed by the gyps to stand up twenty years or more in any climate. The claim is substantially true—under very limited conditions. Mastics do last indefinitely when applied with an air gun to thoroughly dry masonry. The catch is that they do not adhere properly to wood and, worse still, ruin it. The United States Department of Agriculture explained in a recent bulletin that wood deteriorates quickly under mastics because the thick coat retains the moisture which condenses on side walls during cold weather. Good exterior paint is supposed to chalk, or wear off gradually, to give the wood underneath a chance to dry out.

When a sharpie rubs the surface of a frame house and shows the chalk dust on his hands, anyone who does not understand why it is given a relatively thin coat of paint is halfway sold on mastics. If he goes overboard for the spiel, his house presently begins to blister and peel like a third-degree sunburn.

Apart from the money the public is losing, the most aggravating aspect of the suède-shoe boys' activity is the monkey wrench it may throw into Operation Home Improvement—the long-overdue effort to protect the capital investment of $235,000,000,000 in 50,000,000 American homes. Each year, 1,000,000 neglected dwellings are sucked into encroaching slums. Every city is pockmarked with depressed neighborhoods that once were desirable residential sections.

A catchy slogan ("'56, the Year to Fix") is not needed to underscore the fact that millions of homes built after World War II with substitutes for scarce materials are ready now for rehabilitation and expansion. Bandboxes that were adequate for newly married couples ten years ago hardly are suitable for raising families. It may be corny to remark that children derive important social and moral benefits from a comfortable, attractive home, but corn happens to contain the kernels of enduring truths.

Real-estate specialists say 5 per cent of a house's value should be reinvested annually for repairs and improvements to prevent depreciation. In sharp contrast, the Federal Reserve Board reports that 20,000,000 homeowners did not shell out a dime for maintenance last year and 15,000,000 spent less than $300 apiece. Moreover, 30,000,000 houses have not been painted in ten years and 13,000,000 have no bathtub or shower.

There's always something demanding attention in a modernized home. An accurate barometer of our rising standard of living is the consumption of electricity, which has doubled in the last decade. During that period the average middle-class family has acquired a TV set, a freezer, a larger refrigerator, a score of appliances and lighting fixtures that take 150-watt bulbs—but when did a licensed electrician last examine the wiring in your house? The General Electric Company found in a 1955 survey that nearly half the homes in the country are wired inadequately, and overloaded current lines are a definite fire hazard.

Paradoxically, the easy availability of loans to homeowners with whopping bills for major repairs is an open invitation to skulduggery by the suède-shoe boys. Any responsible party can go to a private bank and borrow up to $2500, discounted at five dollars per $100 and repayable within three years, for an improvement that "adds to the basic utility or livability of a home" under Title I of the FHA. The Government guaranteed the full amount of the loan until two years ago, but the warranty since has been reduced to 90 per cent for reasons that will be apparent in a moment. Homeowners are such good risks—the default rate on 19,000,000 Title I loans made since 1934 is less than 2 per cent—that commercial banks now

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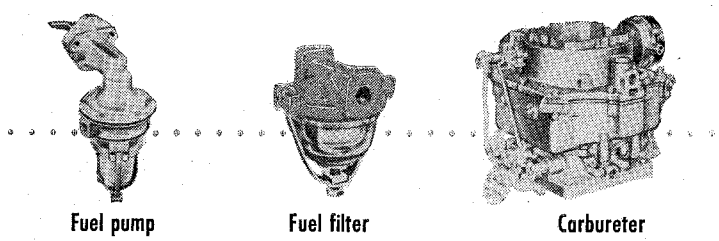

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extend credit for repairs without the Government security.

On the surface, the Title I loan seems to be a splendid example of private capital and progressive government teaming up to promote the general welfare. The homeowner can maintain the value of his property by getting a helping hand in a tight spot and the lender is assured of a reasonable profit. Further, the program is no drain on taxpayers who do not participate in it. In fact, the FHA has piled up a reserve of $67,000,000, in addition to amortizing an original appropriation of $8,500,000, on premiums of .65 per cent collected from banks as insurance on the loans.

In actual practice, crooks exploit to the hilt a weakness in the Title I setup that makes homeowners sitting ducks for fraudulent contracts and once-over-lightly work. The trouble is that the FHA does not—repeat, does not—evaluate the cost of a job, inspect the materials used or check on a contractor's honesty and competence. The bank issuing the loan is assured of its money and, as a consequence, seldom processes a Title I application as carefully as a transaction involving private capital. The borrower is strictly on his own in negotiating a home-improvement loan, and too often is taken for a ride by gyp operators.

Although the FHA scandals of 1954 focused the spotlight on windfalls in new construction financed by the Government, it also uncovered shocking laxity and irregularities in the supervision of home-improvement loans. William F. McKenna, a special investigator, testified that the FBI had referred 163 cases of flagrant abuses to the FHA in the two previous years, but action was taken on only nine. Following the disclosures, the FHA cut the guarantee on Title I loans to 90 per cent in an effort to make banks exercise more caution in approving applications, but the suède-shoe boys' killings are bigger than ever. On February 20, 1956, five weeks after Operation Home Improvement was launched, bankers again were urged "to be alert to the menace of unscrupulous exploiters of the American public" by Albert M. Cole, Administrator of the Housing and Home Finance Agency.

The FHA often is criticized for being tougher on citizens who default on Title I loans than it is with racketeers. The Justice Department vigorously prosecutes debtors and eventually collects the money owed, but the crooks merely are placed on a precautionary list. This means that banks in the area are required to witness the signing of contracts and inspect every third job for $500 or less and every job for more than $1000. The whole thing is as ineffectual as a wet match because the gyps move on and set up business under another name. There are some 5000 fly-by-nights on the list and it is significant that 2000 have been put on in the last two years.

"The precautionary list isn't much of a deterrent to racketeering," FHA's Cy Sweet admits. "We can't take stronger action, though, unless we have airtight evidence of fraud, which is almost impossible to get. Why don't we screen the loans? We'd be buried under red tape. By the time we processed an annual load of a million and a quarter applications, seasons and emergencies would come and go and people wouldn't get the money when they needed it. Besides, the cost of an army of appraisers and investigators added to the interest charges would make the loans too expensive."

Since no immediate relief is in sight, homeowners must protect themselves, especially when signing legal papers and loan applications. This is the start of most phony deals, for the contractor is not paid until he shows the bank a signed completion certificate attesting that the work has been done satisfactorily. Gyps resort to a variety of ruses to get the certificates endorsed before they even begin a job. Housewives who are too busy to read the fine print in documents are high-pressured into signing certificates which they believe are price estimates. A certificate may be slipped into a sheaf of application blanks. Trick clauses obscured by legal gobbledygook are inserted into contracts binding the client to exorbitant prices and stipulations. When all other flimflams fail, the gyp sometimes forges a signature to a certificate.

It always comes as a shock to find that such subterfuges hold up in court, except when forgery or bare-faced fraud can be proved. That's only half the story. A job that was overpriced in the first place may have to be paid for twice if the gyp skips town before settling his bills with a subcontractor or a supplier of materials. In that event, the creditors can get a mechanic's lien against the victim's house and collect from him. People have been taking a frightful beating from this form of double jeopardy for several years in the Far West, the favorite stamping ground for itinerant crooks. Liens were slapped on fully 28 per cent of the new and remodeled homes in Los Angeles County during the first three months of 1956 and the figure ran to an incredible 48 per cent in Clark County, Nevada.

Comes the recurring question: How can a homeowner keep out of the clutches of the suède-shoe boys? We can offer a number of tips, but the best advice is to deal only with reputable local tradesmen. They intend to stay in business for a long time; they'll be on hand next month or next year to correct faulty installations and materials. Reliability is the soundest staple you can buy in home repairs because you can't climb to the roof to make sure a man is putting on asbestos shingles instead of cardboard, and even if you watch a plumber poke around the basement, you don't know what he's doing.

Just to keep on the safe side, the following pointers also are recommended:

Don't be stampeded into major projects. It's unlikely a door-to-door solicitor will discover a defect that is an immediate danger to you or the house.

Before awarding a contract, get several estimates and make certain they are based on identical specifications.

Demand positive identification before letting an inspector from the city or a utility company into your house.

Steer shy of lifelong guarantees. No reputable company gives an unconditional warranty because so many variables affect a product's durability.

Read the fine print in all documents and contracts you sign, then get duplicate copies.

Don't be tempted by "amazing" bargains. Offers of $100-discount certificates for identifying a picture of the Empire State Building or for naming Yankee Doodle as a "mystery" tune are blatant come-ons used only by gyp outfits.

Skilled labor and top-grade nationally known materials may seem expensive, but it's infinitely cheaper in the long run to have a job done properly than to hire an itinerant or a handy man.

Keeping these tips firmly in mind will save you from getting trapped into new, burgeoning rackets. Right now, a lot of folks who contemplated spending a pleasant summer in their back yards are blowing gaskets over concrete-lined holes in the ground that are incompleted swimming pools. Deceptively low prices quoted for the pools did not include pumps, filters, chlorinating equipment and plumbing costs for hooking up to water lines. In many communities, local ordinances requiring constant changes of fresh water make the pools prohibitively expensive.

Another season, another dodge. Next winter the suède-shoe boys will be pushing the Heat Saver, a $250 gadget attached to furnaces which supposedly cuts fuel bills 40 per cent by reclaiming the hot gases that go unused up the flue. That's where the $250 goes too. The National Bureau of Standards reported, on January 20, 1956, that only 4 per cent of the heat is recovered under ideal conditions and that economy is nullified by the release of sulfurous acid which permanently damages chimneys. New York City banned Heat Savers in March because escaping flue gases in a building "seriously imperil the health and lives of the occupants."

A bait-switch item getting a heavy play is the conversion of bathtubs into stall showers. The job is advertised at nineteen to twenty-nine dollars, but hidden charges boost the final cost to eighty dollars. Fly-by-nights are making fast fortunes selling $600 automatic-fire-alarm systems on the model-house scheme. Two-legged vermin in the exterminating business examine a house and throw the owner into a panic by showing him a piece of wood crawling with termites. The termites come from a bottle the gyp carries in his kit.

There is no end to the gimmicks people dream up. Cy Sweet swears a fellow walked into a Jacksonville, Florida, bank a few months ago and said he wanted a Title I loan to get a divorce. When the stunned banker regained his aplomb, he replied that the FHA does not disburse money for such purposes.

"I've read the law and it says loans are given for anything that adds to the livability of a house," the man argued. "If you don't think getting rid of my wife will make my house more livable, you're crazy."

THE END

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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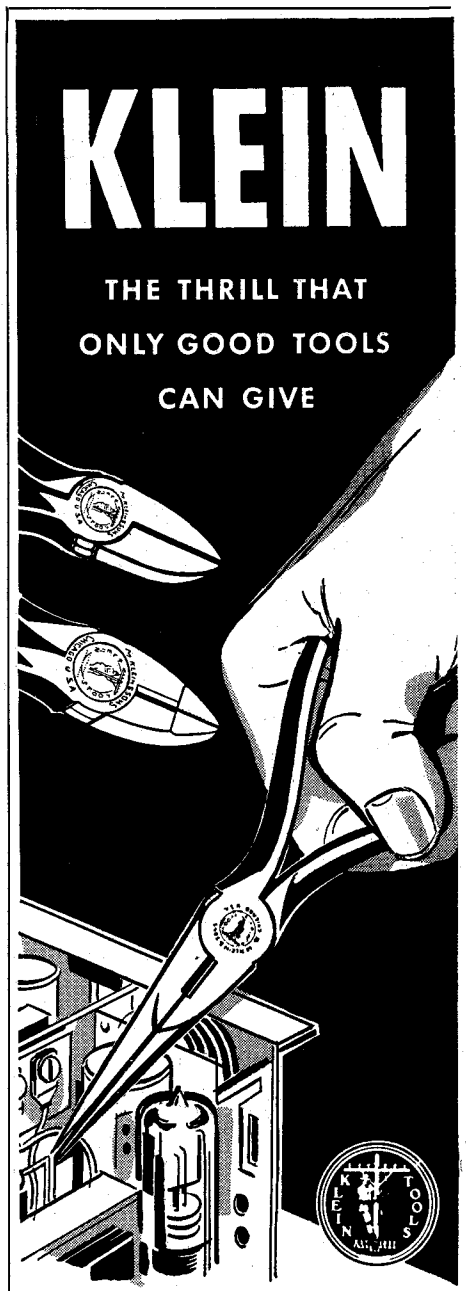

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Love Fever (Continued from Page 31)

She watched him gravely. "You know," she said, "you're terribly, terribly attractive, even if you are intellectual."

He laughed again.

Jim's nine-year-old brother, Teddy, stood back on the parkway, glowering. He was a dark, burning, secretive, brilliant, difficult little boy. The one who understood and handled him best was Jim.

Teddy addressed himself to Janice. "How many miles between here and the sun?" he asked. He was not asking for information. He knew the answer.

"Doll baby!" she said, and gave her high, hysterical laugh.

Teddy scowled. "What is the density pressure at the center of the earth? Or don't they teach you anything at that school?"

"Scram, Teddy!" said Jim.

Teddy stamped into the house and slammed the door. They forgot him.

"Don't you want to try my new car, Jim?"

"Some other time," said Jim slowly. He looked at the perfect arch of her brows, the perfect shape of her lips. He felt his pulse pounding. "Not today, Janice, thanks. I've got homework."

"Oh, you and your homework! Same old Jim!" But she was good-natured. "I heard about your scholarship. Congratulations. Mother sent a clipping—the youngest freshman, it said."

He just looked at her. She turned her head slightly. She loved having him look at her. "I could have gone to New York, Jim. Daddy could have got me a part in a Broadway play. But I wanted to come home." She lowered her voice, "Can you guess why?"

He looked down at the ground and felt angry at her for this new power she had to bring the color up into his face.

"Well ——" She started the car. "Give me a buzz, darling. And if you don't, I'll call you."

Jim sighed and turned to go into the house. He opened the front door to find Teddy in the middle of the living room, rigid with indignation.

"I hate her! I hate her! I hate her!" he said, his skinny little body shaking.

"Self-control distinguishes man from beast," said Jim calmly, and went on through to his own room.

"I don't care! I don't care!" screamed Teddy, following after him. "I hate her! She's been two whole years to that school and she hasn't learned anything! Anything! She's just as dumb as she always was!"

"She's learned to put make-up on," said Jim firmly, "and that you can't deny. She's beautiful."

"She's not! She's ugly!"

"We can have no discussion without a foundation of honesty. She's beautiful, and you know it."

"I hate her," said Teddy, with tears in his dark eyes, a sob in his throat.

Jim stood a minute, considering. Then a bright humor broke over his face. "So do I," he confided unexpectedly, and burst out laughing.

At this, Teddy hurled himself joyously headfirst into Jim's stomach and catapulted them both onto the bed. They rolled and pummeled and grunted with laughter.

Then, when Jim had had enough, he lifted Teddy, wriggling and kicking, and set him on his feet on the floor. He grabbed a fistful of his black hair and held him away at arm's length. Enormously he loved that little thin, passionate face with its dark, ardent eyes. He loved the feeling of Teddy's hair in his fist, and of the little light, bony frame struggling against his greater strength. His brother! He gave his head an affectionate shake.

"Now go away. I've got history and math to do. Scads of math."

Teddy wiped his nose on his sleeve. "She won't see you again, will she, Jim?"

"Not if I see her first. Use your handkerchief. Lord Chesterfield says ——"

"I'll keep watch for you—warn you."

"You do that."

Scads of math. He was in the school of engineering at the university. He was on scholarship, and the renewal of his scholarship each year depended on his grades. He had a good brain. He would be a fine engineer, but it was going to take some years of dedication and sacrifice. He was prepared and willing for that.

He threw his pencil down on the desk, got up restlessly and walked to the window. The pulse was throbbing in his throat again. He saw the shining dark hair drawn softly over her ears and caught at the nape of her neck. He closed his eyes and leaned his hot forehead against the cool windowpane.

She had been a querulous, whining child, an unsatisfactory playmate whom he had never even bothered to tease. For five years she had lived next door, until her father's agency boomed and her family moved to a more fashionable district. She used to follow him about and complain when he wouldn't do what she wanted him to. He was always busy constructing, planning projects and making them take shape under his capable boy's hands. She admired everything he did, but her admiration was based on no knowledge whatever of the value of his achievement or of the effort that went into it. And often when she clapped her hands and exclaimed, he would get impatient with her and tell her, "Oh, go home!"

And now what? Just because she had learned how to use make-up and wear clothes and jewelry, and drop her eyes at the right moment, and speak sweetly, and look and smell, and, yes, probably feel, desirable, he —— Abruptly Jim left the window, went into the bathroom and put his head under the cold water. Vigorously he rubbed his face and his blond hair with a bath towel, and returned to his desk.

Teddy was a Hydra-headed monster with a single purpose. He had a capacity, even greater than Jim's, for concentration and tenacity. Unfortunately, he simply didn't think of keeping watch over the telephone. And a week or so later, when he came rushing into the house to warn Jim, he was stopped dead in his tracks.

"You're all dressed up!" he said accusingly. "And shaved! You're going out with her! You deceiver, you fraud, you charlatan!"

Jim grinned. "Look up 'charlatan' in the dictionary. That will give you something to do while I'm gone." He escaped, feeling uncomfortable.

This was the third time. Teddy would have been furious if he had known. She wore a bright skirt tonight, and a bright, contrasting blouse, cut wide at the neck. There were clusters of gold at her ears and gold bangles that jingled on her arm.

"Gypsy," he said soberly, and slid in beside her.

Her figure was small and exquisite. Her arms and her neck and her dark hair, exquisite. Jim sighed heavily. "Janice!"

"What?"

"Nothing. Just Janice."

She smiled a little to herself. "Want to start in at the Palladium?" They had been there, dancing, twice before.

"I suppose so."

She spoke crossly, "Why should you be so gloomy all the time? Are you going to spoil this evening too?"

He turned away and looked out on his side of the car. He was embarrassed because he was suddenly shivering—shivering on a warm spring night. He was going to be an engineer, wasn't he, he asked himself angrily. A fine engineer. Then why did he allow this vain, empty-headed girl to make him shiver on a warm night? Thinking of her as he did, was it fair of him to continue going out with her? And if not, why did he? Then came the awful, honest answer that he could not seem to help it. If ever he had been smug and superior, now he was learning humility. For he was caught and held against his ideals, his better judgment, his reason, even his taste.

"Why don't you answer me?" she asked. "What's eating you anyway?"

"You're eating me," he replied grimly. "From head to toe, every bit."

"Is that a reason to be gloomy?" She gave her high, hysterical laugh. Against that laugh Jim closed his eyes. It was the thing of all things about her that annoyed him. Then she grew sober. "You mean you wish you weren't crazy about me? Is that what you mean? I think people with brains are very difficult."

"It isn't a matter of brains, Janice," he tried to explain carefully. "It's that—men are animals, you know, and ——"

"Women too," she said complacently.

"But some try not to be—entirely—and when they fail, they feel bad."

"You see? That's just what I mean. Brains get in your way. Want to drive, Jim?"

"No." Because when he took the wheel she moved up close to him on the seat.

"Why did you come, then, if you're going to be difficult?"

"I don't know." He thought unhappily to himself, *I'm a freak*. And after that, he said suddenly, "O.K. Pull over. I'll drive."

A couple of weeks later, Jim's mother, standing by the front window, gave a deep sigh. Mr. Bering, on the other side of the living room, spoke from behind the sports page of the paper.

"That's the third time in ten minutes. What's up, baby?"

"Biff, did you ever take an IQ test in school?"

"Sure. Lots of them."

"Where were you?"

"Slightly below normal, as I remember."

She laughed a little. "I was always right plunk in the middle. It was a great blow to my vanity." She paused, and as he made no comment, but continued to read the paper, she said, "Teddy has an IQ of a hundred and forty-five. His teacher told me."

Biff Bering lowered the paper and looked over in surprise. "I thought they weren't supposed to give out that information to parents. Educators think parents are likely to be emotionally unstable about those things. How did she happen to tell you?"

"Teddy's having a little trouble at school."

"Teddy? I thought he was hall monitor, member of the safety committee, inspector of the bicycle racks, and all that sort of thing. I thought he was happy at school." He dropped the paper on the floor beside his chair.

Connie Bering smiled at him. One reason she continued to love him was that he took the interests of his family so much to his heart.

"When he's happy, he's happy at school. Right now he's unhappy."

"Oh, come now! What makes you say that?"

"Simply because he's acting so terrible. He put salt in Mrs. Dreiser's coffee bottle and when she sent him to the cloakroom, he tied knots in the sleeves of all the jackets. Then, when she sent him to the

"So when I suggested that it seemed only fitting that I should succeed to the chairmanship of the board he said, 'What're you squawking about—you're getting three squares a day, aren't you?'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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office yesterday afternoon and there was no one there, he rang the dismissal bell. Fifteen minutes early. Each teacher thought her clock was wrong and there was utter confusion."

Teddy's father looked stricken and helpless. "Have you told Jim?"

She shook her head sadly. "Jim is preoccupied."

"What do you mean, preoccupied? Jim always manages Teddy."

"Jim is in love, Biff. I think. Or something."

"Or something? Connie, what are you saying? Jim is only ——"

She nodded. "Seventeen."

Biff Bering closed his eyes in pain. "Oh—great heavens! Good Lord!" Just minutes ago he was happily reading about the chances of the Trojan football team for the next Rose Bowl game. "Where have I been? What makes you think so?"

"He shaves every day."

"That's not conclusive."

She laughed at him. "All right. Go ahead, whistle in the dark. But if you open your eyes, you'll see."

"But he can't be in love! That's such a waste of tremendous talent and intellect. He's got an IQ, too, hasn't he—hundred and forty or something? That gives him a certain responsibility to society. What about his plans to be an engineer? Who is she, anyway?"

"Janice Whitman."

He laughed, incredulous. "Now I know you're kidding!"

"You haven't seen her since she came back from school."

"Oh." He considered that idea for a minute. Then he said, "And Teddy's jealous."

She turned and looked out the window to hide the sudden tears in her eyes. Biff got up quickly, crossed the room and put his arms around her. "And Teddy's not the only one, eh?" he said, laughing at her.

"It's not that," she said in a slightly choked voice. "It's that she's such a little concentrated pool of egotism and conceit, and—and what we used to call 'It.' I don't see how Jim can be taken in. Jim, of all people! Teddy isn't fooled a bit!"

"Well ——" Biff felt depressed, old. "Cheer up. It probably won't last. And—let's face it—there will be lots of others. Jim is not exactly repulsive-looking."

"Suppose he wants to marry her?"

"Oh, now don't let's borrow trouble."

"Well—but—what shall we do about Teddy?"

"Connie," said Biff firmly, "I'm going to the kitchen to get some bicarbonate of soda, and then I'm coming back to read about the chances of the Trojans for the Rose Bowl next year. Then, when Jim comes in, I'll talk to him—about Teddy and about anything else I can."

For a while after Connie went to bed, Biff was absorbed in his reading. At 12:30 he began to read with half his attention and listen for Jim with the other half. They had gone in Janice's car, Connie had said, so Jim would be walking home, and he would hear his footsteps at least half a block away in the quiet street. At one-thirty he was annoyed. At two-thirty he was anxious, pacing the room, and at three he was near panic. He didn't waken Connie because he didn't want her to share his panic. Shortly after three he heard Jim's steps. Then, perversely, panic left him, and he was only angry—thoroughly angry.

He tried to hold himself, but when Jim stepped in, surprised to see his father still up, Biff said, "Where have you been till this hour of the night?" And he knew, of course, that that was exactly the wrong question to ask.

"It isn't late."

"Since when isn't three-thirty late?"

"It's exactly three-twenty."

"Don't quibble!" said Biff, exasperated. "Every decent place in town closes at two. Where could you have been between two and three-twenty? What kind of parents has she?"

"You know her parents," said Jim coldly. "They trust her. And they trust me."

"It isn't a question of trust. It's ——"

Jim raised his eyebrows and smiled. "As a matter of fact, we left the Statler at one-thirty, went to an all-night drive-in in Santa Monica, had hot cakes and coffee. I left her at her house at three and it took me exactly twenty minutes to walk home. Does that satisfy you?"

Biff, shocked, drew back. In seventeen years he had never known Jim to be touchy, irascible or impudent. Now, if he was not all three, he was coming very near to be. No doubt, something was going on here.

"It's not that we distrust you, Jim," he said slowly, "but, after all, seventeen ——"

Jim made an impatient move. "What does age have to do with it? Some guys are married at seventeen. Why is it that parents always underestimate us?"

"Perhaps"—suggested Biff carefully, "perhaps it's because young people have a tendency to overestimate themselves."

"That's not true," said Jim hotly. And the hotter he got, the younger he seemed. "I know what I'm doing. I can take care of myself." Now they had come to the point—Janice. "I think that I have good judgment. You've even told me that I have."

Biff looked at his son with yearning and a strange lump in his throat. "Yes. But untried—untried, Jim."

"And how am I going to get experience if you coddle me all the time?"

"We're not coddling. It's just that—we'd like to spare you some—unnecessary knocks."

Jim turned away. "It's my life and I don't want to be spared," he said coldly.

There was nothing to say. And there was everything to say. They fell silent, uncomfortable, unhappy.

Biff cleared his throat. "I don't know how we got involved in this. What I wanted to talk to you about was Teddy. He's been—well, he's out of hand, Jim. At school, and at home too."

"Teddy?" said Jim vaguely. He was taken by surprise at the hesitant, almost respectful tone of his father's voice. "Yes. All right. I'll have a talk with him."

"Thanks."

Then Jim felt a sudden surge of affection for his father. "And I—er —— Please don't worry, dad. Everything will be all right. I promise. Good night."

Biff, left alone, put out the living-room lights and went upstairs. Connie was awake. With sudden intuition he knew that she had not been asleep at all. He sat down heavily on the edge of the bed.

"I muffed it," he said. "Every wrong thing that I could have said, I said."

She put a comforting hand on his knee. "It's the strong man indeed who can keep his head when he's arguing with his children. Never mind. I've been lying here thinking—this is the moment we knew would have to come. In seventeen years we haven't succeeded in giving him some standards, some, what I would call moral taste, it's too late now, Biff. This is the awful moment when we have to let go, trust him, and hope that we have been wise."

He gave a rueful laugh. "I wish you had said all that to me before I made a fool of myself."

"I don't believe you made a fool of yourself. And anyway, children expect

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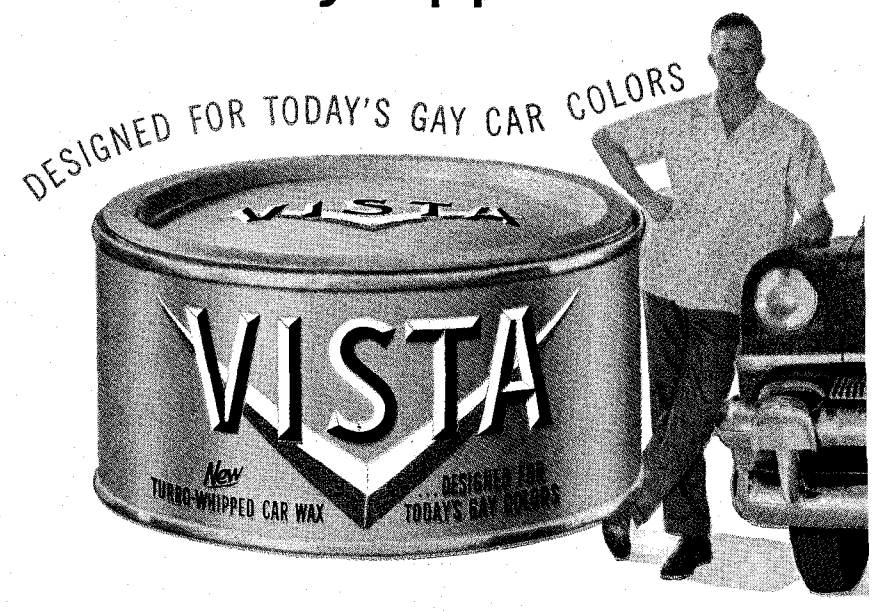

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too much of their parents. We can't ever behave as well as they want us to."

He laughed, then, a genuine laugh. "I love you," he said.

The next day was Saturday. Jim and Teddy strolled together to the little park near their home. There they threw themselves down in the sun. They were not a happy-looking couple. Jim was pale and tired. Teddy always looked undernourished, but, though usually he overflowed with nervous chatter, today he was silent and sullen, with shadows under his brilliant eyes.

Jim was thinking that if things went on the way they were going, he would have to marry the girl. She was so single-minded in her infatuation that he was ashamed to have encouraged her at all. A man didn't lead a girl on and on, as he was doing, if at the end he intended to let her down. And perhaps, after all, he did love her. Certainly he knew that if she should call up and break their date, as she had on occasion, he would be restless and cross the whole evening. On the other hand, when he was with her there was no peace—no peace at all.

His work had suffered too. He had turned in two late papers, and his last quiz in math had barely been a D. He shook his head as if to clear it, and brought his attention back to Teddy.

"What's with you and Mrs. Dreiser and the rest of them over at school?" he asked finally, ineptly.

"Well what?" Teddy came back defensively.

"Mother says you're having a little trouble, that Mrs. Dreiser ——"

"Yes," said Teddy, with just a hint of satisfaction. "She says if I go on this way, I'll end up being a juvenile. I don't care."

"Juvenile delinquent," corrected Jim. "And you don't care because you don't realize the seriousness of it."

"Oh—yes—I—do," said Teddy emphatically. "And I don't care."

Jim was thinking suddenly that maybe all feverishness passed with marriage. He thought of their living room at home, of his mother and father speaking quiet, casual words, exchanging an occasional look of affectionate understanding. His throat tightened with emotion. He could not see Janice in a picture like that with him. He could only see her on the dance floor with her pretty hair and her bangles and her high, annoying laugh.

"And—you—don't—care—either!" said Teddy. Jim, startled, turned to look into the hard, wise, accusing eyes of his little brother.

"Don't say that!" he contradicted sharply. "Of course I care. We all do. You've got a good head on you. You shouldn't be wasting it in nonsense. Look at Mozart. At your age he was writing a symphony."

"I don't care! Who wants to write symphonies? Mozart was just a natural-born freak!"

Jim couldn't help laughing a little. They fell silent. After a minute, Teddy said thoughtfully, wistfully, with a little tremble in his voice, "I wish things were the way they used to be. Don't you, Jim?"

Jim turned away. He wished so with a desire that was an ache. At the same time, it seemed he couldn't wait until tonight when he would see her.

They didn't go dancing that night. Instead, they drove along Sunset Boulevard and turned up into the hills to Mulholland Drive, the Lovers' Lane of a generation on wheels. But there is something sadly lacking in this modern trysting place. There's very little poetry in a secluded side road when it's in danger of being flooded with light from a police car's searchlight. And there's nothing at all of romance in being routed out and chased away by the sheriff's prowl car. And all of it has become hasty, furtive and sordid.

In actual experience it was new to Jim, so new that he didn't know how thoroughly the police patrolled the place. He never gave a thought to how deftly, snuggled up against him as he drove, she guided him, up and up and around the turns, until they reached the place. And it was a sight, the city! A treat! Like a black ocean sparkling under a midnight sun, a handful of glitter strewn thickly along the valley floor, thinly up the edges into the dark hills opposite. Los Angeles! He promised himself to come back alone some night when he could give his full attention to it.

They got out and stood on the ledge in the chill, clear night. He was shivering a little. But now, so was she. He put his arm around her shoulder, and she turned eagerly to face him. He put his other arm around her. Of course. Why not? Still, he had expected that she would be a little reluctant, a little bit shy. Her face was lifted, her lips slightly parted. He took a quick breath and covered them with his own. His head reeled, as feeling ran through him like delicious fire.

Then, in the midst of this, suddenly he was shocked. He straightened up with a jerk. "What are you doing?" he asked. His voice, level and cold, accused her. "Where did you learn to kiss like that?"

"Jim, baby!" She pouted and put her arms around his neck to pull him down to her. It was like embracing a log, stiff and unyielding. "Jim!" she said, with a wail in her voice.

Of course! All this time he had been trying to fool himself, fool himself with worries about marriage and hurt feelings and guilt about leading her on. And how easily he had been led—not only to this spot but to this stage in their relationship. All those little tricks, of course, they had been practiced and perfected. For she was clever and cute and educated in the one game she considered important. She was what she was. He did not blame her. But now he knew very well that what she was, he did not want.

He looked out over her head at the city spread below, and felt the fever run out of him, down and through him into the compassionate earth, leaving him cool and clearheaded for the first time in weeks. He took a deep breath of relief and spoke a silent "Thanks" to Whoever might be listening.

She was hanging on him, ridiculous. He reached up and unclasped her hands from around his neck.

"I'll drive."

"I don't want to go! I won't!" she said, a petulant child. But Jim held the door for her and she got in. On the way home, she began to cry. "I don't see how you can be so mean to me!"

He felt old, infinitely older and gentle. He put the car in the garage for her, got out and handed her the keys. When she realized what all this meant, she flew into a rage.

"You and your intellect!" she screamed at him. "You think you're so superior! Well, I tell you there have been boys crazy about me, ready to commit suicide for me! There are just hundreds and hundreds of boys that would be glad to go out with me! Smart boys too!" Her voice rose to a shriek as she battered desperately against his white-faced, set-jaw withdrawal.

"I know," he said quietly. "I'm sorry, Janice. And thanks—for—everything. Really." He turned away.

"I hate you!" she screamed after him. "Don't you ever call me up or come again! I don't ever want to see you!"

He felt terribly sorry for her, sick for the moment, and depressed. But as he walked home along the quiet, dark street under the pepper trees, the sick feeling passed. Gradually he became aware of his new relief. New relief and new power. He put his hands in his pockets and began to whistle softly.

It was still early. When he stepped into the living room, he found Teddy alone, reading.

"Where's everybody?"

"They went for a walk—around the block."

He felt a pang of hurt at the hostility in the brief look that Teddy gave him. He said nothing, however, but seated himself across the room, slid down on his spine as was his custom, crossed his legs and gazed at the ceiling. After a minute, Teddy stirred uneasily.

Then, without looking up, he said, "Where's she?"

"Dead and buried." Teddy's eyes lifted. "Not literally. Figuratively. Dead and buried."

"Oh." Teddy pretended to read once more, but now and then his brilliant dark eyes sent a sharp, guarded look in Jim's direction. Jim waited. It was he who had raised the barrier between them. He would have to wait for Teddy to let him in again.

Suddenly Teddy clapped the book shut. "Know what I'm reading about?"

"No."

"Mozart."

"Oh? Quite a boy, wasn't he?"

"I guess so." Teddy shrugged his shoulders. Then he asked, with real interest, "Jim, what do you suppose his IQ was?"

"About a hundred and forty-six," said Jim with studied casualness.

Teddy's dark eyes burned upon him for a moment. Then his sharp little face broke into a smile of appreciation.

"You're making that up." He paused. "Mine is a hundred and forty-five."

"How do you know?"

"I heard mother telling dad."

"H'm. Gentlemen don't listen to things not meant for their ears. Lord Chesterfield says ——"

"I don't care."

Jim said nothing, but looked thoughtfully at the floor. After a minute, Teddy began to explain, "Well, it isn't exactly that I don't care, but ——"

Jim interrupted. "Look, Teddy, the highest IQ's can be the biggest dopes. It doesn't mean an awful lot. Take my word for it, having a high IQ doesn't keep you from making a fool of yourself."

Teddy considered this for a moment. Then he said sagely, "Only difference is, it makes you know it."

Jim's laugh was surprised out of him. "Right!"

Teddy laughed, too, not sure exactly what he was laughing at, but delighted to be laughing again with Jim.

At that very moment the front door opened. Connie and Biff, entering, saw the two shining faces of their sons turned toward them. They said "Hi!" that's all. But Connie's hand tightened on her husband's arm. And he answered by pulling it close against his side. THE END

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Juan enlivened his dull job of road repairing by wooing the wives who lived along the road. One day when Juan was whistling while he worked, an irate husband shot him. Juan later sued his boss for a workmen's-compensation award to pay for his wounds.

"If the boss hadn't put me to repairing a road where all the women go past smiling," Juan argued, "I never would have been shot for smiling back at one of them."

"The shooting had nothing to do with Juan's job," the boss replied. "He was chasing after another man's wife, and got what was coming to him. Is a wrongdoer to be protected at his employer's expense?"

If you were the judge, would you award Juan workmen's compensation?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Amazingly, Juan received workmen's compensation. The court agreed that he would not have been shot if he had not been working on the road at the time. "The work," said the court, "subjected the employee to a peril that came from the fact that he was required to be in the place where and when it struck."

Based upon a 1952 Louisiana decision.

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They Bury Him Twice a Day

(Continued from Page 21)

other side to the raw wound in the earth that is the entrance to their hole. Barney Hnat's the foreman.

As the thirty men troop into the steel compression chamber, Barney greets the middle-aged Negro lock tender, "Morning, Buster." The lock tender stays in the massive metal box and controls the compression and decompression of those going in and out of the tunnel; he rides "up and down" with them.

The heavy door clangs shut. "Eleven pounds' pressure," says Buster. It's a long low chamber; you've got to watch your head. Yellow bulbs in blast-proof wire cages glint on steel plates three quarters of an inch thick. The whole air lock is only six and a half feet in diameter, and barely thirty-four feet long. The sand hogs sit crowded together on wooden benches, chewing gum and swallowing and blowing their noses to get ready.

But you're never quite ready for the sudden deafening blast of compressed air. It sounds like the hissing of a thousand cobras. It rocks you like a punch in the solar plexus. It goes on until you think you're going to scream, and then it goes on some more.

Four minutes later Buster closes the valve and Barney Hnat leans hard against the massive steel door at the other end of the lock. It swings open slowly on a fantastic spectacle, ring after ring of iron lining a naked thirty-one-foot tube. At the far end—600 or 700 yards away—you can see a great steel arm swinging another iron section into place as shouting, sweating, straining sand hogs rush to bolt it down.

Barney Hnat leads his crew down wooden stairs to the tunnel floor, ignoring the grinding and roaring of the mucking machines loading the river mud into dump cars, the noise of the ironmen and their heavy wrenches, and the steady flap-flap-flap of the intake valve on the compressed-air vent. It sounds like a loud-beating heart, and it's just that important too; if the air pressure failed, there would be nothing to hold out the great weight of water and river bed down at the far end of the tube, and the sand hogs would be crushed in the cave-in.

To Barney, eleven pounds above normal air pressure isn't too bad. Confidently, then, he leads the new shift down toward the immense steel shield which supports the revolving "erector arm" for the iron sections, and gouges out the river bed with its jagged metal teeth. Normal air pressure on the surface is almost fifteen pounds per square inch. We're under fifty feet of water and twenty-five feet of river bed, so we're going to need our extra eleven pounds of pressure.

Barney doesn't have to say a word; the sand hogs know what to do. The change in shifts takes a few seconds, and then you're pushing and straining and cursing and sweating to finish another iron ring. Yeller shouts orders to Dugout, a veteran black tunnel man, and the key piece goes into place overhead. Each ring has fourteen curved sections, thirty inches wide, seven feet long, and weighing a ton. If one of them fell on you ——

"Get ready for a shove!" Barney shouts.

For one brief moment everybody pauses to stare at the immense steel shield that is the moving outer face of the new tunnel, inching relentlessly under the Hudson. Then Barney Hnat nods and the shield boss shouts and twenty-eight giant hydraulic jacks slowly push the 240 tons of steel forward a fat thirty-two inches. You can hear the grinding and the squishing of the muck and silt on the other side, and you think about how much sweat it's going to take to gouge out this third tube, 5486 feet long. That's the way you're going to travel, thirty-two inches at a time.

Now Yeller's got his ironmen going once more, and the erector arm is swinging another section of another ring into place. The muckers have opened two of the trap doors in the shield to let in some mud and silt; their shovels and mucking machines load it into small, power-driven dump cars. They hardly hear the banging and the shouting as they drive these dump cars down narrow rails back to the muck lock, the special compression chamber for moving materials in and muck out of the pressurized area.

There's no rest for Barney. He's constantly on the go, checking progress, bellowing encouragement to his subforemen, who're really foremen in their own right, and helping young recruits who've been hogging only a few months.

Then Big Joe roars, "Move, you dummy!" and you're bolting another curved hunk of iron into the ring. There's no let-up, no coffee break, no cute secretaries in tight sweaters. It's just a back-breaking grind that's already killed and maimed men better than you. You're soaking wet and you're breathing hard. You've been at it for less than an hour; there's over two hours to go. Well, at least you don't have to worry much about the bends. There's not much danger of that with the air pressure only eleven pounds above normal.

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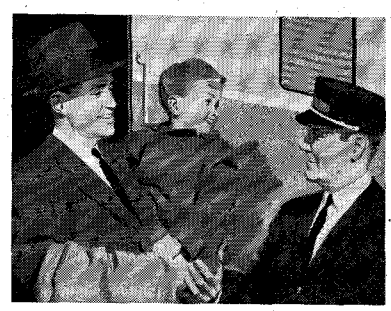

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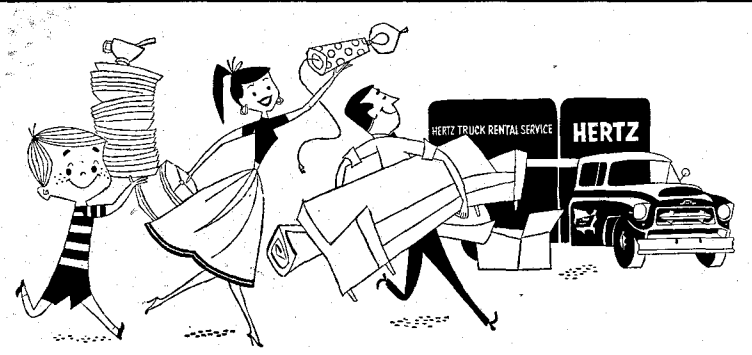

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Suddenly, Barney waves, and you notice that the next shift is taking over. You don't even talk to them; they pick up the tools and keep right on working. It's getting a little foggy in the tunnel as you walk back toward the air lock; condensation of moisture in the air does that. You can still hear the flap-flap-flap of the compressed-air valve in the tunnel as you slip on your wool coat and step into the lock. The wiry guy they call Babes hands you a stick of gum, you sit down, and Buster closes the door.

Wham! The staggering blast of outrushing air jolts you. You're going down to normal pressure—fast. Clouds of vapor fill the cold steel box as compressed air escapes. Gauges record the falling pressure: six . . . five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . zero.

"All out for Weehawken, New Jersey!" Barney announces cheerfully. And you pull your coat tight, shivering, because it gets cold in the air lock when the pressure goes down fast. You pick up your numbered metal check from the timekeeper, and you follow Barney down through the mud, across the dump-car tracks and up the steps again.

The air smells fresh and clean as you march across the high bridge over the railroad tracks. It's eleven o'clock and you could sure use a cup of hot coffee. You look up for a moment—another gray, cloudy day and you can barely make out the skyscrapers of Manhattan.

"Which way is Brooklyn?" a young electrician asks. Barney Hnat points and grins. He's outside, feeling good, and he can go along with a gag.

It's warm in The Hog House. Some of the men take showers, a few sack out on wooden benches, but most saunter into the small cafeteria for something to eat. Barney Hnat invests eighty-five cents in a plate of roast fresh ham, two vegetables, bread and butter, and a mug of coffee, and carries the tray back to the table where Big Joe and Babes are seated. Dirty dishes from the other shift are still heaped at one end, with bits of apple pie and hamburger roll, and cigarette butts drowned in coffee cups. Barney clears the garbage away. He's an orderly guy. You've got to keep a tunnel clean, with everything in place, if you're going to avoid accidents.

Barney Hnat has already had his share of accidents. Last year, when he was working on the Brooklyn-Battery tube, a driller hit a stick of dynamite half buried in the rock face. A terrific blast ripped through the crew, crippling one man. A dozen others were badly battered; Barney was one of them. When Jean Hnat heard about the explosion on the radio, she prayed. Then Barney telephoned from the hospital, where he was being treated for concussion, and she cried with joy. He was still alive, and he had all his limbs. She begged and pleaded until he agreed to give up being a sand hog.

Three days later he was out of the hospital and back at work. Barney Hnat wouldn't do anything to hurt his wife, but they've got five kids to feed, and sand-hogging pays well. She didn't like it, but she understood.

He's had the bends too. Most men working under compressed air at twenty-five pounds or more above normal get the bends sooner or later. The Port of New York Authority's specially trained doctors will tell you that the bends occur when excessively rapid decompression leaves nitrogen bubbles in your blood stream. It hurts like hell—from the inside.

"I got it bad in the right knee when we were hacking out the Queens-Midtown tunnel," Barney says. "Couldn't even stand up. Twenty-six pounds pressure and three-hour shifts. On the Battery tube I got it in the hand. It's like sixty Charley horses—like a guy's trying to tie your hand in a knot. Each time your heart beats you get the pain—like a hot knife."

There isn't much to do for the bends; no ordinary doctor can help you. Most of the time it hits a few hours after the sand hog has left the tunnel and he's miles from the decompression chamber. You can't sleep, you can hardly eat and you hurt bad. You're supposed to rush right back to the hospital lock near The Hog House for recompression, so the doctors can bring the air pressure down gradually and get the nitrogen bubbles out of your blood stream. But many sand hogs just sweat it out in agony until they go back to work inside the high-pressure area of the tunnel the next day. The doctors won't let you work if they suspect you've got the bends, and a sand hog doesn't earn much in a hospital. It's just that simple.

Barney Hnat finishes his coffee and waves at an ugly husky they call Handsome. Handsome had the "chokes" a couple of years ago; he never talks about it and nobody encourages him to do so. The chokes are a particularly bad form of the bends which convulses the chest and lungs; you keep trying to throw up long after there's nothing left to go. Handsome really scared those doctors. They were afraid that he might die. He spent two whole days in the hospital lock under high pressure. He's fine now, but he hasn't forgotten those searing forty-eight hours.

Handsome sits down, bums a cigarette from Barney and enters a friendly blackjack game at the next table. There's always a shift waiting or resting in The Hog House, and there's always a game going with the same dog-eared cards and half a dozen kibitzers. There isn't much money involved, but the contractors still frown on the card game. They're even stricter about liquor. Not only will a tipsy man make dangerous mistakes in a tunnel, but under compressed air the effects of alcohol will be doubled or tripled.

A few sand hogs didn't take these warnings seriously at the start of the third tube, but Vince Mooney, the safety engineer, simply mentioned it to the practical officers of Local 147, Compressed and Free Air Tunnel and Sewer Caisson and Foundation Workers of America (A. F. of L.). The union stewards laid down the law hard and fast, and you can

In the Pink

By Margaret Fishback Antolini

I love to see old ladies
prink—
It indicates they're in the
pink.
I like to see them pat their
hair—
It proves the fighting spirit's
there.
While there is vanity, there's
hope,
Thus, while with permanents
they cope,
Plus powder, rouge and
lipstick, too,
You may be sure they're far
from through!

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see a few broken pint bottles behind The Hog House as souvenirs of their visit.

The sand hogs have a few rules of their own. The major phobia is women in the tunnel; they're supposed to bring bad luck. Nobody has any idea whether this is true, for the oldest sand hog—even Dugout, who's been in tunnels over forty years—can't remember any female entering an unfinished tube during construction. Another superstition prohibits whistling, which is almost impossible under compressed air anyway.

"We don't take that seriously today," Barney Hnat explains. "The old boys used to say that whistling could set up enough vibrations to cause a cave-in, but you don't hear about it any more."

The blackjack goes on and Barney watches quietly until it's ten minutes to two. "Let's go to work!" he calls, picking up his silvery helmet. You grab your coat and your plastic safety hat, and march out for another three hours of wrestling with the river.

Sand-hog foreman Barney Hnat with his five children at their home in Brooklyn. Despite his wife's pleas, Barney has no intention of giving up his perilous job.

You work two shifts a day, three hours each, with a three-hour break between. When the pressure goes up to twenty-six pounds above normal as you dig farther and deeper, it'll be two hours on and four off and two on again. The pay will go up with the air pressure. It's $210 for a six-day week, but over twenty-six pounds, this hops about another twelve bucks. Barney gets five dollars a day extra for being a foreman.

There isn't any digging on Sundays, but Barney often works the standby shift that waits in The Hog House to do any emergency repairs the third tube may need.

But this is Monday, and after you finish your second shift you walk slowly back to The Hog House for the hot shower. There's a lot of dirt to get out of your skin, a lot of weariness to soak out of your muscles and bones. Barney's just left the next stall, and you can hear him singing as he walks back to his locker. He looks different in his street clothes, a little bigger than most men, but neat and respectable. He's no cowboy; that's for sure. He's solid and he's steady. That's why they made him a foreman.

"So long, kid!" he calls out. You see The Hog House door slam behind him, and by the time you're buttoning your shirt he's in the old sedan again on his way back to Greenpoint.

It's five-thirty, and there's plenty of traffic. Too many cars and trucks, the traffic engineers agree, and the only answer is a $100,000,000 third tube for the Lincoln. Get the experts and the draftsmen and four different kinds of high-priced engineers, the big wheels at the Port Authority decreed. Get the iron and the concrete and the cables. Get the fantastic machines that will chop out a passage under the river bed, and the powerful air compressors to keep the work crews alive. Oh, yes, get 160 topnotch sand hogs who can really take it.

You won't see them in the Racquet Club, but Barney and his friends are important people—especially to the Port of New York Authority. Big Joe, Mitch, Dugout, Babes, Cappy, Dirty Neck, The Scotchman, Slick, Yeller and Handsome are V.I.P.'s to the contractors, the safety engineers and the five doctors who tend the hospital air lock around the clock, seven days a week.

Safety first, the Port Authority insists. That's why they sent their doctors up to New London for training in compressed-air medicine at the Navy's submarine school. That's why they built a twelve-room clinic with a $60,000 decompression chamber, X-ray machines, audiometers to test hearing, electrocardiogram machines to check for heart trouble, a surgery and examination room, a well-equipped laboratory and a physiotherapy room. Every man receives a thorough one-hour examination, which includes a "free ride" up to fifteen pounds above normal in the hospital air lock, before they let him into the tunnel. There's a medical recheck every eight weeks.

Four safety engineers are constantly on the prowl. You can spot them by their white safety helmets with the green crosses painted on the front. There are three air locks on the tunnel itself—one for the sand hogs, a bigger chamber for material and dump cars, plus an emergency lock up near the top. The engineers use the emergency lock now, but if there were a blowout or a cave-in or a flood, the sand hogs would run for it. Barney Hnat would be the last man out, because the foreman has to get his crew out first.

There's a spare set of air compressors standing by in case the regular pumps fail, and the electricity to run these life-or-death machines comes from three different powerhouses to minimize the possibility of breakdown. Day and night, experienced men watch over these big mechanical lungs, and there is always a veteran sand hog seated in front of the pressure gauges.

All these precautions add up to safer tunneling. Barney still remembers what happened to Marshall Mabey, his foreman on a tube back in the '30's. Some years earlier, Mabey had been burrowing under the East River for a new subway when he noticed a weak spot in the mud above. As Mabey tried to plug the crack with a bag of sand, the roof split open and he was sucked up into the mud. His legs dangled from the ceiling for one horrible moment before air pressure in the tunnel fired him up through the bed of the river like a cork out of a popgun. Seconds later, sailors on a passing ship fished Marshall Mabey out of the water. He had a dazed look and a broken leg. Two other sand hogs caught in the same blowout weren't that lucky. One had his brains knocked out against the bottom of a barge, and the other drowned in the mud.

There isn't much chance of such a blowout today, but there are plenty of other strange ways for a sand hog to go. While they were digging the Appalachian Tunnel through a mountain in Tennessee during World War II, work halted suddenly one afternoon when a rock driller slumped forward, dead. Lightning had struck a tree high up on the mountain and surged down to a copper vein which twisted through the rock down to the spot where his steel drill was chewing. Buried deep in the earth, far from any sound of the storm, he never knew what hit him.

There have been fewer than two dozen accidents worth mentioning on the third Lincoln tube thus far, and the only man killed was an electrician fiddling carelessly with cables in the compressor pump house. Despite all precautions, however, three sand hogs had to swim for their lives one morning last January, when a sudden leak poured 2,500,000 gallons of water into the tunnel. Tangled cables and pipes made it impossible to close the safety door, and it was not until twelve hours later that a diver was able to cut away these barriers and shut the massive steel portal. Some 400 feet of tunnel were under water; it took four big pumps three days to dry up the tube.

It will be 1957 before this tunnel is ready, and until then safety engineers can't let up for a second. Neither can Barney Hnat. He's worked his way up to foreman the hard way, and he knows compressed-air jobs. After the first Lincoln tube in 1934, he sweated out the Chicago subway, the 135th Street sewer in Manhattan, caissons for a big dam in upstate New York, a dry dock for the Brooklyn Navy Yard, the Sixth Avenue subway in New York City and the Brooklyn-Battery and Queens-Midtown tunnels. He spent three years as a first class carpenter's mate in the Navy's Seabee (construction battalion) units in the South Pacific. He knows about danger and violence, he's seen it all many times.

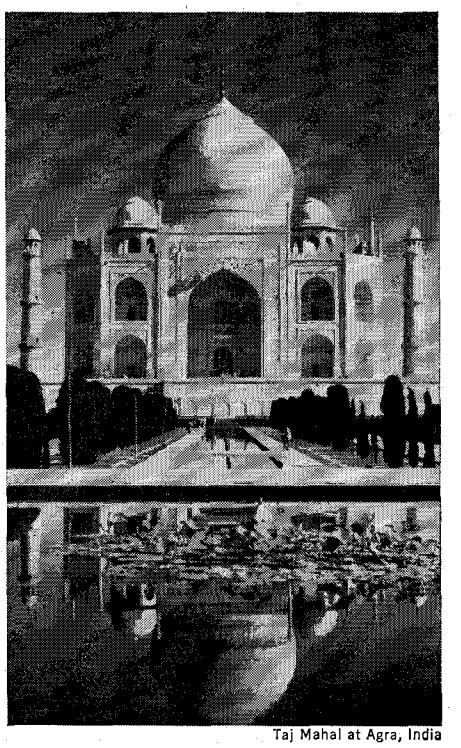
They're taking every precaution on this third tube, but Barney foresees problems. Soon he'll be taking his gang into the hole under thirty pounds' pressure; that's probably going to mean the bends for somebody, even if they take half an hour to decompress.

It's cold and clammy inside the tunnel in the winter, and hot as hinges in the summer. Nobody likes it. It isn't the most dangerous job in the world today, but sand-hogging is still a mighty rough way to make a buck.

Barney Hnat says, "I ought to pack up and get out of this business, but where the hell are you going to make this kind of money?" Then he shrugs and turns to feed his tropical fish in the living room on Java Street. They fascinate him. Maybe it's because they can live under water, and he can't.

THE END

RECOGNIZED INSTANTLY...



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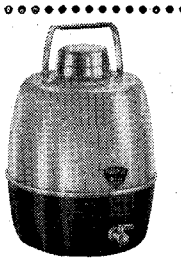

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The Coming of the Space Ship

(Continued from Page 37)

mustached engineer for North American Aviation, Inc., and a former president of the society. "Now they keep asking: 'How soon, doctor, will we get to the moon?' Maybe we ought to tell them it's not so easy."

When the American Rocket Society launched itself in 1930, the interplanetarians had no plans for strapping themselves into an improbable moon ship or even for building one. They much preferred to read and write about rocket travel. Their researches turned up three little-known professors, who triggered the rocket in the three countries where it has reached its greatest development.

First there was Prof. Konstantin Ziolkovsky, a Russian mathematician and physicist, who calculated that a rocket-powered airship pushing against its own exhaust could conquer space. Second, there was Prof. Hermann Oberth, a Transylvanian, who fascinated German enthusiasts with his dreamlike model of a space ship and urged them to build working models. Oberth's disciples later produced Hitler's V-2 at Peenemünde on the Baltic coast. And, pre-eminently, there was Prof. Robert H. Goddard, a balding physicist at Clark University in Worcester, Massachusetts, who ushered in the modern age of rocketry.

For the excitable pulp writers, Doctor Goddard seemed a hero made to order. He was a native New Englander; he was a scientist and experimenter; he was respectable. In 1920 the Smithsonian Institution had published his classic treatise, called A Method of Reaching Extreme Altitudes, in which Doctor Goddard proved through his own experiments the soundness of Sir Isaac Newton's Third Law—"for every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction." If this was so, he said, a rocket could travel to outer space; it could, indeed, propel a pound of magnesium to the moon, where the flare would be visible to telescopes on the earth. In 1929, publicity over one of Doctor Goddard's early rockets attracted Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, who, in turn, aroused Daniel and Harry Guggenheim, the aviation-minded philanthropists, to support the professor's labors.

But the Yankee pioneer, it developed, bore little resemblance to and some distrust for the fiction-writing brotherhood. He had spent two arduous decades in studying, building and testing rocket motors; they had never seen a rocket fired in earnest. He was solitary and guarded about his dream; they were boundlessly optimistic and gregarious. He benefited from the financial and moral support of responsible men; they eked out poetic fees from Wonder Stories—approximately fifteen dollars for a major space adventure. They traveled by subway to their first flamboyant meeting in the Manhattan apartment of G. Edward Pendray, a newspaperman with an imposing black Vandyke beard.

Of the founders, only Pendray, now a prominent New York publicist, is still a member of the society and an ardent rocket buff—his brothers have long since taken off on other quests. Among them were Charles Van Devander, one-time Washington correspondent and now executive assistant to New York's governor, Averell Harriman; Lawrence Manning, who now devotes his full time to a thriving nursery-plant business; and David Lasser, who led a march of the unemployed on Albany in 1933 and is now an official of the International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers.

On the brand-new stationery of the American Interplanetary Society, Lasser wrote to the Worcester professor. Lasser was the first president of the new organization, its chief enthusiast and also the managing editor of Wonder Stories, who passed on the space fiction his colleagues produced. President Lasser invited Goddard to become the society's sponsor or, at least, to accept an honorary membership.

"Our society," he wrote, "is composed of some twenty-five scientific men in the vicinity of New York City. . . . We are not harebrained cranks attempting to fly to the moon next week."

Although Doctor Goddard accepted an honorary membership, he declined any further involvement with the interplanetarians from Manhattan. "My work," he told them evasively, "is still in progress."

Rebuffed but still eager, the space men looked elsewhere for respectability. President Lasser quickly implicated the polar explorer Sir Hubert Wilkins. In a second-hand bookshop, Lasser tracked down a musty seventeenth-century volume—The Discovery of a New World, by John Wilkins, the bishop of Chester, England. Bishop Wilkins was not merely an early space writer—he was also an ancestor of Sir Hubert. Lasser prevailed upon the explorer to present the old tome to the society's so-called "library," thereby making front-page news.

The society had less luck with the equally respectable Frenchman, Robert Esnault-Pelterie, an aircraft manufacturer and devotee of rockets. M. Esnault-Pelterie was due to arrive in the United States early in 1931, and President Lasser invited him to address "the society and its friends." The Frenchman accepted by cable, but on the day of his scheduled address, after meeting the interplanetarians, he suddenly took sick. His note to Lasser was brief: "Strong fever. The doctor absolutely forbids lecturing."

Thanks to skillful publicity, thousands of New Yorkers gathered to hear the French rocketeer. Lasser gently announced the speaker's incapacity and then presented Pendray to read the major address. Pendray's jutting Vandyke won the day. The audience, missing Lasser's quiet introduction, was convinced that Pendray was the Frenchman in the flesh and rushed him for autographs.

Shortly after this remarkable meeting, Pendray and his bride, Leatrice Gregery, a newspaperwoman and helpmate rocketeer, left for Europe on a combined honeymoon and rocket pilgrimage. Doctor Goddard was then progressing quietly on his Guggenheim grant in New Mexico and flatly discouraging visitors. "If we're going to sell rockets, we ought to see how one works," Pendray told the members.

In Germany, the Pendrays met the rocketeers of Berlin, among them Willy Ley, who has since become a prominent writer on space flight. Believing the Pendrays were useful American millionaires or at least the friends of millionaires, Ley led them eagerly to the German society's *Raketenflugplatz*—their "rocket flying field." The Pendrays were overwhelmed.

"As we stood by their test stand and heard the indescribable roar of a liquid-fuel motor, we knew we had a mission in life," Mrs. Pendray said recently.

"Until then," Pendray observed, "we believed what most engineers told us—you couldn't control liquid oxygen; if you got it on your clothes and lit a cigarette, you'd go up like a rocket yourself. Doctor Goddard had been working on the problem for a decade and had sent up the first liquid-fuel rocket in 1926, using gasoline and liquid oxygen. But we didn't know that and Goddard wasn't talking. The Germans showed us that liquid oxygen could be controlled and would burn fuels in thin space where there was no other oxygen. We knew then that space travel was possible."

The Pendrays brought their excitement back to New York. The American society, they said, should build rockets, not just talk about them. This novel theory attracted young engineers, but quickly shuffled out the fiction writers, who had little interest in reducing their epics to crude hardware.

The new rocket engineers came from unlikely places. There were H. Franklin Pierce and Alfred Africano, of New York's Interborough Rapid Transit System—Africano was then developing his concept of a "velvet ride," longer subway rails with fewer junctures; Pierce was a change maker at the 125th Street subway station. There were John Shesta, a brilliant mechanic bored by his job with a New York dock-building firm; James Wyld, a Princeton graduate and amateur astronomer who made rockets in his own basement; Ens. Robert C. Truax, an Annapolis engineer trying to sell rocketry to the United States Navy; Lovell Lawrence, Jr., a high-school student from New Jersey, who understood electronics and planned to use it on future space ships.

The rocketeers scrounged materials to build their hopeful birds; they worked on them evenings and weekends; they gathered on Sunday afternoons with picnic lunches in New Jersey fields to fire them off.

When the society's first rocket was ready in 1932, a spokesman said, "No one can predict how high it will go." (It fell from its launching tower, hopelessly damaged.) The second rose only 250 feet. (Its oxygen tank blew up.) Another rocket was a dud on its maiden launching in 1934, but moved The New York Times to comment: "Mars, or perhaps it was Betelgeuse or some other star, was spared an unwelcome intrusion yesterday morning."

On its second launching a few months later, this same rocket managed to rise 400 feet and reached a speed of 700 miles an hour, almost the velocity of sound, before something inside collapsed.

Throughout these gloomy tests, the American Rocket Society's young engineers were learning vital lessons. They experimented on better fuels, valves, pumps and instruments for measuring a rocket's flight. Mrs. Pendray sewed parachutes to return the primitive "birds" to earth with minimum damage. James Wyld, then twenty-six years old, devised an ingenious regenerative motor which cooled itself with its own fuel, and is even today a working principle of guided missiles.

Before World War II, the society abandoned its notorious rocket flights and went back to quiet research, which was highly complex, vastly boring to reporters and considerably more important than random firings. The society's serious engineers now devised and tried out experimental motors on static test stands, buckling them down against an unlikely escape to Betelgeuse. When the war began, the society offered its services to ordnance men. Among the volunteers was Doctor Goddard, still an honorary and distant member, who had managed to sell Army ordnance on his bazooka—a short-range powder rocket which gave the United States infantryman a reasonable chance against an enemy tank.

Aside from the bazooka, the United States military was not much interested in rocket weapons. "This war," an Army expert told Harry Guggenheim, "will be won with trench mortars." The Navy, somewhat broader-minded, brought Doctor Goddard from New Mexico and Lieutenant Truax from the fleet to its Annapolis experimental station to work on JATO—rockets for the jet-assisted take-offs of heavily laden planes on short runways. Doctor Goddard offered the Navy his newest liquid-fuel rocket, which he had developed by 1941, as a combination of the unmanned virtues of an artillery shell and the manned accuracy of a Navy bomber. The admirals said, "Thank you, but no, thanks." Instead, they encouraged rocket-society members in New Jersey to form Reaction Motors, Inc., to build JATO, and rocketeers in California to form the Aerojet-General Corporation for the same modest mission.

"We didn't dare say what rockets would really do," declared Lovell Lawrence, who became president of Reaction Motors. "Missiles were considered im-

"Would you like an alley, sir?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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practical and altitude rockets downright insane. We could talk about the rocket's utility on airplanes and locomotives, but never about the reaction motor as its own prime mover."

The German rocketeers, however, were much better received. Although Willy Ley, the irrepressible spaceman, eventually escaped to the United States, his protégé, Dr. Wernher von Braun, managed to sell Adolf Hitler on a wonder rocket to match the Nazi wonder politics. Von Braun became technical director of Peenemünde, an effort matching the United States' Manhattan Project for an atomic bomb. From Peenemünde came the amazing V-2 which sliced into London at supersonic speed and proved the power of the rocket weapon. Today, von Braun and many of his associates are American citizens, members of the American Rocket Society and hard at work on United States guided missiles.

Equipped with an atomic warhead, the V-2 was potentially the most devastating weapon of all time. Soviet Russia and the United States couldn't forget the V-2's lesson. Neither could the Navy nor Dr. Robert H. Goddard, for in every important respect, the weapon Goddard had offered the Navy in 1941 was identical to the V-2 the Germans built three years later. When Doctor Goddard died in 1945, the United States military was hurrying to catch up with the inheritance he left behind.

In recent years, the American Rocket Society, like the rocket industry itself, has grown prosperous and—at least on the surface—devotedly missile-minded. Employed by corporations thriving on military contracts, few rocketeers are eager to risk their new reputations by talking of space flight. For one thing, they face huge problems in providing the military with weapons of sufficient accuracy, range and speed to deter a possible enemy—namely, Soviet Russia. For another, they are carefully cleared and classified for military security.

"It's rather awkward to speak of moon landings when we're worried to death by our own production schedules," an engineer from Aerojet advised me. "With our new satellite project we're asking for even more trouble."

But a few rungs below the MOUSE or, as the military calls it, Operation Vanguard, the rocketeers have produced some powerful missiles. According to recent reports, however, they have no reason to feel that our missiles are critically better than those of Soviet Russia. Our own engineers have made important improvements on Goddard's rocket and the German V-2. They are now reportedly on the verge of testing the Army and Navy's Jupiter—an intermediate missile with a range of 1500 miles, which was developed largely by Doctor von Braun and his colleagues at Redstone Arsenal, Alabama.

Dr. Richard W. Porter, a General Electric engineer with white hair and rimless glasses, who was last year's president of the rocket society, believes that missiles and space ships are still blood brothers. "Missiles don't just pay the bills," he said. "They're damned important if we're going to survive as a nation—we've got to build better ones than the next guy. But we shouldn't ignore space either. We might not solve the world's conflicts by escaping to Jupiter, but who's turned up a better solution?"

Another past president, a Washington attorney-technologist named Andrew G. Haley, believes that Americans are dismally ignorant of the power of a rocket.

"The rocket supersedes all other prime movers," he told me briskly. "It can conquer the earth as the terrajet, the sea as the hydropulse, the air as the aerodynamic, thermodynamic duct. It shows up the wheel as an outmoded invention of man. With the rocket, we can reach the moon, the solar system, our own galactic system and the galactic systems beyond."

At this moment, Mr. Haley admitted, we are not yet ready for the moon. But in New Mexico we have fired a two-stage rocket 244 miles high, cutting through the worst of the earth's gravitational pull. We have dispatched other rockets, notably the United States Navy's Viking, which have probed the stratosphere for scientific data. And we are now attempting a three-stage rocket to launch the first man-made satellite to orbit the earth.

At the society's twenty-fifth-anniversary convention in Chicago last year, I saw much of the same boundless enthusiasm. The meeting rooms were thronged whenever space flight and its unsolved problems were discussed. A Goodyear Aircraft man, Darrell C. Romick, laid bare his own nagging vision in a display entitled: A MANNED EARTH SATELLITE EVOLVING FROM EARTH-TO-ORBIT FERRY ROCKETS. He portrayed his space pioneers traveling in glistening rockets, dismounting in space and riveting together the first space station. His completed terminal was equipped with a mammoth orifice labeled: OUT, IN and STATION A—MANEUVER CAREFULLY. What's more, Mr. Romick even announced the fares. The outbound passenger would pay $40,000. The return flight to earth, requiring less propulsive equipment, would run $15,000.

Mr. Romick's rocket brothers studied his display with mixed emotions—some with admiration; others with downright hostility.

Milton W. Rosen, a gaunt, astringent engineer, was not at all amused. Mr. Rosen had directed the Navy's Viking project, a successful but problem-filled effort; he had led the society's Space Flight Committee in its proposal for a minimum unmanned satellite; he is now director of the Navy's labors to build the three power plants needed to launch the new satellite successfully. Mr. Rosen dismissed Mr. Romick's vision with supersonic speed.

"I suppose we'll get to space someday," he blasted, "but not with stuff like that. We have tremendous work to do, and if we squander our energies, we won't be getting anywhere."

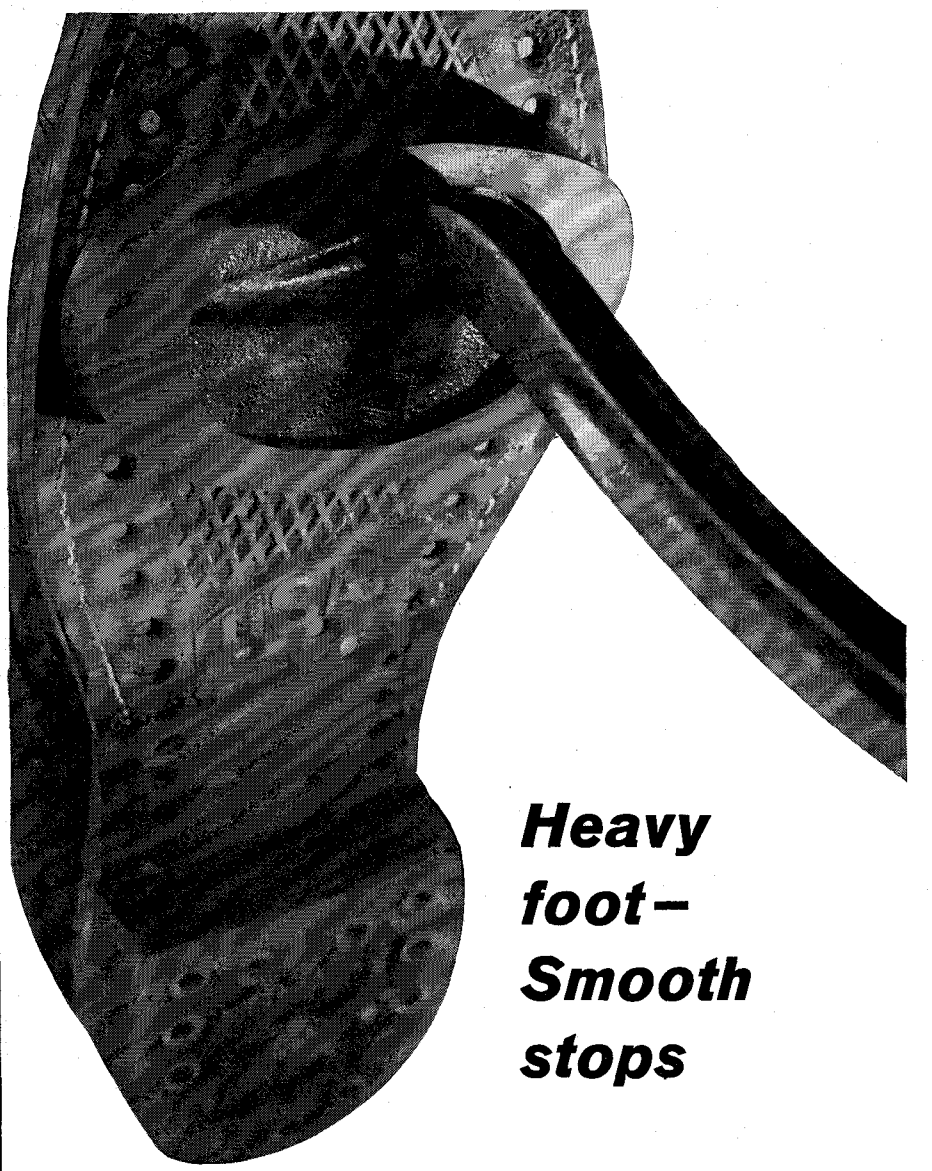
Mr. Rosen is well acquainted with the problems of rocket flight. As a Redstone, or Viking, or antiaircraft Nike, the rocket demands perfection of thousands of never-quite-perfect components. As the force behind the first satellite of the earth, it requires a similar perfection of three separate motors joined as a monumental triple-stage propulsive unit. As a future moon ship, it quadruples this need for perfection with other problems—how to control power and direction to land on a specific target some 238,000 miles beyond the earth; how to return its passengers to earth through enormous heats and frictions, but without cremation.

The new satellite project, announced last July by the White House, is obviously no modest undertaking. If it succeeds, the United States will fire at least ten instrument-packed objects into space, hoping that rocket power will carry five or more above the atmosphere and there release them to orbit the earth much as the moon does. Man's first satellites, however, will be strictly temporary. After a day or two of orbiting, the scientists say, gravity and friction will finally destroy them. If the project succeeds, the satellites will transmit scientific findings to all nations taking part in the International Geophysical Year—a "year" which will stretch from July 1, 1957, to December 31, 1958. During their brief life in space the satellites will provide more information about the shape of the earth and space itself than man has learned in millenniums. If the project fails —— But that's a different problem.

Facing their new and self-made task, the American Rocket Society's members are bold, cautious or slightly anxious, depending on each engineer's degree of optimism. But they are no longer alone in their bright vision of a windswept desert and a space ship awaiting its passengers. At their convention last year, the closing speech was made by a nonmember, Dr. Joseph Kaplan, a noted physicist, fellow of the National Academy of Sciences and now in over-all charge of the United States' satellite project.

"One of these days, I expect to go before Congress to get more money," he said. "Projects like this always cost more than you figure at first. But considering what I believe these men can do with the funds, I don't feel bashful at all. In fact, I feel a good bit the way Christopher Columbus must have felt on the day he asked Queen Isabella to pawn her jewels."

THE END



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Savvy Skipper of the Red Sox

(Continued from Page 30)

Mike Higgins and Joe McCarthy share several characteristics. Like McCarthy, Higgins is slow to make up his mind, but, having done so, will not change it. Like McCarthy, he is a sound baseball man who plays percentages. Like McCarthy, he is as colorless as he is efficient. And like McCarthy, he never makes a statement without carefully weighing it first.

But there the resemblance ends. McCarthy never played big-league ball. Higgins was a top American Leaguer for fourteen years. McCarthy was a cold fish. Higgins is a basically warm, sympathetic person. McCarthy kept his ballplayers at arm's length. Higgins accepts their personal troubles as his own. McCarthy never admitted a mistake. Higgins makes no attempt to cover one up. McCarthy made it bluntly plain that he considered questions about his ball clubs an invasion of privacy. Higgins courteously answers all reasonable questions, and just as courteously turns aside those he considers unreasonable.

Higgins is a solid, silent Texan. He is also a man of monumental patience. The first Red Sox manager in the regime of owner Tom Yawkey to be brought up through the farm system, he was buried in baseball's minor leagues for eight years. First the late Eddie Collins and later Joe Cronin, who succeeded Collins as the club's general manager, promised him a future in the Red Sox organization. As far as Higgins was concerned, a "future" meant only one thing—the managership of the Red Sox someday. Starting in 1947, when his playing career ended, he set his sights on this objective, and he never took his eyes off it. The Red Sox executives never took their eyes off Higgins, either, from the day he became manager of the Roanoke club in the Class B Piedmont League nine years ago.

He was at Roanoke for two years, at Birmingham in the Class AA Southern Association for two more, and at Louisville in the Class AAA American Association for four years. Even in the face of some interesting offers from other quarters, he never swerved from his conviction that his destiny lay with the Red Sox.

At the end of the 1950 season, Paul Richards, then manager of the Chicago White Sox, offered Higgins more money to go there as a coach than the Red Sox were paying him as a minor-league manager. Higgins declined.

"Thanks," he said, "but the Red Sox promised me something good eventually. I think I'll stick with them."

A year later, when Steve O'Neill was fired as the Red Sox manager, Higgins was by-passed in favor of Lou Boudreau.

"Are you disappointed?" Mike was asked.

"Why should I be?" he commented. "Yawkey and Cronin know what they're doing. When my time comes, they'll let me know."

His time had to come at the end of the 1954 season. He had just taken Louisville to the Junior World Series title, and there were some good jobs open in the majors. The Philadelphia Phillies wanted him for their manager. Richards, doubling as manager and general manager of the Baltimore Orioles, wanted to retire to the front office. He asked Higgins to take over as his No. 1 coach, with a guarantee that he would eventually be the manager. Higgins neither accepted nor declined these jobs. He simply told the Red Sox about them.

The Red Sox hadn't trained him for eight years so that some other club could cash in on his experience. On October 11, 1954, they fired Boudreau to make room for Higgins. The move came unexpectedly, for Boudreau's contract had another year to run. No one but Higgins knows to this day whether or not he actually would have left the Boston organization at that point. He didn't threaten to leave, but the Red Sox were taking no chances.

Higgins' patience was never better demonstrated than during the early stages of both this season and last. This year his troubles began when Ted Williams, Boston's still-great slugger, went on a limited-service basis with a bruised instep the day after the season opened. Then the Red Sox pitching staff was suddenly crippled as Willard Nixon, Mel Parnell and Tom Brewer got hurt on successive days in May.

An observer asked, "What are you going to do now, Mike?"

"The best I can," he replied.

He started Frank Sullivan, George Susce, Frank Baumann and Ike Delock in the next four games, and won three of them. Only Sullivan ranked as a regular starter.

Shortly thereafter Bob Porterfield, another front-line pitcher, went on the shelf with bad circulation in two fingers of his pitching hand. If Higgins had blown his stack at this point, no one would have blamed him. Instead, he remarked, "This kind of luck won't last forever. Things will work out."

Some of the ailments healed, but new ones continued to crop up. Altogether, the Red Sox had fourteen injuries or illness cases in the first two and a half months of the season.

And Higgins still stayed calm.

Higgins had been just as calm during the early stages of the 1955 pennant race, when the Red Sox dipped deeply into the second division. He had settled on his line-up at all positions except shortstop within three weeks after the season opened, and he refused to alter it. On May sixth, the Red Sox were in seventh place. On June fifth, the day after Higgins decided on Billy Klaus as his 1955 shortstop, they had moved up only one notch and were fourteen and a half games behind the league-leading Yankees.

Higgins was unmoved by an avalanche of pressure to shake up his line-up. "This is a better ball club than that," he said. "It will find its proper level."

At that time Ted Williams, who had come out of his previously announced retirement in May, was down with an ailment. In mid-June, Ted rejoined the team for keeps. Williams' return sparked the whole ball club. By July second, the Red Sox were in fourth place, and they stayed there for the rest of the season.

After it was all over, Higgins was asked, "When things were going so badly for you, why didn't you make some changes?"

"Why change?" he countered. "There was nothing to be gained. I had the best available ball club on the field. Everyone was in a slump. Jensen and Piersall, a couple of .280 hitters, were batting under .200. Goodman, a .300 hitter, wasn't much above .200. Nobody else was picking up the slack, so we were in trouble. But the club had to find itself sooner or later. All we could do was wait for it to happen."

Higgins is patient, but not stubborn. He stayed with much the same line-up throughout 1955 because he felt it was the best he had. But he made changes this year, because he felt changes would help. Dick Gernert, who played left field while Williams was out, hit so well that Higgins alternated him with Mickey Vernon at first base after Williams returned. Convinced that rookie Don Buddin was a big-league shortstop, Higgins gave him the job, but benched him from time to time when the kid showed signs of feeling the pressure. Mike wasn't as convinced that Frank Malzone, another rookie, was ready as a third baseman. In June he finally settled on Klaus for the job, and Malzone was sent to the Red Sox farm club in San Francisco, where he could work every day.

"You do what the situation calls for," says Higgins. "That's the only way you can operate in this business."

The Red Sox manager hides a soft heart and an understanding nature beneath a seemingly grim exterior. He is a big, broad-shouldered man who stands well over six feet and is thirty pounds heavier than his playing weight of 190. At forty-seven, he shows signs of middle-age spread, and his brown hair is getting thin on top. His round, impassive face, the firm set of his jaw, his thin lips and his small eyes give him a forbidding appearance. Actually, he is anything but. Easily approachable, he is talkative enough when he has something to say. He simply doesn't waste his breath on trivialities.

He handles men as individuals. When Tom Brewer, who had never pitched in a league higher than Class D before coming to the Red Sox in 1954, lost his first six American League starts last year, the youngster asked Higgins, "What can I do?"

"Nothing," Mike replied. "Just stay with it. I know you're a good pitcher. You'll get going."

He kept right on starting Brewer, and Brewer began to win. By the middle of July he had a seven-and-seven record, and he finished the season with eleven wins and ten losses. This year Brewer won nine of his first eleven decisions.

Higgins' handling of Billy Klaus has been superb. When the little pepperpot joined the Red Sox last year, he had been kicked around in the minors for so long that he was ready to believe he'd never get a break. Higgins, knowing Klaus needed confidence, told Billy in June of last year that the shortstop job was his. Klaus had a tremendous year. He hit .283, came through in the clutches and steadied the whole infield. Now that Klaus has all the self-confidence he needs, Higgins used him to swing back and forth between shortstop and third base, before putting him on third on a permanent basis.

"I don't care where I play so long as I play somewhere," Klaus said a few weeks ago. "I'm glad Mike thinks enough of me to use me wherever I'm needed."

Jimmy Piersall, a high-strung young man, thought Higgins didn't like him because Higgins had preferred Karl Olson at center field in Louisville a few years ago. When Piersall went into his early-season slump last year, he pressed and fretted and worried. Just when he was certain the ax was going to fall, Higgins said to him, "Jimmy, you're my center fielder, but I think you can use a few days' rest. I'm taking you out of the line-up now, but you'll be back Sunday."

Higgins kept his word. Four days later Piersall was back in there. He immediately began hitting at his normal pace, and finished the season with a .283 batting average. He has been going at about the same pace this year.

Higgins' relations with Boston's fussy baseball press are excellent. A succession of Red Sox managers—Mike was the fifth in nine years—has been subject to so much criticism and advice from both press and public that the job was considered one of the hottest seats in baseball. But Higgins, in his low-pressure way, has taken the heat off. In spite of the fact that he is not a good news manager, since he never volunteers either information or opinion, the writers, like the ballplayers, swear by him.

They're so much for him that they throw him a birthday party each May, something they never thought of doing for any of Higgins' predecessors. They gave Mike a dinner in Boston this year, and in Baltimore the year before. They plan to continue the custom as long as Mike manages the Red Sox.

Higgins likes the writers, and has always been nice to them. When he first took over the Red Sox, in the spring of 1955, he once even changed pitchers to keep the press happy. Three days before the opening game of the exhibition season, he announced that his pitchers, in order, would be Al Schroll, Frank Sullivan and Al Curtis. Then the day before the game he said that Sullivan would pitch first, followed by Schroll and Curtis.

"But you announced that Schroll would start, and we wrote it that way," the writers pointed out.

"Well," said Higgins, "if that's the way you wrote it, that's the way it will be." And it was.

The greatest favor Higgins did the writers came last May, when, at the instigation of Ted Williams, the players voted to ban the press from the Red Sox locker room for half an hour after each game. When Higgins heard about it he said, calmly, "I'm running this locker room. The writers go in after ten minutes, the way they did last year."

The Boston writers second-guessed him very little last year. This year they all disagreed with him for the first time a few weeks ago when he let pitcher Leo Kiely bat for himself in the ninth inning of a game at Baltimore, even though Williams was available as a pinch hitter. Kiely failed to hit safely and the Red Sox lost the game.

When the writers jumped on him, Higgins explained, "It wasn't the spot for Williams. First base was open and they would have walked him. Kiely is a pretty good hitter, and if he had got on base I could have used Williams to much better advantage."

That was the end of the second-guessing on that situation. The writers never mentioned it again.

Although Higgins seeks advice from people whose judgment he respects, no-

Wind: Desert Sculptor

By VADA F. CARLSON

Knowing the waves he has carved cannot float
Iceberg or buoy or fisherman's boat;
Knowing no delicate fins will be fanned
Deep in those ripples of newly etched sand;
Certain, instead, they'll remain the abode
Of road runner, lizard, sidewinder, horned toad;
Wind, the old sculptor, pipes nautical tunes
While creating a masterpiece, out on the dunes.

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body ever knows exactly what is in his mind. During ball games, he stands quietly in the dugout, leaning forward slightly and staring out at the field, his hands jammed into his back pockets. Occasionally he walks slowly up and down in front of the bench, but most of the time he is stock-still, except for the almost imperceptible movement of his big jaw as he rolls a piece of gum in his mouth. He never appears on the coaching lines. He discusses immediate problems with his assistants, but his decisions are entirely his own.

Even his wife, the former Hazen French, of Dallas, is never sure what he is thinking. Sometimes he gives her a hint of what's on his mind, either by asking a few key questions or by dropping a titbit of information here and there, but he never solicits her advice and she never offers it.

"Mike tells me what's going on after his fashion," she says. "It's a roundabout fashion, but I usually get the idea. Besides, problems are sometimes so obvious that he doesn't have to draw me a picture to make me understand."

There was the time when Mike had to decide whether to continue his active playing career at a substantial salary or retire and take a minor-league managerial job at much less money. He helped the Red Sox win the 1946 pennant, and played third base throughout a grueling seven-game World Series with the St. Louis Cardinals. He was still in good shape and still a dangerous hitter. However, he was thirty-seven years old, an age when most ballplayers are through.

Mrs. Higgins didn't have the slightest idea what his plans were, but she hoped he'd retire. In twelve years as a ballplayer's wife she had seen too many former stars trying to squeeze out one more year.

"There's nothing more pathetic than the sight of an aging ballplayer trying to keep up with his youth," she said not long ago. "It's a terrible thing to watch a former star fall apart before your eyes just because he won't admit that he hasn't got it any more. I didn't want that to happen to my Mike."

However, she kept her opinion to herself. One day late in the season Mike looked up from reading the paper and casually remarked, "Eddie Collins asked me to talk to him today."

"What did he say?"

"Not much. He just wanted to know whether I'd rather play or manage next year."

"What did you decide?"

"I haven't decided anything yet," said Mike. Then he picked up his paper and resumed his reading.

Right after the World Series, as they were preparing to go home to Dallas for the winter, Mike said, "I talked to Collins today."

Her heart missed a beat. "What did you tell him?" she asked softly.

"I'm going to manage Roanoke," he said.

Not for months did his wife learn that he had passed up an opportunity to manage Toronto in the Class AAA International League in favor of taking the Class B post at Roanoke.

"It wasn't simply that I wanted to start at the bottom," he explained later. "I wanted to be with a ball club that was owned outright by the Red Sox, so I could work with their own players. They had just a loose working agreement with Toronto, and only a few Boston-owned men were on the club there. At Roanoke everyone was in the Red Sox organization."

It was a happy decision. During the next eight years, Higgins learned the faults and foibles and virtues and vices of three quarters of the men in the club's farm system. When he first faced the Red Sox squad as manager in the spring of 1955, he was not among strangers. Of the forty-four men who reported to him, twenty-seven had played for him somewhere along the line.

His minor-league managerial career was satisfactory, but not spectacular. He won a pennant at Roanoke in 1947, and the play-offs and Junior World Series at Louisville in 1954, after his club finished second in the regular season standings. He was never far behind—second three times, third once, fourth twice and fifth once. That was the only time a team of his finished out of the first division.

"You don't necessarily play to win in the minor leagues," he said recently. "Naturally, you do the best you can, but your primary job is to develop ballplayers. You can win minor-league pennants with former big-leaguers on their way down, but that doesn't do your parent club any good. If you finish last, but teach a promising youngster how to hit a curve ball, you've done a lot better than if you win and don't teach anybody anything."

It is as a developer of young talent that Higgins is at his best. He spends hours working on individuals, and the more baffling a problem the harder he works on it—provided, of course, that he has faith in the man's latent ability. Sometimes he steps in when a man is having trouble, and sometimes, as in the case of the late Harry Agganis, he waits for the man to come to him.

When Agganis, whose tragic death last summer ended a promising career, went into a bad slump while a rookie first baseman at Louisville several years ago, Higgins didn't go near him. Finally Agganis sought him out.

"Can you help me, Mike?" he asked.

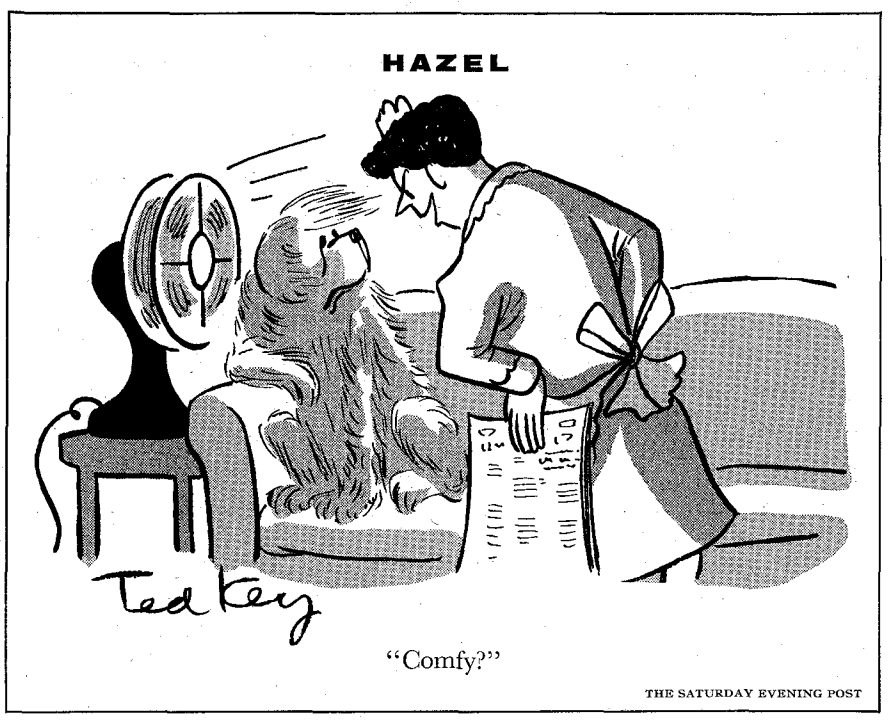
"I'll try," Higgins said.

After a week's work, Agganis was out of his slump, and a year later he was the regular Red Sox first baseman.

"Most boys are nervous and scared and shy," Higgins explained. "They'll never come to me, so I have to go to them. But Agganis had been an All-America football player in college. He had confidence and savvy, and he would have resented my going to him. He wanted to try to pull himself out of trouble. It was only when he realized that he couldn't do it alone that he asked for help."

When Higgins teaches hitting, he's on solid ground. A very good right-handed hitter himself, he had a lifetime average of .292 during a major-league career that started with the Philadelphia Athletics in 1933 and included two stretches with the Red Sox and a six-year span with the Detroit Tigers. He established and still shares with Walt Dropo, currently of the White Sox, the major-league record of twelve consecutive hits. Higgins twice hit three home runs in one game, and he hit over .300 four different seasons. He took part in two All-Star Games and two World Series.

Born in Red Oak, Texas, on May 27, 1909, Mike grew up in Dallas. He was the youngest of three brothers. His father, Mike, Sr., was a policeman for thirty years. The oldest boy, Clen, who died several years ago, was so big that he went through life with the nickname of "Ox." As for Mike, because of his complexion in infancy, a female relative gave him the nickname of "Pinky." He's been trying to shake it ever since. Despite his distaste for the name, it stayed with him for years, although most of his present associates call him Mike.



"Comfy?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He can't remember when he wasn't playing baseball. As early as 1920, when he was eleven years old, he played third base for the Tyler Street Methodist Church team in the Dallas Junior Church League. He starred in both football and baseball at Oak Cliff High School, where he graduated in 1926. He entered the University of Texas on a baseball scholarship that fall. He earned his board and room working at odd jobs around the campus. He gave up football after winning a varsity letter as a fullback in his sophomore year because he wanted to concentrate on baseball. By then he had made up his mind to be a big-leaguer.

He wanted a complete college education first. He got his degree in 1930, a few weeks after signing with the Athletics for a bonus of $3500, which was substantial in those days. The scout who landed him, Mike Drennan, had to top offers from several other clubs, including the White Sox and the Cleveland Indians. Higgins picked the Athletics for two other reasons—they were then the best club in baseball, and their third baseman, Jimmy Dykes, was thirty-four years old, an age when many ballplayers are nearing the end of the trail. But by the time Mike actually reached the A's on a permanent basis in 1933, manager Connie Mack had already begun to break up his ball club.

In 1936, after a brilliant four years at Philadelphia, during which his batting average ranged from .289 to .330, Higgins was traded to the Red Sox for third baseman Billy Werber. He had two fine seasons in Boston, compiling records that were astonishingly alike. He hit .302 in 1937 and .303 in 1938, and batted in 106 runs each year. It was in 1938 that he set his record of twelve consecutive hits.

At the end of the 1938 season he asked to be traded. The Red Sox, always on the lookout for a long-hitting, right-handed batter who had the range of their short left-field fence in Boston, had a rookie third baseman named Jim Tabor who gave promise of becoming a tremendous slugger. Higgins was not a power hitter. He knew that the Red Sox would like to use Tabor, but were hesitant to bench Mike.

Higgins took the club off the hook by approaching Joe Cronin and saying, "I'm getting old"—he was twenty-nine—"and you have a great young third baseman coming up. Why don't you trade me while you can still make a good deal for me?"

"O.K.," Cronin replied. "We'll deal you off now, Mike, but someday we'll get you back. You'll never regret this."

Higgins never has. Shortly after his conversation with Cronin, he and a pitcher were sent to Detroit for three players, one of whom, Eldon Auker, was then one of the better pitchers in the American League. Mike stayed with the Tigers until 1946, when, just as they had promised, the Red Sox brought him back. He has been in the Boston organization ever since.

Mike lives with his wife and two daughters, Diane and Elizabeth, in a big, comfortable home on Southwestern Boulevard in Dallas. Both Mrs. Higgins and Diane, who is fourteen, play the piano. Twelve-year-old Elizabeth, known as Bootsie, is a flutist. Mike enjoys listening to them, except when they play Bach, which he abhors. On those occasions, he retires to his spacious den, closes the door and settles down to read or watch television.

Baseball, which has always been good to Higgins, was never better to him than it is now. When the Red Sox promoted him from Louisville to Boston at the end of the 1954 season, they gave him a two-year contract at a salary in excess of $20,000 a year. Last winter, after his successful first season, they tore it up, replacing it with a three-year contract at a substantial increase. He was the first Red Sox manager since Cronin to get more than a two-year contract.

The Red Sox didn't figure to go all the way this year. Higgins calmly brushed aside the pennant talk which he heard around New England last April. A Red Sox victory would give Mike his greatest baseball thrill since he knocked in the first two runs of the 1940 World Series with a hit his first time at bat. Higgins does not thrill easily, however, and has not yet been truly thrilled since he retired as an active player.

"There are more thrills to playing than managing," he says. "My series hit when I was with Detroit in 1940 gave me my biggest charge, but I got plenty of other thrills, too—the hitting streak, the times I hit three homers in a game, the games I broke up with safe hits. But since I've been managing, I can't say I've had a single real thrill. Managing is a tricky, exacting business, and you're so intent on trying to make the right move that you can't afford the luxury of a thrill. Besides, the only thrill in managing is to win in the majors, and that's never happened to me."

It might happen to him almost any year. If and when it does, there will be a new basis for comparison between him and McCarthy. Since Higgins thinks like McCarthy, maneuvers like McCarthy and has the colorless efficiency of McCarthy, few baseball men will be surprised if he begins to win like McCarthy. THE END

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You don't have to die to win...

Surprising what a lot of good living is wrapped up in a good life insurance policy. Photographer Ken Hanson of the Austin (Minn.) Daily Herald can vouch for that. Since the Herald started its pension program for staff members, Ken has had a lot of question marks removed from his future. The Herald's setup is wonderfully simple—it's based on an insured pension plan with Northwestern National Life—and it has a lot to do with the remarkable sense of loyalty Herald staffers have for their employer. Any business, large or small, can take a cue from the Herald and reap the benefits of such a plan.

Every man knows how life insurance can provide for his family if he should die; but life insurance is for *living*, too. It can do many good things for businesses as well as individuals; it can create financial security overnight; it can help you cash in on opportunities as well as meet emergencies. Your NWNL agent will be glad to show you how a modern, *flexible* life insurance plan can help you get more out of life. You can rely on him to fit your life insurance to the job you want it to do—for your business, for yourself.

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In alligator-grained squeeze flask $1
Trial size 60c
(plus tax)
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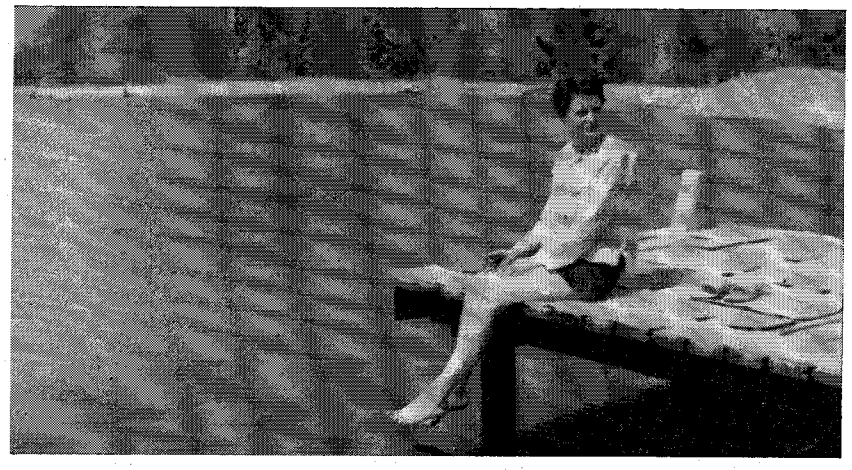
Keeping Posted

Down on the Farm With Martha Albrand



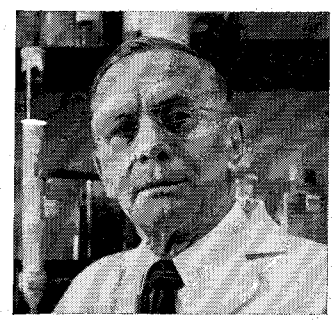
In connection with page 41, serialist Martha Albrand wrote, "I've pondered what to say that might be for K.P., but I really can't think of anything. Can't you make up something?" Conceivably. But not before trying to trick the lady into doing it herself. She was asked to have her husband, Jupp Loewengard, snap some pictures of her on their New Jersey farm, whither they flee from New York when the ice flees from the swimming pond in spring. Sure enough, Martha penciled some captions on the backs of the photos, and here we go for a couple of paragraphs:

"I built that brick terrace myself." "That rain meter tells how much rain fell—which tells whether to water the garden or not." "The dogs and me—Skye terriers." "Golf bag and me—my favorite sport, though I'm quite mediocre." "If only I had been born with curls!" "This is the pond we built."

You see the pond above, adorned by one of the builders. And from the lady's elaboration of her photo caption about that, it seems that if anyone wants a lovely swimmin' hole, all he has to do is have a brook which comes from unfailing springs in his own woods, have the brook running through a clay meadow that will hold water, bulldoze a half-acre hole in the meadow, rig up a labyrinth of catch basins, pipes and control valves, and top it all off with an emergency overflow, so that in time of obstreperous rainfall everything won't take off downstream. The pond that "we" built looks as if nature had gently sculptured it through the ages, but actually the Loewengards looked at their brook for ten years with a pond in mind, then sculptured it in one; so they are fast workers.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Let's Stop This Narcotics Hysteria!"



Drug addiction must be treated as an illness, not a crime, says Dr. Laurence Kolb. An outspoken physician (above) offers a bold minority thesis on what he calls "the so-called drug menace."

Will They Visit the Moon?

Milton Lehman gives the impression on page 36 that, although scientists are rocketing along swiftly toward the day of human travel into outer space, it may be a while yet before one can pick up the phone and make reservations for a vacation on the moon. Will his youthful Ann and John, there, do it by and by? Mrs. Lehman says they have every intention of doing so, and that so does Betsy, who was asleep when her mother took the picture, her age being nine months.

Three Strikes— and In

One evening early this past spring, in the baseball training-camp zone of Florida, three Post contributors and their wives forgathered for dinner. The cast of male characters: Joe Reichler, of the Associated Press; Milton Gross, New York Post; Al Hirshberg, who free-lances out of Boston in all directions.

During the dinner chat, Gross remarked, "Well, today the Post bought a piece I've been doing with Roy Campanella." To his fellow baseball experts he added, "He's a catcher in Brooklyn, you know." Then Gross asked Reichler, "Hey, you sold the Post recently, too, didn't you?" Reichler said, "Yes. A signer with Larry Goetz. An umpire, you know." So both men turned to Hirshberg, and Gross said, "You're the free-lancer around here. Have you penetrated that magazine lately?" Hirshberg replied rather shakily, "I *may* have sold them an essay on Mr. Mike Higgins, of Boston. It is in the lap of the editors." A couple of days later, he had. Reichler-Goetz were published April 14, Gross-Campanella May 26, and page 30 contains Hirshberg. In observation of this triple play, the Messrs. Reichler, Gross and Hirshberg and the Mmes. Wives forgathered in New York later for another dinner, and a scrumptious time was had by all.

Hard Man to Define

Walter Wager defines his wife as a lady novelist, and as the man on page 20 has also published fiction at book length, let's refer to him as a gentleman novelist. But he's a lot harder to define than his wife, for in daylight work hours he is an international consultant on various matters, especially aviation law, and lately he has been editing government reports on transportation in Afghanistan and malaria in Central America. In evening work hours, in an apartment overlooking New York's Central Park, the Wagers crouch over two smoking typewriters while three cats purr. Wager considers himself reasonably domesticated and almost housebroken, although he dislikes to do the dishes, forgets to pick up the laundry, eats too much, brings home candy when his wife is dieting, and fails to appreciate how well she drives a car. How about defining him as a typical American husband?

Prescription for Enjoying Life

Genevieve Jensen rejoiced when informed that she had won her way into the Post with a charming organist's-eye view of things that happen in church (page 25); and she could hardly wait for her daughter, Karen, fifteen, to get home from school and share her jubilation. Karen, delighted by the news, exulted, "Mother, you're just like Grandma Moses, doing something new when you're quite old!" The quite old lady is forty-five. Presumably father Jensen, a school

principal, is similarly aged, and another daughter, Roberta, is really getting on in years, being a college senior.

From "a small gray house with yellow shutters" in West Allis, a Milwaukee suburb, Mrs. Jensen reports that besides her true loves—her family and the pipe organ—she loves storms, hollyhocks, camping trips, conversation with coffee, baseball, sewing, church bells and train whistles. All of us should have joy ammunition like that, though it could be confusing, such as when the storms knock down the hollyhocks.

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